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TRAVELS

IN

FRANCE AND GERMANY.

VOL. II.

TRAVELS

IN

FRANCE AND GERMANY

IN 1865 AND 1866:

INCLUDING

A STEAM VOYAGE DOWN THE DANUBE, AND
A RIDE ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS OF EUROPEAN TURKEY
FROM BELGRADE TO MONTENEGRO.

BY

CAPTAIN SPENCER,

AUTHOR OF "TRAVELS IN CIRCASSIA," ETC.

60510

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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CHAPTER I.

Weltenburg and the Romantic Scenery of the Danube —Ratisbon—Cathedral—Monastic Establishments—The Valhalla—Considered as a Work of Art—First Impressions—The Demigods of the Valhalla—The Ex-king Louis—What he did for the Fine Arts in Bavaria—Magnificent Prospect—Arrival at Augsburg—Skill of its Inhabitants as Goldsmiths—Singular Head-dress of the Women in Bavaria—Munich and its Gaiety—Beauty of its Public Buildings—The Princes of the House of Wittelsbach—German Unity in Bavaria—The King and the Musician.

I VERY much regret, for the sake of my young companion, that we were not enjoying the charming country through which the Danube passes, from the deck of a steamer; especially that we were now approaching in the vicinity of the monastery of Weltenburg, which, for romantic scenery, I do not think can be surpassed throughout the whole length of this noble river, from its rise in the Black Forest to its outlet in the Euxine. We contrived, however, through the help of a very civil *Lohn-kutscher*, notwithstanding we suffered some little inconvenience from bad roads, to make

a very pleasant tour, and admire its beauties at our leisure.

We remained a day at Ratisbon, for the purpose of seeing that new wonder of the world, as our good Bavarians term it—the far-famed Valhalla. Ratisbon, like nearly all the Imperial cities of Germany, is merely the ghost of what it was. Perhaps no other town in Europe has suffered more from fire. The last calamity of this description was the work of the French, in 1809—a wanton outrage, perpetrated, it would appear, according to the chronicles of the town, in direct violation of a treaty which the citizens had entered into with the French general, stipulating that the town was to be spared on paying down a certain sum of money. The money was paid, so says the record, but that did not save the town from being set on fire.

Among the public buildings the most interesting is the Gothic cathedral, a noble monument of the great wealth and public spirit of the inhabitants of these free Imperial cities of Germany in the Middle Ages; but, like nearly every other cathedral in Germany, it remains unfinished, a striking memorial of what this unfortunate country suffered during the Thirty Years' War, and from which the Germans tell you it has not yet recovered. The stained-glass windows will well repay a visit from the traveller, as well as the paintings executed by Sandrart.

The abbey, once so famous for its great wealth, and the number of its monks, in the days when popery reigned triumphant in Germany, has been converted by that undutiful son of the Church, the Prince of Tour and Taxis, into a private residence, in the same manner that the other old monasteries and nunneries of the town have been turned, in this utilitarian age, into breweries, hotels, and coffee-houses.

How remarkable, and often how improbable, are the changes brought forth by time. These drones of society, the monks, having been gradually driven, by the force of public opinion, and the contempt of the inhabitants, from nearly every country in Europe, have commenced stealthily and silently building their nests in Protestant England. An extract from the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, published in Roman Catholic Bavaria, and written by an enlightened Roman Catholic, will give the reader a more correct idea of the opinion entertained of them by the utilitarians of Germany:

"Among the causes of want of active industry and commercial enterprise, exhibited by the people of Spain, Portugal, and Austria, as well as in every other country behind the intelligence of the age, we have no hesitation in mentioning as the principal the immense number of their monastic establishments. We need scarcely repeat a fact so well known to every liberal-minded Catholic

who has visited these countries, that of all forms of non-productive consumption there is none gives rise to so much evil—none is more to be deplored than the existence in a country of such large communities, bound to perpetual idleness, perpetual celibacy. It is no exaggeration when we say that these religious houses, by the force of example, not only gradually paralyze industry, but poison the morals of the people. Their maintenance is at once a blot upon the civilization of our age, and a reproach to every government that permits the existence of these homes for indolence, and the practice of hypocritical austerities."

We had a very agreeable drive down the left bank of the Danube, from Ratisbon to the celebrated Valhalla. The situation is most romantic, and the first view, as it bursts upon you, is very imposing. It is built after the Parthenon at Athens, and, so far as it is a copy of that great work of antiquity, is entitled to every praise. As a work of art, it has been repeatedly criticised by some of the first connoisseurs in Europe, who of course agree to differ as to its merits. Like everything else created by the hand of man, it is not perfect; and even if it was, there would be still a grumbler. Leaving everything else out of the question, it must be admitted the idea was grand and patriotic—that of raising a temple to the memory of all the great men, not only of Germany,

but of the whole Teutonic race, who here find a home.

The first thing that strikes the eye when you emerge from the woods, after climbing to the summit of the hill, is the pediment, representing the victory of the German hero, Hermann, over the Romans. To see this, one of the finest works of Schwanthaler, would almost repay a journey from England. There is also another, equally admirable, by the same distinguished sculptor, representing Germania receiving the tribute of the various German States.

On entering the building, the effect of the *tout ensemble*, which corresponds in grandeur with the exterior, is most imposing, though a refined taste might possibly object to a redundancy of colour and decoration. Yet it is in perfect keeping with the dictum of all classical writers. The rich dark red marble, that appears at first sight so entirely out of place, is the most admirable background that could be thought of for showing off to advantage the long lines of statues of the purest white marble—in the same manner that the gold and azure of the recessed ceiling, with its mouldings, &c., elaborately picked out, gilded and coloured, imparts a lightness and an airiness as pleasing to the eye as it is in harmony with the resting-place of the divinities of which it is to be from henceforth the abode. In short, nothing that art could

devise, or money purchase, has been spared to render the entire edifice a worthy shrine of Teuton glory, not excepting, even, the equisitely polished inlaid marble upon which you stand.

Among these memorials of the illustrious dead, those of distinguished warriors are, as might be expected, the most numerous. Here we may behold a goodly assemblage of distinguished men, from the fierce Hermann, the terrible Arminius, to whose prowess Tacitus does justice, down to our friend and ally, Marshal Vorwärts. The royal personages are not very numerous, but among these I was interested to observe William of Orange, in juxtaposition with our own illustrious Alfred. Poets and painters, historians, composers, and artists of every description, all have their appointed place in these halls of the immortals; and, finding that even the great Reformer was no longer excluded from the illustrious companionship of the departed great, I could not refrain from mentally complimenting King Louis, the founder, on the triumph he had achieved over the Ultramontane bigots, who had so long successfully opposed the erection of a monument to a man of such world-wide reputation as Martin Luther.

It is impossible to admire too much the grandeur of the idea, or extol too highly the patriotism that prompted King Louis of Bavaria to raise the magnificent temple we have now before us,

not alone to the illustrious men of Germany, but to those of the whole Teutonic race. Least to say, it is an idea which could only find a place in a truly great mind. At the same time, it would be a great injustice had I forgotten to mention the name of the architect, M. Klenze, the Michel Angelo of Bavaria, who will go down to posterity with no small fame for having erected in the land of his birth one of the most perfect copies, perhaps, that has ever been seen of the most admired of all the temples of ancient Greece. Admitting all this, and much more, still, if I may be permitted, as an old traveller who has seen many lands, to express an opinion—a great mistake has been committed in adopting a Grecian style of architecture for a building of this description. In the first place, a Grecian temple of the sunny south does not harmonize with the surrounding scenery. It seems so strange, and so much out of its place, to see it rising up, as it were, out of a forest of the cold dark pine. Above all, how can the idea of a Scandinavian Valhalla be symbolized by a Grecian temple? In my opinion, a pile of mediæval Gothic, with its fretted pinnacles and shadowy buttresses, its long-drawn aisles, mysterious tracery, and glorious stained glass windows, would have formed a far more appropriate resting-place for the illustrious dead of a northern people —one more in accordance with the name it bears,

and with the wild and gloomy character of the surrounding scenery.

A certain class of travellers and sight-seers, in these days of steamboats and railroads, destitute alike of taste and sympathy for the poetic conception that is embodied in the Valhalla—looking at the whole affair from a strictly utilitarian point of view, as they would upon a bale of goods—condemn the lavish expenditure that the erection of this structure has entailed, as quite beyond the resources of a petty German state like Bavaria. Now, I must confess it appears to me such objections are entirely misplaced when brought to bear against an undertaking of this nature. Apart from the noble and inspiring purpose to which the building is consecrated, I hold it to be no small gain that it has served to evoke the talents of a Schwanthaler, a Klenze, a Cornelius, and a host of other less distinguished artists. The Valhalla is thus at once the memorial of the talent and greatness of bygone ages, and an incentive to the efforts of future genius. I am even prepared to meet the objections of the utilitarian on his own ground, and to defend the erection of the Valhalla on economical principles, as tending to attract travellers from every part of the world—whose wealth, becoming diffused throughout the country, must tend to benefit all classes of the community during their sojourn among them.

Nothing can be finer than the view from the platform in front of the building, showing that the site could only have been chosen by a man of great poetic feeling, as King Louis of Bavaria is well known to be. Occupying a commanding position on the left bank of the Danube, the eye of the beholder, after indulging in the more circumscribed scenery of mountain, glen, defile, and forest, ranges over the vast plain of old Bavaria, which glorious panorama is only bounded by the blue ridge of the Swiss and Tyrolean Alps, whose snow-white summits gleam white and ghostly in the distance. When he is satiated with this, he has only to look down beneath him, and see the deep waters of the rolling Danube sweeping proudly in their course, now lost in the shadow of some mountain defile, with its forest of pines, now gleaming brightly in the open sunshine—the whole combining to form a picture of unsurpassed beauty.

The rapture of my young friend at all he saw was boundless—to his youthful mind, so unaccustomed to see anything of the kind in his own benighted fatherland, it seemed a sort of enchanted palace in Fairyland. Oh! if he could only live to see such another erected in Stamboul! Surely history and tradition could furnish a sufficient number of worthies to fill it from the time of the great Othman up to the last battle fought and

won by the heroes of his race on the memorable fields of Krim-Tartary. But no; there was the injunction in the creed of a true Mussulman—"I am a jealous God." "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image."

Such was the subject of our conversation, till the whistle of the guard announced our arrival at Augsburg. To me it was highly interesting, as an evidence of what might be effected towards the enlightenment of benighted Asia, if the Turkish government could be prevailed upon to make it compulsory on all the high-born youths of its empire to travel in Europe, and acquire a knowledge of some of our European languages before they could be considered eligible to fill places of trust in the affairs of the State. This is the only means to dispel the religious prejudices of a Mahometan people; but to be successful, the movement must come on the part of the Turks themselves. Any attempt to convert them to Christianity, owing to the very limited amount of information they possess, would be a failure. A more correct knowledge of the truths of the Christian faith must be the first step, but this can only be acquired by a thorough acquaintance with our literature, and a more extended intercourse with Europeans, whom, for the most part, on matters of religion, they have been hitherto accustomed to consider as idolaters.

We stayed but a short time in Augsburg, the object of our tour being to see Munich, and, above all, Nuremberg, by far the most interesting town to a stranger in this part of Germany. Augsburg, although it is in every respect shorn of the splendour which characterized it when a free, imperial town in the days of the Fuggers, the Welsers, and Pentingers, is still what may be termed a thriving town. The citizens have lost, it is true, what they enjoyed—the fame of being the most ingenious and tasteful artists in gold and silver ornaments of any among their contemporaries, and now employ themselves in manufacturing a species of gold cap with what may be called wings, universally worn by the wives and daughters of the working-classes of the population. The occupation is said to be very profitable, as this singular head-dress is preferred to any other; and if we are to believe the rigid censors of manners and customs in Bavaria, it would appear there is no sacrifice that not a few of their country-women will make, in order to adorn their glossy tresses with one of these *outrées coiffures*, which cannot be purchased for less than fifty florins, and sometimes even double that amount. The exhibitions in the goldsmiths and jewellers windows of these glittering baubles, preserve to Augsburg her right to the *sobriquet* given to her in the olden time—the Golden Town.

Whatever may be the fate of Augsburg in after-ages, it will always maintain its place in history, for here the Reformers of Germany presented the confession of their faith to the Emperor Charles the Fifth, which led indirectly to the thirty years' religious war. ... All unprejudiced historians, whether Protestants or Romanists, concur in condemning that prince and his successor, Ferdinand of Austria, as the cause of the war, by not keeping faith with the reformers when all points of difference had, it was believed, been satisfactorily arranged.

Munich ranks next to Berlin, and is therefore the third city in Germany; for although Dresden, owing to its peculiar and beautiful situation, offers greater attractions to a stranger at first sight, the Bavarian capital is far more striking, lively, and amusing. Indeed, it rather resembles Paris, in the gaiety and love for pleasure of its inhabitants, than either Vienna or Berlin. For the capital of a petty German State, I do not know of any town, with the exception of Paris, where luxury is so widely diffused. The high-born *beau-monde* of Vienna are too proud—too exclusive to be agreeable—they live among themselves and their immediate circle, and do not like strangers, whatever their merits may be, unless they can prove they are highly descended. On the other hand, the Berliners are too Calvinistic in their manners,

and either too poor, or too fond of money to indulge in extravagant living, giving as a reason, and a very just one, that it is forbidden by their creed, as tending to weaken the morality of the people.

At Munich, on the contrary, gaiety and amusement are the order of the day, and when to this is added the extraordinary superstition of the lower classes, and the dissolute habits of the nobility and the military, and, I regret to add, of too many of the priests, it cannot be wondered at that no town in Germany, not even the Kaiser Stadt Wien, is considered more immoral, nor any other in which there is found more illegitimate children for the amount of its population.

The two Louis, Louis of Bavaria and Louis of France, are the two first rulers of men who for many ages have sought to go down to posterity as the architectural reformers of the capitals of their respective kingdoms. Both have the undoubted right to appropriate the words of the Roman Emperor, "I found Rome built of lath and plaster, and left it constructed of marble." In the present instance the only difference is that the regenerator of Munich was the first in the field, and as he entertained a decided predilection for the glorious works left to us by the ancient Greeks, we cannot be surprised that whatever noble building you meet with in Munich, having on it the gloss of

newness, is certain to be modeled after one of these. Perhaps the circumstance that his favourite son, Otho, was crowned king of Greece, may have contributed to strengthen this predilection. At all events, those Bavarian noblemen who accompanied the young monarch to his new kingdom, brought with them, when they returned to Fatherland, the most exaggerated accounts of the architectural wonders they had seen, and the great future they saw in store for their young prince, whom they expected to see, ere a few years passed over, Emperor of all the Greeks, with Constantinople for his capital.

It was, however, a difficult undertaking to found a Modern Athens in Germany, and it required no little taste and judgment in the royal copyist to have succeeded so well in remodeling of Munich as to render it one of the most interesting towns in Germany. But he was a man who loved art for itself, and no artist, however high in his profession, could be more eloquent upon any subject connected with it that interested him. One thing, however, is certain, that, take him all in all, he had no equal in his day among the rulers of men; and I also feel certain that had he been elected by the Unionists as their Emperor in 1848, he would have left a great name behind him in Germany. In my young days I had the honour of being intimately acquainted with this true-hearted Ger-

man prince, and do not exaggerate his merits.

The Unionists of Germany, who see an enemy in every German prince, no matter what his merits may be, tell you that the losses and reverses which have recently befallen the princes and princesses of the ancient house of Wittelsbach, is the Nemesis, and a very inadequate one, for the misdeeds of that illiberal and bigoted race, in conjunction with Austria, during the Thirty Years' War. They then number the princes and princesses of this old house who have been exiled from their homes, and have become more or less pensioners of the State. First, they say, there is Otho, the ex-king of Greece; then there is the ex-queen of Naples, the ex-countess of Trani, the ex-grand-duchess of Tuscany, and the ex-duchess of Modena. The real fact is this, while the majority of the inhabitants of this little State do full justice to the estimable character of their princes and princesses of this very old house, like the people of every other State now in Germany, they are actuated by the same desire, the same passion—German Unity; and to secure this object I firmly believe they would not hesitate to accept the hegemony of either Austria or Prussia. The latter, I am inclined to think, would be preferred, as more thoroughly German, and, being a Protestant power, not under the dominion of the priests.

It is only a few months since the young King

Louis was threatened with deposition, unless he dismissed from his presence a musician from Dresden of the name of Wagner, who it was supposed exercised an undue influence on the mind of his majesty; but as the Ultramontane party were the principal instigators of the movement, rumour ascribes it rather to religion than to politics. At all events, it was not probable they would leave the mind of their young king to be moulded by a Saxon, who, in addition to being a first-rate musician, was a deep-thinking philosopher; more especially as the late king, his father, had done so much towards uniting his subjects of every creed in the bonds of charity and good-will. Perhaps they feared the son might follow the example of the father.

CHAPTER II.

The Kaiserburg—Nuremberg—Its Public and Private Buildings—Character and Manners of the Inhabitants—Treasures of Art at Nuremberg—Celebrated Men it produced—Interesting Anecdote of its Three Great Artists, Adam Krafft, Peter Vischer, and Lindenast—The Cathedral and Adam Krafft's Sakraments-häuschen—Unequalled Skill of the Nuremberg Artists as Painters and Sculptors—Florence and Nuremberg contrasted—Albert Dürer and his Paintings—Great Wealth of Nuremberg in the Middle Ages—Skill of the Nurembergers as Toy-Manufacturers.

ON approaching Nuremberg, by the rail, from Munich, the first object that attracts the eye is the proud old ruin, the Kaiserburg, with its huge round towers lying in the distance, recalling to your recollection what Germany was, and what it again might be, had she another Wallenstein or a Frederick the Great, to seize with a strong hand and determined will the helm of state. What glorious old times were these for Nuremberg, and the other free towns of Germany, when their great wealth and industry gave them far more influence in the affairs of the empire than the whole of the electors put together! They held in their hands

the money-bags—then, as now, the sinews of war; and having them at their command when most required, they ruled not only the Emperor, but the whole of Germany, like good, careful citizens, that never, however, forgot the necessity of upholding the authority of the chief of the State, knowing that without such a powerful protector there would be little chance in these days, when "might was right," of saving their property from the rapacity of their plundering neighbours, the robber knights. That they were loyal subjects, and contributed largely to the expenses of the State, history has not failed to record. It also says that they could be turbulent, and as ready to fly to the cold steel as any valiant knight of their day, if they entertained the faintest suspicion that the Emperor meditated the slightest infringement of their own peculiar rights and liberties.

All this is now a thing of the past. Still, it is impossible to remain an hour in Nuremberg without feeling assured that you are among a people totally different from the stolid, heavy-looking Bavarians with whom you have been recently sojourning. In the one you see the fine, intelligent features, that remind you of Albert Dürer, Peter Vischer, Adam Krafft, Veit Stoss, Schönhofer, and a host of others, whose works will descend to the latest posterity. At a glance, you feel assured that they would be the last people to

allow themselves to be made the tool of any plausible pretender, either in religion or politics; you feel certain they would patiently listen to whatever you might have to say in favour of your own peculiar views, and then accept or reject your proposals with the most perfect *sangfroid.*

In a town where every church and public building may be termed a museum, every street and house a study, and where at every step you see something that attracts your attention, I know not how to describe briefly the various objects which a traveller, who can appreciate them as they deserve, will pronounce to be some of the most extraordinary efforts of man's genius to be seen in any country. The town itself is remarkable in form, style of building, and decoration; to say nothing of the singular custom of designating the houses after some particular emblem, in the same manner as an hotel or an inn, such as the Lion, the Eagle, and the Lamb. For some reason or other, perhaps, it is not gay enough. No foreigner has ever taken up his abode for any length of time in Nuremberg; and what is still more singular, my wandering countrymen, whom you may now find in the most out-of-the-way places, have not yet pitched their tent within its walls; yet the town is kept remarkably clean, the houses are inviting enough, and the markets are well supplied with provisions. In addition to which, the inhabitants, for the most

part, belong to the Reformed Church, and bear the character of being the most obliging and moral in Germany. The only failing they have is that they are somewhat too puritanic in their religious views, and manifest a marked distrust of strangers; and this is so rigidly observed by the wealthy magnates of the town, that you might as well attempt to penetrate into the seraglio of the Caliph of the Faithful, as to enter one of their private residences without a special letter of recommendation.

In my young days, through the introduction of one of my schoolfellows, I was enabled to find an entrance through this adamantine wall, and the open-hearted hospitality with which I was then everywhere received, I still remember with gratitude. It was not, however, the entertainments, nor the patriarchal habits of my new friends, that so much interested me, as the various objects of art and antiquity, many of them priceless gems, I found in the houses of nearly every family I was accustomed to visit—such as paintings and sketches by Albert Dürer, Rembrandt, Holbein, Johann von Eyck, and other German and Flemish painters; together with carvings in ivory and wood by Adam Krafft, Peter Vischer, Veit Stoss, Lindenast, Schönhofer, and other artists, whose names will live for ever in their works. Then there were the jewelled ornaments, the richly-chased gold and

silver tankards of the most curious and beautiful workmanship, doubly interesting from the circumstance of their being, for the most part, gifts to the head of the house in the olden time, from some Emperor of Germany or other great European potentate. Among these, my curiosity was not a little excited on seeing a beautiful gold cup, inlaid with precious stones, that had been given by Constantine Paleologus, the last of the Greek emperors, to one of the Pirkheimers of this town. As may be supposed, these precious relics of their great ancestors are never brought forth from their hiding-places except on a festive family occasion, or to satisfy the curiosity of some much-esteemed friend.

There is no doubt that Nuremberg, like the other free imperial cities of Germany and the Netherlands, owes her origin to the barbarism that had fallen upon the whole civilized world at the dissolution of the Roman Empire. The fifteenth century was the most prosperous period of her history. Kekerman, the historian of Nuremberg, tells us that her riches and world-wide commerce was then so great, as to render her an object of envy to all her competitors. He also says that such was the artistic skill and ingenuity then displayed by the inhabitants, that one of them actually made an eagle of such wonderful mechanical excellence, as to be able to fly out of the town

on its mission of welcome to the Emperor Maximilian, and then to turn on the wing, and precede him to the Imperial palace, where it kept hovering in the air till it was lost to sight in the shades of night. This was the emperor who said, when speaking of Albert Dürer: "Of every peasant I can make a count, but of no count can I make such a painter." What became of the miraculous eagle is not known; we are, however, indebted to Nuremberg for many useful inventions. Here the pocket-watch first navigated its tiny dial; here the air-gun, and the gun-locks, woodcuts, and many other useful, mathematical, and musical instruments first sprung into existence.

With respect to the number of her artists of world-wide reputation, Nuremberg has been not unaptly compared with her rival, Florence. In both towns native talent found its best and most munificent patrons in their own wealthy citizens; and although the name of the Medici is more familiar to the English reader as the patrons of men of genius, the merchant princes of Nuremberg, the Pirkheimers, Volkammers, and Holzschuhers were equally instrumental in giving to this city a reputation as brilliant as that enjoyed by Florence.

Few towns have had more reason to be proud of its humbler citizens than Nuremberg. Adam Krafft, one of the most talented sculptors that ever lived, commenced life as a common stone-cutter.

Peter Vischer, who has immortalized himself by his great work, "The Twelve Apostles," was by trade a founder; and the equally famous Lindenast was first taught the art of a currier. It happened, says Kekerman, the historian, that these great artists were invited to the residence of the rich merchant, Wilibad Pirkheimer, for the purpose of meeting a brother artist from Italy. Before parting, the stranger, as was then the custom, requested the Nuremberg celebrities to do him the honour of writing their names in his album.

"Eh, sir!" simultaneously exclaimed the trio, "we are plain working men, and not writing-masters;" which meant that writing had been altogether overlooked in their education; "but," they added, "we can make our marks, if that will do."

Adam Krafft was the first to seize the pen, and, having sketched the form of a Herculean Atlas, carrying the globe upon his broad shoulders, cried out:

"There, I am as my name implies—Adam the Strong."

"As you are Adam the Strong, friend Krafft, and I am Peter the Fisher," laughingly exclaimed Peter Vischer, on taking the pen, "I cannot better designate myself than by sketching a jolly fisherman, with a fishing-rod in one hand, and a trout in the other."

The pen was now handed to Lindenast, who, after scratching behind the right ear for a moment or two, as was his custom when perplexed, cried out—

"I have it! My name is Lindenast—there I am!" as he quickly drew a beautiful linden tree in full bloom.

What became of these famous monograms, so long the admiration of the artistic world, remains a mystery. An Italian writer, towards the close of the sixteenth century, mentions having seen the album, among a heap of similar curiosities, at the Vatican; since then nothing more has been heard of it.

The best work of Peter Vischer now in Nuremberg is said to be the monument he executed, with the help of his two sons, to the memory of Saint Sebaldus; there are connoisseurs, however, who prefer his Peasant in the Market-place, with a fat goose under each arm; they are both admirable in their way, and well deserve the notice of a traveller.

The crowning wonder, however, of Nuremberg is acknowledged to be Adam Krafft's "Sakramentshäuschen," or "Tabernacle in the Cathedral," a work so extraordinary and unapproachable by anything of its kind, that in the first burst of enthusiasm you are tempted to exclaim, "Surely these must be real flowers—real creeping plants—

real tendrils, petrified into marble by some process now unknown!" so transparent, so aerial are they, as you see them hanging here, and creeping there, around the fairy columns. Indeed, Sandrart, the painter, in his work on the fine arts, was of the opinion that this great artist really did possess the secret of softening marble, and moulding it into any form he pleased, and then of restoring it to its original durability. It certainly does appear inconceivable how a work of such exquisite carving could have been executed by one man in the time specified—more especially as it embodies, besides the other decorations, the whole of the most remarkable events in the life of our Saviour. There it stands, on the right hand of the high altar, supported by three kneeling figures, representing the great sculptor himself and his two apprentices, rising to a height of more than sixty feet, gradually diminishing in its delicate proportions and fair, aspiring lines, until it seems to melt into air.

The "Last Supper," by the same artist, in the church of Saint Sebaldus, is only interesting from the circumstance that each of the Apostles represents a contemporary burgher of Nuremberg, and also for the clevérness with which he has made Sparnecker, the most famous robber-knight of the day, personify the traitor Judas. It would never have done to have placed one of his worthy patrons in such a disreputable position.

Behind the choir of the cathedral may be seen what is called, by way of distinction, the nine miraculous wonders of Nuremberg, the painted glass of which is said to have no equal in the world. Each of these was presented to the church by some wealthy burgher of the town, who may be seen, with their families, kneeling at the bottom. Like everything else, the admiration for them is divided, some preferring this, others that. As works of art, in reality there is no difference; that called Jacob's window is simply more attractive from the singularity of the subject, and the ingenuity with which the genealogical history of the Virgin is told from the life-time of her great progenitor, Jacob, down to the birth of Jesus. No description can do justice to the brilliancy of the colours, which are so gorgeous, so dazzling, that you might imagine, as the bright blaze of light pours down, it had come from millions of precious stones of every possible hue.

Nuremberg is still famous as the toy-creator for all the children of Christendom; and, strange as it may appear, it is doubtful whether any other people but the descendants of Adam Krafft, Peter Vischer, and Veit Stoss could succeed half so well in this peculiar manufacture. Here you see dolls that walk, laugh, and, with outstretched arms, cry "Mamma!" cats and dogs that mew and bark, cocks and hens that crow and cackle, lambs and

goats that skip and jump, birds that fly, and fish that swim. Or, if such be your pleasure, you may have your house modelled, or anything else you may desire, and the work executed with as much finish and delicacy as if Adam Krafft or Veit Stoss had thrown their mantle over the carver. In short, you can purchase anything and everything that comes under the name of *Puppenfabrikaten.*

"Only look at that Swiss village!" exclaimed the young Osmanli, "with its pretty fresh-coloured maidens carrying their milk-pails; its robust-looking peasants in their shirt-sleeves; cows, goats, sheep, horses, and poultry, appearing almost as if they were alive; palisades and garden-railing so exquisitely carved as to resemble the finest lace. That I must have at any price. Then what can be more tempting to an Asiatic, or more wondrous to behold, than that musical snuff-box, the spring of which you have only to touch, when the lid flies open, and out jumps a beautiful goldfinch, warbling most charmingly—that also must be mine; and what a pretty present for the Sultan's daughter!"

My young travelling-companion was perfectly correct in his estimation of the Nuremberg toys. *Puppenfabrikaten* indeed! These exquisite productions of the taste and ingenuity of the Nuremberg toy-makers, together with some others, por-

traying the trades, manners, and customs of the Germans, altogether came to a hundred pounds sterling; and, as works of art, they were well worth the money.

Now that I am about to leave this highly-interesting town, I would impress upon every traveller, who loves art for itself in its highest development, not to fail paying a visit to the *chef-d'œuvre* of Veit Stoss—his famous crucifix in the church of Saint Sebaldus, doubly interesting from the circumstance that it was his last work, the artist having been struck with blindness just as it was finished; thus fulfilling his own prediction to the very letter—"Every eye shall see my work when completed but mine." And so it was, for, just as he had given it the last touch, and while surrounded by a crowd of enthusiastic admirers, crying their "hoch lebe!" he fell as if struck by some supernatural power, and was lifted up a poor helpless blind man.

This great artist, who, his admirers say, was the most ingenious carver in wood that ever lived, after having made the tour of Europe, and executed a prodigious number of *chef-d'œuvres* for the great potentates of the day, might have starved in the decline of life had it not been for the bounty of his fellow-citizens.

In looking over the paintings in the Nuremberg picture-gallery, I was glad to see Albert Dürer's

famous painting of our Saviour, recently presented to the town by the ex-King Louis. Adam and Eve, by the same great artist, ought also to be here, in this its true home, instead of remaining at Munich. Most connoisseurs now agree in believing that this beautiful head of Christ, so divine in expression, and so full of more than human kindness, combines all that can be imagined of what the Saviour of mankind might have been during his sojourn upon earth. Albert Dürer himself regarded this painting as his master-piece, and was accustomed to say that he had painted it entirely from the inspiration of a dream.

Although Nuremberg is sadly shorn of her glory, and does not contain a fourth of her former population, she still holds a high rank among the towns of Germany, and may be taken as a very fair specimen of what Germany was in the olden time. Like the other free Imperial cities, whose wealth and influence were so great as to constitute an empire within an empire, she embraced the tenets of the Reformed Church at a very early period. From this time, as may be supposed, the feelings of the people underwent a total change; the arts, sciences, and commerce were exchanged for the tumult of the camp, at the same time that the national wealth was exhausted, to advance the progress of the newly-adopted creed, which, being succeeded by that dreadful scourge of Germany,

the Thirty Years' Religious War, she found herself, at its close, a bankrupt in everything but the honour of seeing the cause for which she had been so long fighting triumph over the whole force of Papal Rome. Our only wonder now is, when we consider the number of sieges she withstood, and the number of times she had been taken and retaken by the fanatic soldiers of the two contending creeds, how her beautiful churches, and other public buildings, with their numberless works of art, escaped the general wreck.

CHAPTER III.

The Plain of Bavaria and its Historical Recollections—Arrival at Passau—Scenery of the Danube at Passau—Decline of Mariolatry in South Germany—Clever Exploit of a French Army Surgeon during the French War—The Danube below Passau—A German Yankee—Austrian Custom-House—Passports, and their Inconveniences—A German Yankee, and his Theory for the Transmutation of Metals—Upper Austria—Linz and its Environs—The Effect of War upon the Industry of the People—Valley of the Enns, and its Inhabitants—Marvels of River Scenery—Whirlpools of the Danube—Dürrenstein—Richard the Lion-hearted—Fabulous Wealth of the Church in Austria—Pleasant Travelling Companions—Vienna.

ON leaving Nuremberg for the Danube, we passed over a great part of what is called the plain of old Bavaria, so rich in historical recollections, having served from time immemorial as a sort of Thermopylæ to protect the rest of Germany from the repeated inroads of the half-savage tribes of Asia; Huns and Scythians, Tartars and Turks, all finding here, each in their turn, a tomb gaping to receive them, and which might have been the fate of the Gauls during the late Napoleonic war, had Archduke Charles of Austria met with the

support he expected from the other princes of Germany, his confederates, during the gallant stand he made here against the French, commanded by Napoleon himself; and although the Austrian hero was obliged to cross the Danube, it was only after a series of bloody encounters, in which the strategy of the greatest captain of the day, and the energy of his lieutenants, had been displayed in a most conspicuous manner.

And now, having returned to the Valhalla, I will resume my tour on the Danube.

On leaving Ratisbon, the scenery, although here and there very lovely, does not present any very striking features until we approach Passau, where the towering rocks and pine-clad hills, intermingled with domes and steeples, towers and castles, form, at every turn of the road, a succession of very beautiful pictures.

The old Patavium of the Romans, built, as it is, on a sort of peninsula formed by the Danube and its tributaries, the Inn and the Ilz, has a most picturesque appearance; and, as I now saw it, with its beautiful environs and numerous Lusthäuses scattered in every direction, and built of every shape, from a Grecian temple to the umbrella of a Mandarin, I thought it one of the prettiest towns I had seen in Germany. It was also extremely animated—so far, at least, as the military were concerned; for having become of late years a rather

important fortress town, there was nothing to be heard from morning till night but the sound of the drum and marching of troops. In this respect it reminded me of Coblentz, on the Rhine. The scenery here, however, is far more grand and imposing, but to enjoy it to perfection you must take your view from one of the towers of the great pilgrimage church, Maria-Hilf, on the right bank of the Inn.

It has been said, and with truth, that the steamboat and the rail, owing to the facilities they afford of disseminating *viva voce* ideas and opinions, are the best of all civilizers, the most efficacious of all agents for dispelling the superstition of the ignorant masses. Of the correctness of this opinion I was more than ever convinced, on witnessing the utter neglect into which Maria-Hilf, one of the most famous shrines of the Virgin in Germany, had fallen within the last quarter of a century. There she stood, as heretofore, resplendent with precious stones, but the faith that had for so many centuries led the multitude on their knees to her footstool, exists no more. A few ignorant peasants, from the remote mountain districts of the Bavarian Tyrol, still come to her shrine to be cured of their diseases, but even their number is yearly diminishing. Truly, thought I, this must have been the work of the Lutherans of Northern Germany, who come here in crowds year after year, to admire the scenery of the Danube; and truly they must be

the most zealous of all missionaries, to have effected in so short a time such a miraculous change in the religious sentiments of a people, than whom none exhibited more abject superstition. If the scream of a railway whistle has been the cause of such a sweeping change as this, what may we not anticipate at the end of another quarter of a century?

I do not think that there are more inconsistencies, or more eccentricities, to be met with in the character of any of our great European races than in that of the Teutons. They have neither the quick perception of the Gaul, nor the blending of rapid action with judgment of the English. I have had an opportunity in these volumes more than once of drawing the attention of the reader to their *gaucheries* whenever they unexpectedly come into collision with their neighbours, the more practical and wary Gaul. I have now another, which so forcibly recalls the prevailing characteristics of the two peoples—the facile, unsuspecting nature of the one, and the audacious impulsiveness of the other—that I cannot leave Passau without alluding to the manner in which it fell, during the late war, into the hands of the French, without even costing them the loss of a single cartridge.

It appears that, while on the march, one of the principal surgeons of the French army found himself unexpectedly within the Austrian outposts

(Passau at that time belonged to Austria). Escape was impossible, and knowing that nothing could save him—at least, from being made prisoner—he had the presence of mind to bind upon his arm a white pocket-handkerchief, as an indication of pacific intentions, and trust for the rest to his own wit and the chapter of accidents. Emboldened by the facility with which he passed the outposts, together with the respectful salutations with which he was greeted by the military, he continued his ride to the gates of the town, and demanded an instant audience of the commander-in-chief of the forces. On being introduced, he thus addressed him:

"Our victorious troops," said he, with all the air of authority of a man in power, "are on their march to attack you. The entire country is in our possession. Your Emperor and his family have taken refuge in Hungary. Resistance is madness. To preserve you from the horrors of a murderous siege, and your beautiful city from destruction, our commander-in-chief has sent me on to implore you to capitulate; and as he intends to establish here a military hospital, he desires you to show me the building best adapted for the purpose. Be quick in your decision—there is not a moment to be lost!"

The audacious son of Esculapius gained his point—no doubt his confident tone and manner

had something to do with it. It is needless to say that a council of war was held, which ended by placing the town under the jurisdiction of the burgomaster, and by giving up the keys to the exulting surgeon, to his own astonishment and that of the whole French army.

As the incidents on board a well-regulated German steamer, where people only meet to eat and drink, flirt and chatter, cannot be expected to be of a very exciting nature, I shall continue my voyage down the Danube by taking a parting glance at Passau, which presents its most attractive aspect from the deck of a steamer, for from there you have not only the town in its most picturesque form, but a magnificent vista in the background of mountain and precipice, here and there enlivened by the glistening Inn, and the Ilz rushing onward, as it were, with headlong fury into the jaws of the very monster that seems waiting to devour them. A not inapt simile of the world in general, in which everything created must have an end—just as the Danube herself, after lording it so long, finally falls a victim to a still more rapacious monster, the Black Sea.

Soon after passing Passau, the river, becoming suddenly contracted for about a mile or so, the current alone sufficed to propel us onward, without the use of steam, giving birth, at every winding of the river, to a succession of the most romantic

and beautiful lakes, and this continued, ever varying, ever changing, until we cast anchor at Engellhardzell, the frontier town in the Austrian empire. Here we were detained some time by the Custom-House officers. It is, however, only justice to say that the inquisitors did the honours of their torture-chamber with the utmost politeness. But, contrary to all expectation, there was a very minute searching and investigation of the passports, owing to a report having reached the authorities that a number of those plagues of Austria, the Prussians, had got across the frontier, and were then, in anticipation of the coming struggle, busily employed in taking plans of the fortress, and in making themselves more intimately acquainted with the bearings of the country. Knowing the state of Germany, and the possibility of a collision at any moment between the two great German powers, I had taken the precaution, while at Munich, of having our passports signed by the Austrian ambassador. So far all was right, but there was an end to anything like incognito-travelling on board a German steam-packet. As I expected, the passports, having told the tale of our separate nationality, it soon got buzzed about that my young friend was no less a personage than an Osmanli prince, while his grey-headed Mentor could not be supposed to hold a rank inferior to that of Graf.

This proved the fruitful source of much discomfort, owing to the superfluous courtesies with which we were everywhere received, together with the amount of nonsense I was doomed to hear from adventurers who officiously intruded on me their offers of service. Among the most persevering of my tormentors was a German, by profession a chemist, just returned from the United States of America, where he had been living for the last quarter of a century. I had thought, until now, that the belief in the transmutation of metals, the philosopher's stone, the universal solvent, the elixir of life, and the other dreams of the old alchemists, had died out. No such thing; since this gentleman declared that, after a careful study of the works left us by the ancient alchemists, and much experimental practice in his own laboratory, he had discovered the key which they had kept secret, and had actually succeeded in making gold, when, in an unlucky moment, as if the gods were jealous of his success, came the ever-memorable raid of General Sherman on the territory of the Confederates, and all that he had, laboratory and everything it contained, were destroyed. Of course our new acquaintance, the Herr Doctor, was most anxious to accompany me to Turkey, and that I should introduce him to the Sultan, solemnly declaring that he had it in his power to convince the most incredulous of the certain truth

of his system, and that he could make as much gold as would render Turkey, or any other country that would patronize him, the richest in the universe; but he wanted money to commence, as the material, in the first instance, was of the most costly description, and nowhere to be had in greater abundance than in Asia Minor, the birth-place of Crœsus, the richest man that ever lived. Moreover, as a proof that he was neither a visionary nor an adventurer, and that his secret was not likely to remain confined to himself for any length of time, he read an extract for me out of the "Annales de Chimie," from which it would appear that the world would shortly be startled by the announcement of one of the most extraordinary discoveries of any age—nothing less than the transmutation of metals, by means of which a skilful chemist would be able to manufacture gold in such quantities, as to replace the deleterious metals now used as utensils of the cuisine.

The transmutation of metals, and the comments it led to among a people so scientific and learned as the Germans, served most opportunely in giving a more interesting turn to the conversation than the small talk you now everywhere hear in Germany, about the expected war between Austria and Prussia. Then there were the thousand and one anecdotes to be listened to from a German gentleman just returned from America—for the

Germans are all great talkers, as well as deep thinkers; and being by nature a highly intellectual people, there is nothing they enjoy more heartily than the conversation of a traveller who knows how to tell his story.

We passed the night at Linz, the capital of Upper Austria, and what with custom-house business, passports, and waiting to take on board Prince Auersperg and several superior officers on their way to Vienna, we did not proceed on our voyage until it was past eleven o'clock the following day. To idle travellers like ourselves, this want of punctuality in the departure of our steamer was rather desirable than otherwise, since we were afforded an opportunity of seeing the town, and of making several excursions in the vicinity. Still, delays of this kind must have a pernicious effect upon the commerce of a country.

I was sorry to see that the inhabitants of this once prosperous duchy had become much poorer in appearance since I last visited it. The unceasing struggles of the Government, in the face of so many formidable difficulties, to increase the military power of the empire, was evidently rapidly absorbing the resources of the industrious part of the population. It was sad, very sad, to see the poor women toiling like so many beasts of burden, their lords, in the meantime, amusing themselves with soldiering, instead of assisting to lighten the

weary task of their helpmates, whose emaciated features and dejected looks told too truly how severe must have been their labours; but the work must be done, else how are they to support their families or pay the taxes of the State? It is not, however, in Germany, nor in Austria alone, that you are pained in seeing the wretched existence to which the feminine part of the population are doomed—their lot is no better in France, nor in any other part of the Continent. Unhappy women! how much they have reason to curse the advent to power of Louis Napoleon, his gigantic military establishment rendering it necessary for the rulers of Europe, if they would preserve their thrones, to maintain vast standing armies—the curse of our age!

While driving in the environs, we enjoyed a magnificent prospect from the Schlossberg, comprising, at a glance, the beautiful valley of the Enns, with the entire range of the Styrian Alps, and a great part of that remarkable Alpine province of Austria called the Salzkammergut. With respect to the inhabitants of this little duchy, which has had the honour of giving its name to one of the most extensive empires in the world, I do not think that you would find in any other part of Germany a finer race of men and women; but to see them in perfection, you must visit them in their true home, the valley of the

Enns. Indeed, I always thought, while wandering among these people, that there was a greater similarity in many of their customs and manners to those of our own peasantry in the northern counties of England, than any of the other inhabitants of Germany, with the exception of Schleswig-Holstein. Like them, they are in general tall and well-made, with rather prepossessing features, and in their bearing not a little of that mixture of democratic independence, combined with feudal habits, which distinguish the English yeoman from those of every other country. Again, you have only to look at their farmhouses, always substantially built of stone, and comfortably furnished, surrounded with blooming orchards, meadows, and granaries well-stored with corn, to come to the conclusion that there must be some affinity between them and that portion of the Teutonic race who invaded England, and subsequently settled there.

They have, in reality, these Bauern ob der Enns, as I afterwards learned from a professor of history in Vienna, some faint tradition that their ancestors had come, in the olden time, from a far northern country, near a great flood of waters. If so, it is another very striking instance of the tenacity with which certain races adhere, through weal and woe, to the peculiar habits and customs of their forefathers. One thing, however, is most

certain, they have scarcely a trait in common with their neighbours, the Bavarians, and least of all with the mongrel race of Germans and Slavonians that now inhabit the adjoining provinces of Bohemia and Styria. It is also singular and worthy of remark, that these people were the first among the subjects of the Austrian Empire who had the courage to abandon the errors and superstitions of Papal Rome, and embrace what the Bible and their own common-sense told them must be the true faith. Every reader who knows anything of the intolerant court of Vienna in these days, will not be surprised to learn that these poor people were subjected from henceforth to the most unheard-of persecutions, such as being hunted like wild beasts from mountain to mountain, compelled to do the work of beasts of burden in the wars against the Turks. Yet with a constancy, nay, an obstinacy which seems a part of the nature of a true Teuton, nothing could shake their faith in the belief that their creed was the true one.

At length, after enduring for more than a century and a half some of the greatest trials that ever fell to the lot of a people, they found a protector and a friend in Joseph II., the only sovereign of this singularly narrow-minded, bigoted race, the Hapsburgs, from the time of their great ancestor, Rudolph, down to the present emperor, who showed an enlightened tolerance in matters of

religion. The first act of this liberal, high-minded prince, after declaring liberty of conscience to all his subjects, was to recall these poor wanderers from their fastnesses in the mountains, and restore to them the lands of their forefathers on the Enns, the Traun, and the Zeller; and with that philanthropy which seemed a part of his nature, he not only caused churches to be built for them, but richly endowed their clergy. But this was not all. Under his wise and equitable rule, there was more effected for the welfare of the people and the empire at large, than had been accomplished during the whole of the reigns of his predecessors. He it was who first shook to its foundation the arbitrary power of the priests. He it was that abolished feudal vassalage, fixed the value of land, and by encouraging agriculture, industry, and commerce, established the credit of the country upon a sounder basis than it had ever known before. Unhappily for Austria, his reign was short; and the French Revolution having taken place almost immediately after his untimely death, succeeded by those dreadful European wars from which Austria has suffered so much, there was nothing else thought of by his successors than how or by what means they could find money to carry on the affairs of the Government. In the meantime, the priests again crept into power; and to their influence may be ascribed nearly the whole

of the retrograde tendencies which have made the Austrian Government a standing reproach among the nations.

After leaving the two marshy banks in the immediate vicinity of Linz, the river all at once became contracted, and we entered what is said to be the most picturesque part of the Danube. In reality *on est si charmé, enchanté, et confus* at every turn of the river, that you are left in doubt which is the most deserving of your admiration, nature in its wildest forms, or the rich corn-fields, luxuriant meadows, and hamlets of the peasants, here and there appearing as if suspended on the sides of almost perpendicular hills. It is, however, at Strum, where the mighty river becomes twisted and twined into a thousand whirlpools, that the scenery assumes a character at once wild and supernatural. Here everything concurs to increase the charm of the landscape. The stupendous height and altitude of the rocks, which seem to menace us with destruction if we advance; the terrific roar of the river, and the rapidity with which the vessel is hurried onward, as it passes over a vast ledge of sunken rocks, this, with the shouts of the captain to his men, the hurrying to and fro of the crew, the anxious countenances of the passengers—all combine to produce a slight feeling of apprehension. It is, however, only momentary, as we are almost immediately again in

comparatively still water. There are several of these *Saurüssels*, *Strudels*, and *Wirbels*, as the Germans call them, and they add so much to the romantic scenery in their vicinity, that I could not help feeling sorry when they came to an end.

Formerly the traveller on the Danube had to pay a tax to the monks of the neighbouring convent for their prayers, without which it was presumed no vessel could pass in safety; but steam having been found to be more efficacious than *pater-nosters*, the custom has long since fallen into disuse, and the poor brethren have lost a great source of revenue. Still it requires some care on the part of the captain and and his crew to steer their vessel so as to escape being dashed against one or other of the numerous rocky islands that here and there rise in the centre of the stream.

On most of these islands crosses have been erected, to perpetuate the wreck of some vessel; they record the names of the ill-fated passengers who have perished. Of late years, by judicious blasting, this enemy of the Danube boatmen has been partly subdued; the concussion is, nevertheless, still very great.

The legends are many and various respecting these Danube whirlpools; that called the Saurüssel is said to be the mouth of a subterranean channel, by which the waters of this mighty river pass into Hungary, where they emerge, and form the great

lake there called the Neusiedler-see. In proof of which, it is asserted that it rises and falls in accordance with the amount of water in its great reservoir, the Danube. This, I believe, is a fact; but whether there is any truth in the statement that the remains of vessels lost in the Danube whirlpools are afterwards seen floating in the Hungarian lake, is more than I can venture to assert.

On leaving the region of the whirlpool, and its wild scenery, we entered that of the monasteries and ruined castles. Every mountain crag, however inaccessible it might appear, had its own ruined castle, and every beautiful-looking fertile spot in the hills its own monastery or convent. That at Mölk is a perfect palace, grand, stately, and imperial. It is, indeed, a monarch among monasteries, and has chosen for itself one of the finest and most striking sites on the river. These religious establishments, in our day, are far more numerous in the Austrian Empire than in any other part of Europe. It appears their wealth is something fabulous, not alone in lands and tenements, but in specie. I was astonished to hear from my fellow-passengers, men of rank and station, whose word might be relied on, that these ecclesiastical communities, taken in the mass, are not alone creditors of the government to a large amount, but hold the title-deeds of many a fair

domain belonging to the nobility. Among other things, the outspoken manner in which they criticised the character of these drones, as they called them, and their utter uselessness to their fellow-men, was so entirely novel, that I could scarcely believe I was travelling in the Austria of my young days. One gentleman, a superior officer, even went so far as to say that the government had, in the enormous property they possess, an egg in the nest *(das Nest-ei der Mönche)*, sufficiently valuable to pay off the greatest part of the national debt, should it at any time be driven to desperation. Can we therefore doubt, when such language as this is heard in the very home of Popery, and among a class usually so reserved in their conversation, that the days of monastic institutions are numbered?

It would require at least half a volume to describe in detail the number of ruined castles, monasteries, nunneries, churches, and other interesting places, all furnished with their legends, that met the view between Mölk and Vienna. Among the most interesting is Dürrenstein, the ruined castle where, tradition tells us, Richard, the lion-hearted king of England, was confined by the treacherous Duke of Austria. Here, says the story, he pined after his island home, his liberty, and his people; here he played on his guitar, and sang the provincial song by means of which his

captivity became known to his faithful Blondel. Unhappily for the romance of my tale, and the interest of the Danube ruin, matter-of-fact history of late years has given a different version of the affair. Be this as it may, for strength, and an inaccessible position, no place could have been better adapted for the prison of a king whose strong arm was so much feared during his life both by friend and foe.

At Dürrenstein, the Danube, having made one of its most extensive sweeps, we bade adieu to what may be called the magic region of the river, but we had in return a more extensive prospect over one of the most fertile districts in Lower Austria. Ruins and monasteries, although not so numerous, still crowned the summit of every hill, and we frequently saw several very fine modern châteaus belonging to the Austrian nobility; these, with villages and hamlets, almost without end, in the midst of rich cornfields, meadows, and vineyards, formed a picture in which traces of an age when might was right mingled with ecclesiastical grandeur, modern refinement, and peasant life, as it is in Austria of the present day.

Nor were the inhabitants decked out in their holiday costume—this being one of their numerous saint-days—here waltzing with all their might, beneath the shade of a gigantic linden, there

amusing themselves with some gymnastic game, less an object of interest to a stranger, who might have been excused if, on the spur of the moment, he had taken out his tablets, and written, "What a happy people!" But how deceitful usually are outward appearances! Not far distant might be seen various indications of the near approach of that frightful source of misery to mankind—war. Conscripts were marching sad and silent from their home, deploring their separation, probably for ever, from all those most dear to them on earth—the last sound they heard being the despairing shrieks of some heart-broken mother, wife, or sweetheart, as they were forcibly carried away by their friends and relatives.

Happily for England, she is, at least, a stranger to such scenes as these; her sons adopt the life of a warrior as a profession, and they do it voluntarily; whereas in Austria, and, indeed, all over the Continent of Europe, where the governments are too poor to pay the bounty-money, military service is compulsory, and to the man who has no taste for the glories of war—and there are many such—it is slavery, as absolute as that of the negro, who is obliged to do his work by the forcible persuasion of a cat-of-nine-tails.

On leaving the beautiful abbey of Neuburg and its famous pyramid, recording the miracle of its holy abbot, we caught the first glance of the spire

of Saint Stephen's Church, at Vienna, which drew forth loud and repeated shouts from the passengers, of "Wien! Wien!" For myself, I must confess I felt no little regret at an announcement which told me that my voyage was drawing to a close, and that I must part from my companions, whose conversation I enjoyed so much. Among them Prince A——, the ex-president of the Upper Chamber of the Austrian Reichsrath, amused us not a little with descriptions of the members of the Lower-House—more especially of those who were sent from the Galician and Bohemian districts, consisting of men who, in all probability, had never before left their home, and were, consequently, totally unacquainted with the great world, its customs and manners. As for their dress, such a *bizarie* of a costume was never before seen, and must have been copied from some French or German novel on fashionable life, at least a hundred years old. What a trial must it not have been for Francis Joseph and the ladies of his court, when these *outré*-looking senators were presented to them. The court tailor, however, soon reformed the cut of their garments, but no amount of training could possibly impart to their manners and general demeanour the polish of a court. Their senatorial eloquence also was more remarkable for its eccentricity than for anything else, while their arguments, whenever they

did speak, were so entirely foreign to the subject under discussion, as to provoke, every now and then, the uncontrolled laughter, not only of their opponents, but their friends.

The prince, who is one of the most zealous upholders of the complete unity of the Austrian empire, and consequently an enemy to everything in the shape of a Federal form of government, does not despair of the ultimate triumph of the Star of Austria; but, he says, she must be firm, and not even shrink from having recourse to a contest of life or death, if it should be necessary. Knowing something of the Hungarians, and their determination not to yield an iota of their rights, I was sorry to hear a man of such immense influence among his party express himself so warmly, and so decidedly, upon a question so pregnant of evil to the stability of the Austrian empire.

CHAPTER IV.

Arrival at Vienna—Gay Appearance of the Population—General Aspect of the Town—The Military and the Emperor—Religious Processions—Sinister Omen for the Coming War—The Waltz—Its Bad Effects on the Health and Morals of the People—Pleasure-loving Propensities of the Viennese—The Elysium and its Attractions—Decorous Manners of the Viennese—Their Taste and Aptitude for Pasquinades—The Austrian Brogue—Embellishments of Vienna—Public Buildings—Saint Saviour—New Terminus of the Northern Railway—Artist's Club-House—Kursaal for the Sale of Mineral Waters—The Want of such an Establishment in the Great Cities of the British Islands—Description of the Kursaal—Its Success.

"'SGIBT nur an Kaisers-stadt, 'sgibt nur an Wien!" is a very common saying with the Viennese, who all speak, from the Emperor down to the lowest ragamuffin you meet in the streets, what, for want of a better name, I shall call the Austrian brogue; and truly it may be said, in a town where you are constantly seeing Asiatic Turks and Armenians, Levantine Greeks and Magyars, Croats, Servians, Bulgarians, Wallacks, and various other nationalities, all as distinctly

marked from each other in type, feature, and customs, as if they belonged to another hemisphere, that there is only one truly Imperial city, only one—Vienna. Independently of its numerous attractions as the capital of a great empire, and the seat of Government, the entirely novel character of many things that come under your observation renders this town a most agreeable *sejour* to the traveller from the West. Again, considering its size, and that the population amounts to little more than half a million, there is no other Continental capital out of Paris where luxury is so widely diffused, or where the *agrémens* of society are better understood; nor one in which all classes enjoy themselves more thoroughly, or know better how to get up a fête, aided as they are by the natural taste they possess for music.

At whatever time you may arrive in this gay city, whether morning, noon, or night, Sunday, holiday, or working-day, the first thing that strikes you is the animation, the life of all around you, and the number of idle people you everywhere see, who seem to have no other occupation than to amuse themselves. In this respect, the city of the Kaiser has no parallel among the other towns of Germany, whose inhabitants, with the exception of the military, appear, for the most part, to be engaged in some remunerating business; but the majority are Lutherans; while the Viennese pro-

fess a creed that permits more freedom of manners, or, as its enemies would say, greater laxity of morals, to its votaries. As we now passed through the suburbs to our hotel, the Stadt London, the town seemed alive with people. The first object that particularly drew my attention, was the young Emperor, in the uniform of a field-marshal, driving his own four-in-hand, closely followed by two archdukes and a cavalcade of superior officers; and, singular enough, as if prophetic of coming events, they were met on their route to a review of the troops by a long procession of the clergy in full canonicals, and with lighted tapers, chanting the *Miserere* for the dying. "What a bad omen for the Emperor, just on the eve of a war!—at least, we Mussulmans would deem it so," whispered my young companion, the Osmanli. As to the soldiers, they were everywhere, for the most part, fine, robust, hearty-looking fellows, seemingly well fed, and taller than the generality of the Continental soldiery. Here you might see them in full marching order, with drums beating and colours flying, on their way to the railway terminus; there, just arrived from some distant province, driving before them several hundred conscripts, for the most part mere boys—they appeared, from their *outré* dress and awkward movements, to be Wends, a tribe of the Sclavonian race inhabiting the mountain districts of Carniola and Carinthia—they are said to

make excellent soldiers, and to bear any amount of fatigue. These, with coroneted carriages, equestrians, vehicles of every description, and the gaily-dressed multitude hurrying to and fro, combined to form a picture only seen in the metropolis of an empire composed of such varied nationalities as that of Austria.

My readers are probably aware that Vienna is the true home of the waltz—here it first sprung into notice; here everybody waltzes, young and old, and no entertainment is considered complete without it. Few persons, however, except those who have made this city their residence, and know the people well, their habits and customs, are aware of the thousands who are annually sacrificed to this inordinate passion. I was assured by more than one medical practitioner, by more than one city authority, that the waltz mania, together with the immorality to which it gives rise, carries off every year more victims than an outbreak of cholera; and to add to the evil, while the one seizes as its victims the sick and the weakly, the other destroys the very flower of the population. In vain the giddy multitude are warned by the doctors and the public journals of the risk they incur by rushing from a heated ball-room into an atmosphere never above the freezing-point during winter, without having warm wrappers and strong shoes to protect them from the cold and snow—

everything is forgotten in the delirium of the moment, and "Noch a' Tanzerl! Noch a' Tanzerl!"

It has ever been one of the favourite maxims of this wary Government, that if you desire to rule a people without difficulty, you have only to give them plenty of amusement, well knowing that a population who dance and sing to drive dull care away are the least likely to become revolutionists; consequently, everything is done to encourage music and the dance. It cannot, therefore, be a matter of suprise that in no other capital, not even the gay city of Paris, do we find so many splendid establishments devoted to amusement, nor one that offers such a spectacle of merry-making as this on a Sunday evening, or a fête-day, more especially during the Carnival, when the whole population, rich and poor, prince and peasant, courtly dame and grisette, determine to enjoy themselves and mingle together, without distinction, in one of these palace-like establishments devoted to dancing.

Among these, the most popular in the present day is that called the Elysium, which is nothing more nor less than the cellars of an old convent of enormous extent, branching off one into the other, fitted up at a great expense, and possessing every possible attraction that the gay world could desire, and capable of accommodating several thousand persons at the same time. The scenic decoration

surpasses in novelty and effect anything of the kind I had ever previously seen, and being brilliantly lighted up with various-coloured lamps, the whole seems a sort of Fairyland. Here you may wander through Moorish galleries, Gothic corridors, ascend a mountain, or dive down a precipice, with their appropriate scenery; hear the soft note of the singing-bird, the loud screaming and chattering of parrots, cockatoos, and monkeys, perched on real trees. Here, if you are not inclined to join in the waltz, nor passionately fond of the concert, there is the supper-table, the coffee-room, and card-table; or, if you feel disposed to accompany the gay multitude on a journey to some strange land, there is the railroad—get a ticket, and jump into a carriage, with the novelty of being drawn by ponies, instead of being propelled by steam. But it is the music (in the performance of which these people excel every other)—the crash of drums, trumpets, cymbals, and every other species of brazen instrument, which, once heard, can never be forgotten. It is a well-known fact that no musician, save an Austrian or a Bohemian, can draw from a wind-instrument those soul-stirring sounds which make you forget the world and its cares. In truth, it would alone repay any real lover of music a journey to Vienna to hear what they call, where all is excellent, one of their crack military bands.

Perhaps nothing is more remarkable, and it is highly creditable to the Viennese and the authorities, that, often as I have visited this and other places of public amusement, I have never known of a single case of what could be called outrageously bad conduct. Yet Vienna is by no means more free from crime than any other large city—it has, indeed, more, perhaps, than its full share of light-fingered gentry; but whether the police are unusually strict in performing their duties on these festive occasions, or that these friends to private transfer really come now and then to amuse themselves, I cannot say; but certain it is, you rarely or ever hear a cry for the police, nor even the jingle of a broken glass. The great—indeed, the only danger is, when you quit the building; then you cannot be too careful of your pocket, because you have no longer the police officer at a moment's call, nor the advantage of having the outer doors closed during their search for the thief, as in a town of the size of Vienna they know all the bad characters in it; then the punishment in cases of this kind is summary, and the way in which it is inflicted is much dreaded by the evil-doers in despotic Austria. In this respect we are by far too gentle with our malefactors—if there was less sermonizing, and more of the *cat-o'-nine-tails*, we would have fewer pickpockets and street-robberies.

Taken altogether, they are a strange people, these Viennese—unlike every other in Europe. Perhaps this arises from the mingling of so many races—Germans, Magyars, Italians, Slavonians, and Roumanians. With much of the good-nature of the German, they have, at the same time, a great similarity of *esprit* with the French, and not a little of that peculiar style of wit of the Italian, called the pasquinade, and quite as apt at a reply as a *gamin des barrières*. But to appreciate this as it deserves, it will not suffice to know the German language well—you must have a thorough knowledge of their own delicious brogue; and to enjoy it in perfection, you cannot do better than pass your evenings at one of the minor theatres in the suburbs. Still, unless you are able to seize at once the *finesse* of their raillery, so naïve and piquant, and, at the same time, so natural, you had better stay at home.

No person would imagine, on seeing this pleasure-loving people, as gay and, apparently, as thoughtless as so many butterflies, that their country was on the eve of a war—of a struggle for life or death with two great powers—Prussia and Italy; and that their government did not know what means to adopt to fill the exchequer, and that the first battle lost would, in all probability, see Hungary, and half a dozen other discontented nationalities now subject to Austria, in

arms. It is true, we can accustom ourselves to the contemplation of any evil, till we become reckless of consequences; or it may be that the faith of her children is so strong in the star of Austria, that they feel persuaded, let what will occur, it must ultimately triumph. The good Viennese may console themselves at present by remembering that they have got more than their share of the loaves and fishes which, in the shape of government contracts, and other preparations for war, never fail to enrich individuals. That this is the case at Vienna is very evident from the reckless extravagance you everywhere witness, as if the entire people, from the lofty patrician of the court down to the lowest shopkeeper and artizan, had no other aim—no other object—than to enjoy the bright beams of the sun, so long as it continued to shine.

Although I am nearly as well acquainted with Vienna as I am with London, yet, after an absence of little more than two years, I found it so much improved, that I enjoyed its numerous *agrémens* and pleasant society with all the vivacity of first impressions. Since the removal of the old and useless ramparts, called the glacis, and the filling up of the moat, a space of several hundred acres, in the very centre of the city, surrounded by its thirty-four suburbs, has been made available for building purposes, which, being speedily

bought up by wealthy speculators, several fine streets, and boulevards, or, as they call them here, rings, have sprung into existence—a great embellishment to a town, which, like every other that had been fortified, abounds with narrow streets and dark passages, into which the sun never penetrates. This is now about being remedied, if war, or some other great calamity, does not intervene to put a stop to the plans of the Emperor and the city authorities for the embellishment of their capital. As it is, the impetus having been once given, has quickly extended to other parts of the town; and with that mania of the age for imitating everything done in Paris—in this instance sufficiently praiseworthy—several new buildings, both public and private, have been erected in a marvellously short space of time, as admirable for their beauty as for the solidity of their structure. In this respect, at least, the government and the people have shown great energy and tact, and if they continue in their laudable efforts, the *Kaiserstadt an der Wien*, as the Viennese love to designate their city, bids fair to be one of the most beautiful and agreeable capitals in Europe.

Among the public buildings in progress, the most remarkable and interesting is the Votive church, called Saint Saviour, close to the Schottenthor, erected as a memorial of gratitude to the Saviour of Mankind, for the escape of the present

Emperor from the dagger of an assassin some few years ago. The two towers at the west end, which are intended to be carried up to a height of something more than three hundred feet of our measurement, promise, when finished, to be a fine specimen of Gothic architecture. Then there is the Artist's Club-house, a really magnificent building, also nearly finished. The site for this building, it appears, was given by the Emperor to the society, which, with similar grants to the municipality, and other corporate bodies, has made His Majesty most popular with the Viennese, more especially as the adjoining ground, only a short time previous, had been sold at an enormous price.

The new terminus of the Northern Railway is also a very fine building. The chief platform, with its ingenious iron roofing, is the most commodious for passengers, and the best adapted for the despatch of business, of any other in Germany; and being flanked at each corner by square towers, the effect is most imposing, showing how much may be done at a trifling cost by a skilful architect, who has an eye for the beautiful as well as for the useful.

Besides this, and several other buildings equally worthy of notice, there is the Kursaal, standing in a small park of its own, devoted, as the name implies, to the sale of all the celebrated mineral waters of Germany, together with those of the

Austrian Empire. What a brilliant idea! What a boon to the poor invalid, whose infirmities would not permit of his leaving home, to find at his very door the life-giving fluid he so much desired, and all the comforts and conveniences of a first-rate German bath! It is built in the Renaissance style of architecture, now very popular in Vienna, at the expense of a company of shareholders. As a speculation, it is said to be one of the most profitable concerns in Vienna, and a very favourite resort for fashionable invalids, who meet here at every hour of the day to chat and flirt, drink the waters, promenade, and read the newspapers.

As a mere lounge, I do not think there is a more delightful one to be found in the vicinity of any other town, not even Paris— where so much is done by the government and the people to attract visitors. In addition to the grand saloon, enclosing an area of at least three thousand feet, there are refreshment-rooms, and all the usual appendages of a German bath. With respect to the mineral waters, I have been assured, by more than one *habitué*, that they may be had here equally pure as they are found at the original well, and quite as efficacious for the cure of those ailments for which they are prescribed. Hence the great popularity and consequent success of the establishment.

Undertakings of this kind, at once ornamenta-

tive, recreative, and beneficial to a large class of suffering invalids, are very much wanting in the British islands; and surely, if Vienna, with its half-million of inhabitants, can support a Kursaal on such a scale of magnificence as I have attempted to describe, a similar one in the vicinity of our own great metropolis, as well as in the other large towns of the empire, would be certain to be remunerative in a speculative point of view.

CHAPTER V.

Saint Stephen's Cathedral—Beautiful Work of Canova—Equestrian Statue of Joseph II.—Admirable Character of that Monarch—Enmity entertained towards him by the Priests—Influence of a Clever Caricature of the Pope—Re-establishment of Priestly Influence at the Death of Joseph II—Liberal Tendencies of the Present Emperor—His Character—Religion of the Viennese—Widespread Taste for Dress and Luxury—Morality of the Viennese—Their Social Qualities—The Court and Aristocracy.

ST. STEPHEN'S Cathedral is still, and ever will be, of all the public buildings, old or new, by far the most imposing and attractive, if it were for nothing else than its spire, which, rising up to a height of four hundred and fifty feet, has a point so delicately fine, and of such beautiful proportions, as to seem to disappear in the clouds; and being seen from whatever direction you approach the town, with its bright golden eagle—the emblem of the Austrian empire—perched on the top, appearing at first like a star suspended in mid-heaven, it serves as a beacon to cheer the weary traveller, and, at the same time, to remind

him, if he happens to be an Austrian, that he is a subject of one of the most powerful empires in the world.

I was glad to find that the old rickety-looking spire, so long an eye-sore to the admirer of Gothic architecture, has been pulled down, and replaced by one precisely similar to its predecessor. The original plan of the architect was to crown the building with a second spire in addition to that now standing, but whether the funds failed, or the piety of the inhabitants had cooled, the design has never been carried into effect. This explains the very unsymmetrical appearance of the edifice when viewed as a whole, and which has been so often censured by travellers, who, in all probability, were not aware of this circumstance. With this exception, every traveller of taste must admit it to be, next to that at Strasburg, the finest ecclesiastical edifice in Germany.

After the cathedral, the most attractive church in Vienna—more especially to a lover of the fine arts—is the Augustiner-kirche, for it contains the finest work of Canova—the splendid monument of the Archduchess Christine of Austria. The design is so beautifully characteristic of what a memorial of departed worth ought to be, and so indicative of piety, and a belief in a future and a more happy state of existence—to say nothing of the artistic manner in which it is executed—

that I cannot refrain from giving the reader a somewhat detailed description of it.

The monument consists of a vast pyramid of the finest grey marble, with an open door at its base leading to a sepulchre, over which is engraved, "Uxori optimæ Albertus." Upon the steps leading to it, which are covered with one of the most exquisite imitation carpets ever carved by the hands of a sculptor, you see descending a beautiful figure of Virtue, enveloped in long drapery, carrying in her hand, as it were, to the tomb, the ashes of the deceased. Her dishevelled hair, confined by a simple wreath of olive leaves, and the deep affection and melancholy regret imprinted upon her countenance and general bearing, are so natural, and so faithfully depicted, that you know not which most to admire—the angelic loveliness of the figure or the creative genius of the artist. She is accompanied in her mournful office by two young girls, bearing torches, equally admirable for their execution, and equally remarkable for the same air of angelic sweetness and sorrow in their countenance, mingled with a certain saint-like resignation, such as you might expect in a pious believer.

At some little distance you behold a second group—it is Benevolence, in the form of a fine young woman supporting a blind old man, who, though bent with age and infirmity, appears to

recoil with terror from the tomb, affording a striking contrast to the child near him, whose clasped hands, and eyes raised to heaven, as if engaged in silent prayer, shews its infantile resignation. On the left side of the pyramid there is also a very fine winged cherub, leaning upon the mane of a lion *couchant*. In this group the artist has been most happy in the admirable manner with which he has made these figures represent the power of death imprinted upon the celestial countenance of the one, and the paralyzing effect it appears to have on the brute courage of the other.

The medallion portrait of the Archduchess, encircled by the emblem of Eternity in the hand of an angel, and the winged cherub fluttering in the air, bearing a palm over the door of the pyramid in relief, is all in keeping with the religious character of the design, and equally well-executed. Taken altogether, as a work of art, it is sufficient praise to say that it is worthy of the genius of the great enchanter, Canova, then at its zenith. Still, even the most minute description, however carefully written, fails, as it always does, in conveying to the reader a correct idea of the merit and beauty of such a work as this, and especially one from the hand of a master who, perhaps, never had an equal in the delicacy of expression and feminine loveliness he has been accustomed to give

to his female figures. It must be seen, and with the eye of an artist, to be appreciated as it deserves.

On leaving the Augustiner-kirche, I passed through Josephs-platz, where the fine equestrian statue of the Emperor Joseph II. has been placed; and although I do not intend to trouble the reader with a long description of it, yet, as I have always admired the character of this, the greatest Habsburg of the race, I cannot pass the statue without some notice, without paying some tribute of respect to the memory of a man whose name will be immortalized as one of those rulers of men whose life was spent in conferring blessings upon the people committed to his charge. As a work of art, it is considered by connoisseurs to be the most perfect cast in existence, and for this reason, it is free from the slightest blemish—a very rare occurrence in a bronze statue, as many an artist knows to his grief, the great difficulty being to effect the operation of casting without the occurrence of some accident or slight irregularity to mar its beauty. The Emperor, to whom the resemblance is said to be most striking, is attired in the Roman costume, and, like the Roman emperors, crowned with laurel —those of Germany having always considered themselves, previous to the advent of the first Napoleon, to be their successors, by right of conquest, and the will of His Holiness the Pope! Al-

though the figures, as I said before, are remarkably well executed, most imposing, and without blemish, they want the magic touch of inspired genius; hence the spectator, without knowing why, regards the work, after a cursory examination, with apathy; which will be still further increased should he happen to see it, as I did, immediately after viewing the splendid production of Canova. Here the mind of the master is manifested not only throughout the whole composition, but in every individual figure; and, kindles in those who contemplate it, if they have the slightest idea of art, the most enthusiastic admiration.

The statue of Joseph II. was erected by the late Emperor Francis II., who thus far honoured the memory of his immortal uncle; but how much better, how much more to the purpose, would it have been for the prosperity of the country, and the happiness of the people over whom he had been called to rule and power, had he followed the same enlightened principles upon which his great predecessor had based the policy of his reign. The inscription, *Saluti publicæ vixit non diu, sed totus*, is as susceptible of a *double-entendre* as the famous device of the House of Austria, *A. E. I. O. U.—Austriæ est imperare orbi universo*, which perhaps may be rendered in our day more appropriately—*Austriaci erunt in orbe ultimi!*

It is impossible to contemplate this monument,

without offering all that a traveller has to offer—the tribute of admiration to the memory of the great original, who, during the ten years of his eventful reign, effected more for the welfare of his people than had been accomplished by the whole of his predecessors and successors put together. He it was, and not the first Napoleon, as many persons suppose, who first shook to its foundation the civil and political power of the Romish Hierarchy. He was that sun of Austria which first dispelled the mists of superstition that had so long hung over the beautiful country over which he had been called to reign. In a word, he was the first sovereign of Austria, the first Habsburg who permitted his subjects, both Christian and Hebrew, to adore the Creator according to their respective creeds; and in order to make his religious reforms more effective, he transformed the princely homes of thousands of lazy monks, and their equally lazy sisters, the nuns, into hospitals for the sick, seminaries of education, and other establishments of public utility. But it was not alone in religious affairs that this enlightened monarch shone forth as the greatest reformer of his age—he abolished throughout the whole of his dominions, with the exception of Hungary, where his power did not extend, everything in the shape of feudal vassalage, and gave to the peasant an interest in the land he cultivated. By this deci-

sive measure, he, at one blow, annihilated the tyrannical power of the aristocracy, and rescued the cultivator of the soil from a state of the most degrading helotism.

But, alas! how capricious destiny frequently is in its awards! During the short reign of this enlightened monarch, on whichever side he turned he met with dangers and embarrassments, many of them of a nature sufficiently alarming in themselves to bow down the spirit of the most resolute reformer that ever lived. Hungary and the Netherlands, those great semi-independent adjuncts of his widely-extended empire, were both in rebellion; in addition to which he was engaged in a war with Frederick of Prussia and the Sultan of Turkey at the same time. Neither was he more fortunate in his hereditary dominions, where he had to contend not only against the cabals of a discontented nobility, furious at the loss of their privileges, but to circumvent the machinations and intrigues of the most dangerous of all his enemies, a large army of priests, who were quite as furious as the aristocracy at the abridgment of their power, and as determined to fight to the last the sacrilegious heretic, who dared to lay his hands upon the patrimony of the Church.

An anecdote, in connexion with a very rare engraving, of which I happen to have a copy, will do more than pages of writing to prove that had

this great Habsburg prince only lived to the ordinary age allotted to poor humanity, he was exactly the sort of man, possessing, as he did, the power, to have founded a system which must have not only knitted together the disjointed nationalities of his widely-extended empire, but made it one of the most prosperous and powerful in the world; for the inhabitants, no matter of what race or nationality, are by no means deficient in energy and talent, when properly directed, while few countries in our hemisphere have been more amply provided by a bountiful nature with all that can contribute to the wealth and well-being of man.

But to return to the engraving. Those among my readers who may happen to be familiar with the history of Austria during the eventful reign of the great reformer, Joseph II., must know something of the mighty fuss that was then made respecting the preparations of His Holiness the Pope, who had come to the determination to cross the Apennines and the Carnatic Alps, and not only excommunicate the heretical Emperor, but dethrone him.

Joseph, who was as quick in his decisions as he was bold and fearless, without loss of time caused an engraving to be executed, in which the Pope is represented simply as a bishop, looking feeble and dejected, and leaning upon a crozier, but still wearing the jewelled tiara of a Pope, which an

Austrian eagle is in the act of tearing from his head. On one side a group of dirty-looking ragged children are seen playing with the sacred slipper, and the still more sacred keys of heaven and hell, and on the other cardinals, and a complete mob of Jesuits, monks, friars, and priests, gnashing their teeth with impotent rage, but not daring to interfere. When a large impression was struck off, Rome was inundated with them, as well as every other large town in Italy. The Pope had the good sense to take the hint. Nothing more was said about excommunication or dethronement. The clergy were ordered to buy up the obnoxious prints at any price, and commit them silently to the flames; and so diligently did they perform their task, that in the present day they are so scarce that one of these engravings is considered to be worth more than its weight in gold.

Unfortunately Joseph died in the very flower of his age, after a short illness, and, what is still more to be deplored, dark rumours were in circulation among the people that their benefactor had been poisoned by the Jesuits. It was the people alone who loved him—it was only among them that he had any real friends. The members of his own family rather feared than loved him; the changes and innovations which his enterprising spirit considered necessary for the welfare of the State, they did not approve of; and his brother

Leopold, who succeeded him at his death, was far more fitted to govern a monastery than an empire. The priests and the nobles, who had again got into power, might have ruled with absolute sway, for any opposition that he would have offered; but the times had changed, the terrible crisis of the French Revolution was fast approaching, and the terrible propagandist zeal of the Jacobins had found disciples in Austria, as elsewhere. Happily for the country, the government became alarmed for the future, as the hour of trial approached; and instead of blindly pursuing a reactionary line of policy, allowed things to remain pretty much the same as the Emperor Joseph had left them; but as his successor could not be brought to see the necessity of reforms, whatever plans his enlightened brother had laid down for the guidance of his successors became a dead letter.

In the present day the government is essentially Roman Catholic, and perhaps more Ultramontane than consists with the spirit of the age. Pilgrimages to celebrated shrines of the Madonna, such as that sink of immorality, Mariazell, near Bruck, in Styria, and similar absurdities, are encouraged; but religious prejudice and superstition, in its most degraded form, are now only to be found in the mountainous regions of the Tyrol, and some other of the remote districts of the empire. Nay, it is even said that the present Emperor is

extremely liberal in matters of religion, and would gladly prove himself a worthy successor of his great namesake, if the dangerous state of his empire would permit him. He is, however, much embarrassed in money-matters, and as it is well known that the Church in Austria has accumulated immense property, notwithstanding its professions of poverty, it would not be wise at this critical moment to provoke the enmity of the ecclesiastical powers.

With respect to the educated classes, I never found less religious prejudice in the inhabitants of any Roman Catholic country; they go to hear mass on Sundays and holidays, confess their sins monthly, and receive absolution, well knowing that if they did not, the priest of the district, who invariably exercises the double office of secret agent of the Government and minister of the Church, would report them at head-quarters as dangerous subjects. As for pure religion, such as I hope and trust may be found in England, and other countries where every man is at liberty to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience and what he believes to be truth, it is not, I fear, so generally diffused here as could be wished; and this has become painfully apparent since the Pope, in the plentitude of his infallibility, has promulgated to his Church the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin—a dogma which

has given rise, as might be expected, to a great deal of scepticism among the thinking part of the population.

It has been said, and with truth, that public manners may be taken as an index of public morals. If we admit this, the most superficial observer must come to the conclusion that the hitherto well-ordered Austria has not improved int he moral tone of her people, no more than other countries nearer home. The Germáns in their writings, and also the French, when they can do so without compromising themselves, throw the blame upon the broad shoulders of Louis Napoleon, and that dogma of his, or rather of the Jesuits, so successfully by him carried into practice, "The end justifies the means." It cannot, however, be denied that the Second Empire has exercised a most mischievous influence on the morality of the age, and in nothing more than in the encouragement it has given to the wildest extravagance in dress and luxury. In vain the Empress of Austria and the ladies of her court have endeavoured to check the further spread of a passion so dangerous to the well-being of society, by adopting a style of dress at once pure, simple, and elegant. Even her youth, beauty, and high position were found to be no match for the French milliners of Vienna, and the *Modes de Paris*, when it came to the tug of war. Unfortunately, the

mischief does not end with the rich, who are imitated by the lower classes, so that at present the only really well-dressed women you meet with in Vienna are to be found in the court circles. As for the rest, it is nothing more than a bungling attempt to Frenchify their charming persons, and no doubt they think that this is done by trailing their rich silks and velvets in the mire, exactly in the same manner as their sisters in London and elsewhere cleanse the dirty streets with their ample trains.

I know that a great deal has been lately said by a certain class of travellers, and most unjustly, respecting the gross immorality of the Viennese. They are, it is true, gay and lively, and devote much of their time to amusement, eating, and drinking, but all this does not necessarily imply that they are more than usually immoral. The fact of it is, our age is the reign of the sword, tempered by sensuality, and so long as the rulers of men continue to maintain such vast standing armies, there will be a great laxity of morals. Still, I do not think it is more offensively observable here than in Paris, or in any of our other great European capitals. Again, the Austrian aristocracy have been accused, equally unjustly, by the same class of travellers, for their pride and exclusiveness; but when we remember how many persons of doubtful character may always be found

in these days of railroad-travelling, they may, I think, be excused if they require that an Englishman, or any other stranger, however high he may estimate himself, should be respectably introduced before they will receive him as a visitor, and which is nothing more than what is due to the usages of good society in every part of the world. When this is done, you will not find the nobility of any country more hospitable and courteous to a stranger, nor any that exhibit in their manners more of the *bonhomie* of the gentleman and the man of the world. Hence the society you meet in their *salons* is lively and agreeable, and though, perhaps, literary and intellectual pursuits are not so much cultivated as by the same class at Berlin, the Viennese are better linguists and musicians, while the fair ornaments of the *salon* are less pedantic, and nowhere do you meet with less ceremony, or the presence of anything that could remind you that you were not heartily welcome.

CHAPTER VI.

Berlin and Vienna compared—Affection of the Berliners for the Memory of Frederick the Great—Contrast between Austria and Prussia—Animosity between the Inhabitants—Schleswig-Holstein from the Earliest Ages a Bone of Contention to the Neighbouring Powers—Probable Rise of Prussia to be the Leading Power in Germany—League between Austria and the Minor States of Germany—Advantages to Great Britain of a Strong United Germanic Empire—M. von Bismarck and his Policy—The Fighting Power of Austria and Prussia—Certain Fate of the Minor Princes of Germany—Concluding Remarks.

THE two rival capitals of Germany, Vienna and Berlin, differ altogether, both in the character of their inhabitants and in the style of their buildings. If Berlin, with its Linden Allee, Opern-Platz, Gendarmen Platz, Pariser Platz, Wilhelms Strasse, the two Friedrichs Strasse, and, above all, the Museums Platz, were situated on the same site as Vienna, with its deep, rolling Danube, mountains, and vine-clad hills, it would be the most beautiful town of its size in Europe. Even Paris has nothing superior, with the exception of the Place de la Concorde. From the moment you

enter the sandy plain upon which Berlin is built, and see the magnificent creation of a people who a few centuries ago were scarcely heard of, except by name, in Germany, you are at once impressed with the conviction that they are destined in no great length of time to rule all Germany. Like every young state that has not the glories of past ages to fall back upon, Prussia builds her national reputation on the events of yesterday; consequently, wherever you wander through the capital, you are certain to find some memorial of the mighty dead, generally in connexion with their great warrior Frederick, thus clinging to his memory with the same devotion the French worship the name of their Corsican hero. On the contrary, you rarely meet with the monument of an Austrian hero in the streets of Vienna—you must look for them in the churches; and then, like our own, they do not rank very high as works of art.

It is singular, and I believe never before alluded to by a traveller in Germany, that these two heroes, the Great Frederick and the First Napoleon, who did so much for their respective countries, were both of a different race from that of the people over whom they had been called to reign. There are records still in existence, independent of tradition, which tell us that the Hohenzollerns are the descendants of those warlike chieftains of Franconia who conquered and gave their name

to France. It was this peculiar blending of rapidity of action with real military talent, so characteristic of that, the most warlike of all the Teutonic races, to which the great Frederick owed all his victories. On the other hand, the Habsburgs are genuine Germans, Schwabes by descent and race, and possess all their virtues and singleness of purpose, but want the quick perception, the dash and determination, the tact to take advantage of passing events, and turn them to the best account, that so eminently distinguished their rivals, the Hohenzollerns. It was these soldier-like qualities which the great Frederick communicated to his people, that enabled him to deprive Austria of some of her finest provinces; and they will again help to subdue the heavy, dreamy Austrian, should these two powers again come into collision.

The difference between these two rival powers, Prussia and Austria, although they are both German, may be seen alike in the manners and character of their people; it seems, indeed, inherent in their very nature—we see it everywhere established in their religion, their habits and occupations. While the Austrian seems to think of nothing but amusement and gratifying his senses, varied with an occasional prayer to the Virgin or his patron saint, there is nothing too serious, too scientific, for the intellectual occupation of the stern

Protestant. In many respects, the Prussian very much resembles our American cousins; in fact, they are, for Germans, what may be termed a go-a-head people; while, in addition to this, they are, of all the other German tribes, the most thrifty, industrious, and moral.

A belief in Papal infallibility, and all the other dogmas, rites, and ceremonies of the Romanists, may, or may not be, the direct road to heaven; but as a creed, it is certainly far, very far inferior to the Evangelical, in its efficacy to train a people in habits of industry, or in encouraging them to cultivate intellectual pursuits. Of this we find abundant proofs in those German states professing the Protestant faith. As might be expected, the animosity entertained against each other by the inhabitants of these rival states, is most bitter. In Vienna, they are never weary of denouncing the craftiness, lying, and deceit of those cursed heretics, the Prussians; while in Berlin, the stupidity, superstition, idolatrous worship of the Austrian is denounced with the most contemptuous scorn. As for the Croats, the Magyars, and the other numerous nationalities of that power, they are painted as little better than savages.

It is not less remarkable than true that, from the earliest times, the northern frontier of Germany, Schleswig-Holstein, has been productive of long and sanguinary wars. In the ninth century

its plucky inhabitants entered into a league with Denmark, for the purpose of opposing the progress of the greatest and most successful warrior of his time—Charlemagne. In the twelfth century they were engaged in what is called the Wendenland War (country of the Vandals). In addition to this, these provinces became the theatre, from time to time, of numerous battles between the Germans and the Danes, for, forming, as they do, a sort of road between Germany and Scandinavia, and dividing the Baltic from the North Sea, their possession was as much coveted in the olden time by the neighbouring states as it is now by Prussia. To Austria they cannot be of the slightest use, either in a military or commercial point of view, and the obstinacy this power has displayed, by keeping her share of the spoil, even at the risk of war, when she might have retreated from the contest without in any way compromising her dignity as a great power, and gaining a friend into the bargain, is only another proof among many of the intense hatred and jealousy she entertains towards her old rival, Prussia, and also her determination to become, if possible, what she was previous to the advent of the first Napoleon—the ruling power of Germany.

There are certain states, as well as individuals, who never benefit by the lessons taught by experience—we fear our old ally, Austria, is one. No

traveller who wanders through Germany in the present day, and converses with her people, will hesitate to come to the conclusion that Prussia is the star of hope to every patriotic German who cherishes the desire for a united German Fatherland. This power is essentially, thoroughly German, which Austria is not, never was, and never can be. In addition to this, she is intelligent, aspiring, and Protestant, having neither the bigotry nor the narrow-mindedness of bygone ages. All this gives Prussia immense influence with a people who have not yet forgotten the Thirty Years' War, nor the blind insensate fanaticism of the princes of the House of Habsburg.

It is, of course, to be anticipated at the present crisis that the sovereigns of the minor states will join Austria; their interests are identified with hers, and to her they may look confidently for such protection as she can afford them. It does not, however, follow that their subjects will be of the same opinion—neither is it probable that their armies will continue to fight against a power so eminently fitted to be the leader of the national cause—to be, in the hour of peril, the champion of the best interests of Germany—in a word, the Germans, with the exception of the Ultramontane party, detest both the government and the religion of Austria. England herself is bound by common interests to Prussia—she wants a Protestant ally

on the Continent, to throw its weight into the balance against the intrigues of her worst enemies, the great Roman Catholic powers. The Prussians are also brave and enterprising; they know that it was not by a broad brim and a broadcloth policy that the great Frederick won all his victories; they know that it was not by deliberating on the expediency of what ought, or ought not, to be done, that their heroic fathers helped us to gain the Battle of Waterloo, and deliver Europe from the dominion of the French. They know that in M. von Bismarck they have at last got the right man in the right place, and that if they succeed in the gigantic enterprise to which he is now leading them, their country must take its place among the most powerful empires of the world. They are are also shrewd enough to see that present circumstances all concur to favour them. The French, thanks to the materialism of the day, and the luxurious court of their present sovereign, have at length learned to value money more than military glory. The Crimean war, so speedily followed by the Polish insurrection, and other causes, have to a very great extent crippled the resources of Russia —the only two powers in the world that they have in reality to fear. As for Austria, with an expenditure—even without being actually at war—of more than a hundred thousand pounds a day, and no resources to fall back upon sufficient to support

the expenses of a prolonged war, independent of other causes too numerous to mention, it is impossible to regard her as a very serious adversary. Besides, the Prussian government, with its legions of spies and unionist well-wishers, must be aware of the fact that in many parts of the Austrian empire the crops have been so scanty for the last two years, owing to the great drought, and the demands upon the labour of the people so severe, that the executive has been compelled, in consequence of the destitution of the people, to remit the taxes for the ensuing half-year.

The people of Germany know all this better than I do; they also know that if ever they are to become a united people, they must now strike the blow, and this can only be done by joining heart and hand with Prussia. I repeat, they must do this, unless they would be content to see their magnificent country, with all its advantages, remain, as it is in the present day, a mere geographical expression, and themselves as a people despised and ridiculed by the surrounding nations. Surely they cannot forget what a fair chance they had in 1848, and how they lost it. These difficulties do not now exist; they have at length got a champion to help them to fight the great battle of unity, and one German Fatherland, against helpless divisions, and all the other evils of a house divided against itself.

Although little can be said in praise of such an overbearing, unscrupulous minister as M. von Bismarck, except his determination, and an iron will, against which resistance is of no avail, still it cannot be denied that, like his great prototype, Cavour, in Italy, he is the only man now in Germany who knows what he is about, and what every man in Germany desires. I have more than once said, in this work, that the great scheme of the reconstruction of a Germanic Empire, which so miserably failed in 1848, has been, ever since that time, the aspiration, the hope, the ardent desire of every true-hearted German patriot; but which never would have been attempted, either by the force of arms, or the voice of public opinion, by a people so naturally undemonstrative and morally timid, unless a man so high in rank and power as M. von Bismarck had taken the initiative. In fact, there is no other European people, either for good or evil, who require so much as they do a bold, dashing leader, or any who can be so easily moulded into a mighty machine of power, when you once strike the right chord to their hearts; or any that will fight with more obstinacy and bravery in what they believe to be a rightful cause. Up to the present time the most favourable symptoms for the ultimate success of Prussia is, that her acceptance of the popular cry, a United German Fatherland, has been received with enthusiasm

—at least, so far as the north of Germany is concerned; and even in the south, however much the Prussians are disliked, the majority of the inhabitants are equally desirous of a strong Germanic Empire, if they could merge their petty states into a Federal Unity compatible with their local independence.

With respect to the future of Germany, at this early crisis of her fate it would be presumptive in me to give an opinion. All that I can say, as a traveller well acquainted with the country and its inhabitants, is, that, in all human probability, Protestanism, common nationality, and a disgust for the shortcoming of a petty German potentate—all acting in concert to uphold Prussia in the gigantic struggle she has so courageously commenced—that power will be found more than a match for Austria and her adherents. May the struggle terminate with what, in my opinion, would be a blessing to mankind—a strong united Germany.

As to the combined army of the petty princes of the south, now under the command of the Prince of Hesse, notwithstanding all the plauderings you hear among the loquacious Viennese of its devotion, bravery, and high discipline, every military man who has seen it, and knows anything of fighting, and the discipline of troops, must come to the conclusion that, if left to itself, it would not

stand an hour against the well-directed shock of a Prussian charge. The case, however, is very different with respect to that of Austria, a power which may be said to have at its command an abundance of the best fighting material in Europe, and would be invulnerable, were it not for certain drawbacks, which, in every epoch of its eventful existence, have interposed, even at the very moment of victory, to mar its glory. Among these drawbacks, the most striking and noticeable is the almost exclusive appointment of the aristocracy, and the younger sons of the petty princes of Germany, to high military command, and to the jealous interference of the government, which admits of no display of individuality in the leader of its armies. Then there is the absence of a uniform nationality, and all the various grievances and heart-burnings of so many antagonistic races, who, for the most part, having suffered in some shape or other from the injustice of the power they are constrained to serve, cannot be numbered among the most loyal and devoted of its soldiery. Again, with the exception of the German, Hungarian, and a few of the Croatian and Servian regiments, and, I believe, one or two of the Galician, who are almost invariably commanded by officers of their own race, there is scarcely another regiment in the service that is not composed of men for the most part strangers to each other in

race, language, and feelings. So that it not unfrequently happens that an officer who does not know at least five or six languages, cannot give the word of command so as to be understood by the whole at the same time. The only remedy for this state of things is the most rigid discipline. It has, to say the least, many disadvantages in a military point of view, and often leads to fatal results, more especially in an army composed principally of conscripts.

In this respect Prussia has a decided advantage over Austria, for, with the exception of a few hundred thousand Poles, the entire monarchy is composed of Germans, as quick-witted as the French—as go-ahead as the Yankees; while, at the same time, there are no people more patriotic, or who so soon forget their grievances in their sympathy for their rulers in the hour of danger, when they eagerly rally round their country's standard, with the cry, "God for King and Fatherland!"

CHAPTER VII.

Want of Harmony between the Austrian Government and the Hungarians—Departure from Vienna—Steamboat—Battle of Wagram—Services rendered by the Poles to Christendom—The Lower Danube and its Scenery—Presburg—Disaffection of the Hungarians to their German Sovereign—The Acceptance of Russian Aid a Fatal Policy for Austria.

THE Austrian Empire, as every schoolboy ought to know, contains thirty-six millions of inhabitants, seven of whom are computed, according to the statistics of the government, to belong to the great Teutonic family, the remainder being composed of Hungarians, Sclavonians, and Italians. Among these the most compact, enterprising, brave, and patriotic are the Hungarians. It might be supposed that a government on the eve of a war with Prussia and Italy would at least have made its peace with the only nationality in its dominions, the Hungarian, upon whose valour it might depend in the hour of danger, by granting them their just demands, and that without a moment's delay. No such thing. The same agencies are now at work to overreach, by diplo-

matic chicanery, as in the olden time, its too confiding victim. The same secret arrangement is made with Russia, as in the days of the Emperor Nicholas, to come to her assistance, should these hot-headed Magyars, in the event of any serious defeat of the Austrian army, lose all patience, and again, as in 1848, have recourse to the sword.

It is true, promises have been made; the Diet has been permitted to assemble and discuss its demands, and the Emperor, as King of Hungary, with his amiable consort the Empress, has even had the condescension to leave his beautiful residence in Vienna, and pass some time in the capital of his good and faithful Magyars. How it is to end, or how far the Hungarians are likely to succeed in their just claims, it is impossible to say; but this I do know, there is scarcely one among them you converse with who has the slightest confidence in the faith and truth of a prince of the House of Habsburg. They believe that, if ever they are to enjoy their rights as an independent nation, they must extort the concession at the point of the sword. All this is very sad, it is, however, but too true; and now, having told the reader some few particulars respecting the state of the inhabitants in two of the most interesting and most important countries at this moment in the world, France and Germany, I will continue my voyage down the Danube.

I took my passage in one of the Danubian steamers for Belgrade; we had a great number of passengers, a very convincing evidence that the steamboat, as a means of conveyance, was more attractive to the generality of travellers in these countries than the rail. In addition to several Austrian officers, *en route* to join their regiments in Hungary, we had members of nearly all the nationalities belonging to the Austrian and Turkish Empires on the Lower Danube.

The Hungarians, habited in their own peculiar national costume, the braided tunic, tight pantaloons, and boots to the knees, were by far the most numerous. I was sorry to see that time had wrought no change in the feelings of this bellicose people towards their present rulers, the Germans. There were the same sour looks and sullen silence I had witnessed some fourteen years ago, whenever they came into social contact with an Austrian officer. Trifling as this may appear to the general reader, he must indeed be an inattentive observer who does not see in this sullen attitude of a high-spirited people that they have not forgotten their rights.

On leaving Vienna, the banks of the Danube remained low and swampy, without a single object to relieve the monotony of the landscape, except a distant prospect of the Kahlenberg and Hungarian hills. On reaching the island of

Lobau, I was reminded of that dark passage in the history of the House of Habsburg—the conquests of the first Napoleon, and the humiliation of Germany. In fact, the whole of this vast plain, which may be said to extend from the gates of Vienna to the mountains of Bohemia, is classic ground to the student in modern history; for here were fought the great battles of Essling, Aspern, and Wagram, besides more than a hundred skirmishes, equally sanguinary, if not so eventful in their results.

With respect to the battle of Wagram, although it proved in the sequel to be the most disastrous of all to the independence of Austria, it remained for a long time uncertain, during the engagement, which was to be the winner—victory now leaning on one side, now inclining to the other, so equal was the contest. Nay, it is generally believed, and most historians seem to agree in the opinion, that the Austrians must have gained the day, were it not for some unaccountable blunder on the part of the authorities, in not hastening up the reserve under the command of the Archduke John.

"There cannot be a doubt," says a German writer, "that Napoleon's fate, more than at any other period of his eventful life, hung upon a single hair during that dreadful contest; for the Austrian soldiers, animated by their vicinity to Vienna, and, as it were, in the presence of all that

was dear to them in life, fought with more than their usual bravery, and so determined were they to conquer or die, that no quarter was given or solicited on either side. As to the consequence, it is now idle to speculate; still, it is interesting to reflect upon what might have been the fate of France had the Austrian reserve, numbering more than twenty thousand experienced soldiers, arrived in time, so as to be able to confine the French to the position they had taken in the island of Lobau, where, caught as it were in a trap, they must either have surrendered at discretion, or died of starvation."

Before leaving this classic ground, the traveller, who may be interested in the history of those great events which so often decide the fate of nations, would do well to cast his eye over that part of the environs of Vienna lying at the foot of the Kahlenberg, where he will see the ground on which lay encamped the largest and best disciplined army the Turks ever sent forth on its mission of subduing the infidels of Europe to the rule of the True Believers. There they lay, these proud soldiers of the Crescent, in hourly expectation of entering Vienna as conquerors, which they undoubtedly would have done, for there was no further help to be expected from the chivalry of Germany, were it not for the timely arrival of the gallant Poles, under their immortal leader, Sobie-

ski. Having surveyed the ground, if he will then raise his eye to the summit of the mountain itself, it will give him some idea of the position, whence they descended like an avalanche on the sleepy Turks beneath, routing them with a slaughter unexampled in the history of battles, when we remember the disparity in numbers—a mere handful of brave determined men opposed to thousands. Without even alluding to the debt of gratitude which Austria and the whole of Christendom owe to the bravery of these gallant Poles, in having arrested for ever in the land of the Christian the triumphant career of these terrible warriors of the Crescent, surely the remembrance of a feat of arms of such world-wide interest would be sufficient in itself to stimulate a less impulsive people to recommence again and again the same struggle to regain their independence as a nation.

No doubt in the olden time, when mankind existed in a state of semi-barbarism, there was little or no difficulty in blending several nationalities into one. It is, however, very different with a civilized people, who have been once free and independent. They may form alliances, for their mutual benefit, with a more powerful neighbour, even to the extent of subjecting themselves to the same laws and institutions; but by no system of coercion can you compel them to renounce their rights; you may impoverish them by

taxation the most ruinous, you may grind them down under the iron heel of a military despotism, you may blot out the name of their country from the map of the world, there still remain the deeds of their fathers, engraved for ever on the page of history—these words you cannot obliterate; and with such a stimulant, be assured they only bide their time, they only wait another and a more favourable opportunity, to have recourse to the arbitration of the sword.

Such has been the fate of unhappy Poland for the last hundred years; and although during her periodical outbursts she has had to contend against the united forces of three first-rate European powers, each equally interested in preserving its own share of the spoil, we have seen her sons only a year or two ago rushing in thousands to the battle-field, as full of manly vigour, patriotism, and determination to regain their rights, as if the partition of their country were only an event of yesterday.

As an example of the truth of this law of nations, and of the certainty of history repeating itself in its own good time, we have only to look at Italy, so long the abode of the dead—a mere geographical expression, now holding a place among the great powers of the world, with an army of more than three hundred thousand men, and all the

other accessories befitting a nation numbering twenty-two millions.

On leaving behind us that dreary spot, the island of Lobau, the landscape assumed a more picturesque character, in a succession of ruined castles, here and there intermingled with villages, hamlets, and farmhouses. Among the most interesting was Petronell, the famous Carnuntum of the Romans, which still exhibits the remains of the triumphal arch erected by Augustus, to the honour of Tiberius, the conqueror of Pannonia. We were also gratified with a distant glance of the great wall erected by the Germans in the olden time, as a defence against the constant inroads of the Huns, and their equally barbarous successors, the Tartars; and though now nothing more than a mere ruin, it more than once served as a barrier to arrest the march of the invading Turks.

With all due praise to the rail for the celerity and certainty of its movements, it falls far short of the steamboat, so far as the *agrémens* of travelling are considered. In the first place, you are more independent, and more at liberty to choose your companions, than when confined within the limits of a railway carriage; to say nothing of the numerous inconveniences that always attend a mode of travelling when the time is regulated to a minute. And certainly nothing can be more conducive to health, and less fatiguing, with the

double advantage that, while you are imperceptibly gliding onward, you have sufficient time to admire the scenery as in a panorama, without the danger of being blinded with dust, or exposed to congestion of the brain.

With respect to the tour of the Danube, the best time of the year to undertake it is, undoubtedly, in the spring, for then you have nothing to fear from the great heat, neither are you tormented by the attack of musquitoes and other noxious insects. Nature is also, at this season of the year, always dressed in her brightest and most attractive garment; and as she now appeared, I could not too much admire the varied and beautiful tints. There was the rich verdure of the meadow and the pasture, the roseate hues of the garden and the orchard, the vivid green of the young corn just emerging from its wintry prison in all the strength and vigour of a renewed life. In addition to this, there is the charm that at this season of the year the weather is invariably fine, so different from that of our countries of the West, where we have a gradual change from winter to summer; but here the leap is so sudden, and the rise in the temperature so rapid, that there may be said to be only two seasons—summer and winter; and such is the heat of the sun, and its effects upon vegetation, that it is by no means uncommon to see trees bursting into leaf, whose roots are still par-

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tially enveloped in the snows of winter. Then the joyous song of every species of singing bird, the loud hum of the insects, all combine, with the other delights of the tour, to render a spring voyage down the Danube a most agreeable recollection to the traveller.

Impelled by the force of an engine of fifty horse-power, and the rapid current of the river, which seemed to have increased in volume since we left Vienna, we soon cast anchor at Presburg. How many changes, fraught with disaster to the Hungarians, had taken place since my first visit to this fine old city! Then Hungary was as independent of foreign control as free England herself. She was governed by her own laws, had a senate of her own, in which was vested the right of raising armies, declaring peace or war, controlling the public finances, and levying taxes. In addition to these, she had her own clearly-defined frontier, defended by her own troops, with custom-houses, and all the machinery of a kingdom subsisting in and by itself; whereas I now found her nothing better than a mere province of the Austrian empire. What a humiliation for a high-spirited people like these proud Magyars!

Rulers may imagine that an increase of territory adds to their strength, forgetting that a people trampled on and vanquished never can become faithful subjects, and that, sooner

or later, the injustice of the act is certain to produce its full harvest of vengeance. Taken altogether, it is impossible not to see, in the events which led to the downfall of the thousand-year monarchy of the Hungarians, an exact historical parallel to that execrable drama which led to the dismemberment of Poland. The Hungarians, like their neighbours, the Poles, had to contend against the united armies of two great empires—Austria and Russia; and although they offered a brave but unavailing resistance in defence of their rights against such overwhelming odds, they have not forgotten their injuries, and never will, so long as the world lasts.

The injustice of such conduct as this on the part of the rulers of men, has not only weakened the old faith of the masses in the divine right of princes, who, it was supposed, could do no wrong, but, what is still worse, it has revived that old philosophy of the French democrats, "*Aide-toi, et le ciel t'aidera,*" which, after having sapped the foundations of society, and all hereditary government, led to the French Revolution, of which we see the effect in these periodical outbursts on the Continent of Europe.

The lust of power has ever been one of the most prominent features in the character of the princes of the House of Habsburg, and they must have been favoured by fortuitous circumstances to

enable them to elevate their patrimony, the little German Duchy of Austria, into the nucleus of an empire now numbering more than thirty-six millions of inhabitants, and one that might take a foremost place among the great powers of the world, were it not that, with the exception of some six to seven millions of Germans, the population is composed of a *melange* of Hungarians, Slavonians, Italians, and I know not how many other inferior nationalities, as different from each other in all the essentials of a united nation as any people possibly can be. Herein lies the feebleness of the Austrian empire, and the reason why the French, whenever they found it necessary to dazzle Europe with one of their brilliant feats of arms, have been accustomed to single out this ill-constructed empire as a quarry they might attack with comparative impunity. Besides, what was more easy, or more certain of success, if they wanted an ally in the home of their victim, than to tender a helping hand to any of her discontented nationalities, who might aspire to conquer for themselves a separate independence. This, in short, is the true secret of the numerous victories achieved by the first Napoleon at the expense of the Austrians, as well as his successor, the present Emperor, who was also enabled, from the same cause, to win the battle of Solferino, and with it the whole of Lombardy.

Knowing this, and having to contend against

the periodical outbursts of her discontented subjects in Italy and Poland, does it not seem the height of temerity that a power, already so feeble in its want of cohesion, should, instead of having recourse to conciliation, raise up another internal enemy in the Hungarians? In the face of such facts as these, it is impossible to come to any other conclusion than that there must be a deplorable dearth of far-seeing, clever politicians in the Austrian Cabinet, since the downfall of the Metternich school of politicians. At least, their system of rule, if it was not all that could be desired in an English point of view, was suited to the wants of an empire like Austria, composed, as it is, of so many jarring elements. With respect to Hungary, the policy they were accustomed to pursue was in every respect admirable, so far as the interests of the empire were concerned; for while they humoured the self-love of the proudest and most sensitive people in the universe by allowing them to indulge in their so-called independence, they contrived not only to drain them of their money, but to make them their instruments whenever they found it necessary to employ their reckless bravery in defence of the empire, or in coercing the rebellious spirit of the other nationalities.

Such was the substance of a very interesting conversation I had with a fellow-passenger—an

Austrian superior officer. He was one of those far-seeing, thoughtful Germans, you now and then meet with, who view things as they really are, and grapple with the difficulty in a straightforward, common-sense way. He did not believe that the new system of parliamentary legislation, with its restrictions and short-comings, would have the effect, as many supposed, of uniting the various nationalities into anything like a coherent mass, bound together by the same interests. He was one of those just, liberal-minded Germans, of whom there are not a few in Austria, who would at once, and without further evasion, satisfy every demand of the Hungarians, even to the extent of placing them in the position they occupied previous to the Hungarian War of Independence in 1848. In short, he considered the whole affair, from first to last, as a lamentable blunder on the part of the Emperor of Austria, as King of Hungary, and one that has had no other effect than that of exposing the feebleness of the empire to the whole world.

"Since that fatal day," said he, "when Austria, in her agony, was obliged to call to her aid the sword of Russia, Hungary has become the most dangerous of all the antagonistic elements in the House of Habsburg; and until she is conciliated there can be no progress, no safety for the empire."

As a proof of this he alluded to the loss of Lombardy, consequent on the disastrous battle of Solferino, which he declared was entirely owing to the disaffection of the Hungarian soldiers, or, more properly speaking, to the absence of that hearty good-will, that chivalrous loyalty, they were accustomed to display in former times while fighting the battles of the empire.

Among all the great Continental states, there is none in which an Englishman feels so much interested, or so much excites his sympathy, as Austria. This arises in a great measure from the position she occupies, forming, as it were, a barrier against the encroachments of the only two great European powers that are likely to disturb the peace of the world. Still, however much we may sympathise with that power, however ardent may be our desire to see her strong and prosperous, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that she contains within herself all the elements to cause a convulsion that may at any time rend her in pieces. Her refractory subjects in Italy and Poland may be said to be in a chronic state of revolt; then there is the numerous family of the Slavonians, all looking forward to the day when they shall be able to unite and assert their independence. All this, however, is trifling, compared with the perilous state of Hungary.

Without attempting to enter into a discussion

on the merits of the Hungarian question, or to endeavour to discover which are to blame, the rulers or the ruled, it will be sufficient to say that, with reference to Hungary, the Austrian government does not know how, or in what manner, to avert or postpone a collision which, sooner or later, it knows must be inevitable. On one side there is the Emperor, with his belief in divine right, and all the pride of a Habsburger, to be considered; then there is the Imperialist party, with their desire for a united Austrian Empire, to be conciliated, who, having obtained a firm hold of their victim, meet every attempt to discuss the right and justice of the question with the one word, "Conquest!" Hitherto martial law and fixed bayonets have answered the purpose of repression; but how long is this to continue?

In the meantime, a large standing army must be maintained, to the support of which the resources of the empire are totally inadequate, and if continued for any lengthened period, will indubitably lead to a national bankruptcy. No matter under what pretext, the delay in coming to an amicable arrangement with Hungary cannot be regarded in any other light than as a great political blunder. Nemesis is a hard creditor, and the longer the debt to Hungary is left to stand over, the more difficult will it be to come to such a settlement as shall be satisfactory to both parties. I cannot see any

reason why the Germans and the Hungarians should not remain as the best friends; their interests are identical, they are both strangers in the land of the Slavonians, and have no better title to rule over a people far more numerous than themselves, but such as they derive from the sword.

CHAPTER VIII.

Steamboat in Danger—Reminiscences of the late Hungarian War of Independence—A Review of its Leading Incidents by a Hungarian Nobleman—General Görgey and Louis Kossuth compared—Their Character—Great Popularity of Kossuth—How the Republican Movement failed in Hungary—Resolution of the Hungarians to maintain their Independence.

FRESH-WATER sailors, unaccustomed to the perils of the ocean, are proverbially cautious, and the captain of our steamer proved no exception to the rule. It might be that the rapid current, which carried us onward so rapidly, rendered the navigation of the river somewhat perilous. Be this at it may, like a prudent commander he took the precaution, on the evening of each day, to anchor at some town or village, where we passed the night. If this arrangement had the effect of retarding our progress, it afforded me, as a traveller, an admirable opportunity of becoming more intimately acquainted with the inhabitants of this the most important part of the Austrian Empire; and, if the truth must be told, I regret to say that the feelings of the people were anything but friendly

towards the rule of the Austrian. Martial law for so many years, and taxation enforced at the point of the bayonet, would alone be sufficient to irritate a less impulsive people; but when we add to this that every act of the government is intended to remind them that their country is nothing better than a mere province of the Austrian Empire, it may be easily imagined what must be the feelings of these proud Magyars.

Among the fine old towns in which we passed the night, Presburg and Comorn were the most interesting. The first, from having been at one time the capital of the kingdom of Hungary, and the other for the gallant defence made here by the Hungarian General Klapka, against the combined forces of Austria and Russia, in 1849.

Up to this time our river voyage was barren of any adventure worth recording; the force of the current was sufficiently strong to impel us forward without the aid of steam, but after passing the picturesque town of Wissegrad, interesting as being the seat of the ancient Kings of Hungary, we had to make our way through a narrow chasm, formed of porphyry rocks, rising up like mountains on each side of the river. This, with a succession of abrupt windings, which naturally increased the rapidity of the current, had the effect of rendering the steamer unmanageable; and being hurled onward in this dangerous state, she struck against

the massive beams of a gigantic water-mill with a crash which shattered to atoms our crockery, and sent not a few of the passengers sprawling about the deck. Our misfortunes, however, were not yet at an end, for on getting clear of the obstruction, it was discovered that one of the paddle-wheels had been seriously injured. Happily no harm had been done to the works of the engine. Still it required the most careful attention on the part of the captain to guide his vessel to Pesth, where we remained till the damage was repaired.

On leaving Presburg, one of my Hungarian fellow-travellers, addressing me in the French language—for the Magyarism of this ultra-patriotic race does not permit them to speak German, the language of their Austrian rulers, when it can be avoided—drew my attention to the Königsberg—

"There," said he, "on the summit of that towering hill, so dear to every true Magyar, as the cradle of his rights and liberties, Ferdinand of Austria, the last of our Habsburg sovereigns, was crowned King of Hungary; there this apostate prince, true to the treacherous policy of his race, solemnly swore, in the face of heaven, to maintain intact our constitution, laws, liberties, and independence, as a nation, come what may, as his predecessors, the kings of Hungary, had done before him, for more than a thousand years. In

what manner he kept that oath, is registered for ever in the hearts of the people he first betrayed, and then sacrificed to the ambition of his rapacious house. As to his nephew, Francis Joseph, the present Emperor of Austria, who was never crowned King of Hungary, he has no other right to our allegiance than that which he derives from martial law and fixed bayonets!"

It was not the mere words, although they were sufficiently expressive of the feelings of the speaker, that struck me so much as the tone of his voice, the knitted brow, and the curling lip—which all suggested that these fierce descendants of old Parthia are come of a race who do not easily forget or forgive an injury. There was also the flashing eye, and that remarkable writhing of the moustache so peculiar to this people when they become excited, reminding me of his great countryman, Kossuth, while delivering one of his far-famed lectures on the wrongs of Hungary. Like him, the language he used, although it had little or nothing of the idiom and neatly-turned phrase of the French, was singularly expressive, clear, and bold, without being coarse or offensive.

On the present occasion, as we were now passing through that part of Hungary more memorable than any other for the remarkable victories gained by the Hungarians, at the expense of their enemies, the Austrians, he had a fair field open to

him for the display of his skill as a narrator of events. I had, therefore, battles and skirmishes fought for me over and over again. Every bend in the river, every dyke, mound, ozier, and bulrush-bed, every hamlet, village, and town within view was pointed out to me as the theatre of a contest, which he said would live in the memory of his countrymen so long as they had a bard or a story-teller to sing the heroic deeds of their forefathers.

Allowing for a little exaggeration, it is, however, an undisputed fact, and acknowledged by every military man who has written upon the late war in Hungary, that the district through which we were now passing had been the theatre of a series of manœuvres which stand all but unparalleled in the history of strategical operations; and, for this reason, that here, for the first time, a vast plain, with its rivers, dykes, marshes, and forests of oziers and bulrushes, was made to serve the same purpose, and with as deadly effect to an invader as if it was a mountainous country, with its dangerous passes, defiles, and gorges, where we all know that it only requires a mere handful of resolute men to annihilate an army. The Hungarians did all this at the commencement of the struggle, and much more, for they not only signally defeated the finest and best-equipped army that Austria ever sent into the field, but drove all

that was left of it to seek a shelter within the walls of Vienna.

"At that moment," said my Hungarian friend, drawing himself up to the full height of his commanding figure, "at that moment the fate of Hungary and the fate of the Austrian Empire lay in the hands of our leader, General Görgey; had his resolution been as bold, and its execution as rapid and energetic as his military skill in the field, and bravery as a soldier, he would not only have insured the greatest success that ever fell to the lot of a commander, but immortalized his name among the heroic chiefs of his country. Alas! in an evil hour for Hungary, and his own military renown, he did that which he ought not to have done, he turned from Vienna, where the remains of the army he had so often defeated lay trembling at his approach, wasted his time by besieging and taking the fortress of Buda, a place which, from its isolation and want of provisions, must have surrendered of itself in a week or two;—thus affording an opportunity to the Austrian Government, in its agony, to enter into negotiations with Russia, by means of which it succeeded in securing the assistance of an army numbering three hundred thousand men. Can it then be wondered at that our unhappy country, having to contend against the armies and resources of two mighty empires, should eventually succumb, or that there

should be found among us in this, our hour of trial, a few craven spirits ready to sacrifice the honour and independence of their country to their own selfish views?

"I know that this fatal resolution of General Görgey, as well as his subsequent conduct at Villagos, has been branded with the name of treason. This is false! That he was weak enough to allow himself to be made the tool of certain officers of his staff, who were afterwards found to be spies in the pay of the immoral court of Vienna, is unhappily too true, and he thus brought down upon himself all the odium of that dishonourable and equivocal position in which he now stands before the world, and in which he is certain to go down to posterity. No, as a Honved officer myself, and one that fought more than once side by side with him during the heat and roar of battle, I repeat that Arthur Görgey was not a traitor! No, a thousand times no! It is true, he had his faults, and serious ones for a man in his exalted position; and among them none stood forth more prominently than his hatred of Kossuth, and everything approaching towards a republican form of government. In fact, Görgey, in heart and soul, was an aristocrat and a legitimist; for, although he hated the Austrians as the hereditary enemies of his race, this hatred did not extend to the Emperor of Austria, as the hereditary sovereign of his country.

This attachment to a legitimate prince, and a legitimate form of government, lay at the base of all his actions from the commencement of the struggle. Again, he was too practical—that is to say, his was just that turn of mind that counts the number of bayonets, guns, and stores on each side, and, from his calculations, comes to the conclusion of his enemy's success or defeat. In short, he numbered his battalions and resources, and finding them wanting in the scale as compared with those of his enemies, two great empires, Russia and Austria, he lost courage, and, to save, as he thought, his unhappy country from utter ruin, he concluded a sort of peace with the Russians.

"As a gallant soldier, and one of the most skilful tacticians of any age, Görgey is entitled to the respect of his countrymen; but he was not the right man in the right place—he wanted to grasp dictatorial power, and might have done so had he the necessary courage and boldness. Fresh from victory, swaying the powers and resources of an heroic people, had he done so, the prestige of his name, and the fearless nature of his character, would have enabled him to wage a war of annihilation against the invaders of his country. What we wanted was the iron will of a Cromwell or a Washington, to save the liberty and the independence of our country. Kossuth would have done as well had he been a soldier, since he possessed

what few men invested with supreme power have ever shewn—that marvellous influence to rouse and bring into action the hidden energies of an entire people; but he could not give them what they wanted—a military organization. Görgey alone could have done that, in a country where every man is a soldier by nature and inclination; he had only to say the word, when the whole population would have turned out, even if they had no other weapon than a scythe, a pitchfork, or a hatchet.

"With Komorn and Peterwardein, then, in our hands, each as the *point-d'appui* of an entrenched camp, two impregnable fortresses, that, from their position, command the whole of the Upper and Lower Danube, strong guerilla bands, in addition to the regular army, might have been unleashed in every direction against the enemy; and as the winter was fast approaching, it required but little foresight to predict that, in a country like Hungary, we should see history repeating itself in a disaster similar to that of the French invaders of Russia after the burning of Moscow. This was the plan of Kossuth, for, although, as I before remarked, he was not a soldier, yet he was never surpassed by any other civilian in the tact of uniting and bringing into action all the hidden energies of a people. He saw at a glance, and with the eye of a politician, that all the moral

advantages in a war like this lay on the side of the invaded; but all these were mere illusions to a soldier like Görgey, who, as I said before, counted his battalions. They were both extraordinary men, and had no equals in their respective sphere of action; but it would be difficult to meet with two men who differed so much from each other in character and opinions, or less likely to act in concert. Kossuth was gifted with that mysterious power which enabled him, even when events wore the darkest aspect, to infuse fresh courage and fresh hopes into the minds of his countrymen, confidently promising them ultimate success. On the other hand, Görgey was gloomy and desponding, and that never-ceasing apprehension of disaster he exhibited, even when amazed at the brilliancy of his victories, and the extraordinary skill he displayed as a general. It was this utter want of confidence in the triumph of the cause for which he fought so long and so successfully, that led to the dishonourable surrender he made to the Russians at Villagos—an act on his part which must be considered a breach of faith with the nation whose servant he was, and trusted him, and a contempt for the authority of the Chief of the State, which he would never have ventured upon if Kossuth, as Governor-General of Hungary, enforced the power he possessed.

"So great, indeed, was the popularity of that

extraordinary man, Kossuth, and so irresistible his persuasive eloquence, breathing as it did the purest patriotism, and the most unbounded reliance on the future, that his appearance at Villagos would have been alone sufficient, not only to scatter to the winds every chance of a pacific negotiation with the Russians, but to raise the spirits of the army to enthusiasm. Unhappily for the salvation of the country of which he was the sole chief and ruler, he did not move till it was too late. As might be expected, such a display of lethargy in a man usually so active and enterprising, more especially at such an important moment as this, was attributed, even by his best friends and supporters, to a deplorable want of firmness of character; while those who were less friendly and less courteous in their opinions, ascribed it to his fear of Görgey, who he knew hated him to the death.

"Subsequent events have been, however, the most reliable comment upon the actions of both; and nothing has told so much in favour of Kossuth as his disinterested conduct with reference to himself and family, and this, be it remembered, at a time when the entire wealth of a country so rich and prosperous as Hungary might be said to be at his disposal. His conduct will be appreciated as it deserves, when we remember that he went into exile a penniless wanderer; and it is this, united to the great services he rendered his

country during his brief tenure of rule and power, that has made him what he is—the idol of the whole Hungarian people, from the peasant to the prince. As a ruler, he had his faults, but they were venial, originating, for the most part, in a kindliness of nature which altogether unfitted him for wielding such an authority as was then required—that of a stern, uncompromising ruler, who would be obeyed. He has been much censured, and I think justly, for the clandestine manner in which he took the Diet by surprise, when he contrived, with the aid of his party, to transform our time-honoured monarchy into a commonwealth, and deposing the princes of the House of Habsburg, from henceforth and for ever, from the throne of Hungary. This ill-advised step, at so early a stage of the war, deprived him of the support of a very influential and powerful party among the aristocracy, whose interest it was to discountenance anything in the shape of a republic. Kossuth must have been aware of this; he must also have known that no people in Europe are more deeply attached to the monarchical form of government, administered by their chiefs, than the Hungarians; and which, in fact, is nothing more or less than the patriarchal, which our forefathers brought with them from the East, and accords with the habits and manners of a people who have been accustomed from time immemorial

to look to their hereditary chiefs, the great landed proprietors, as their friends and protectors.

"Republicanism, it is true, during the eventful year 1848, was encircled with the halo of success. Mighty France had adopted the tricolor, and, as usual, her example, whether it tended to good or evil, was imitated by the erratic politicians of every part of revolutionary Europe. That form of government, which embodied the magic trinity, Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, might suit the French, and also such other nations as had never lived under the rule of a kind patriarchal aristocracy, like those who have wielded the sword of state in Hungary from time immemorial. To understand the working of this system thoroughly, you must travel into the interior of the country, where you will find the intercourse between the upper and lower classes of society marked by a cordiality very rarely or ever seen in other lands. Here you will not find the great landed proprietor barring up his doors, and walling up his wide domain, to prevent the intrusion of the poor and humble. All is open, and any man, no matter from whence he comes, may enter, and claim, as a thing, of course, shelter and hospitality, at least for a night. In a word, the relations between the two great classes in Hungary approach, from long-continued custom, nearer to the much-coveted equality than in any other part of the world—so

far, at least, as is compatible with a just respect for order and regularity; affording a convincing proof that the habits and customs of our ancestors in the olden time resembled those of the Arabs of the present day, and that, like them, they wandered from place to place in tribes, with their flocks and herds, before they settled permanently on the rich pastoral plains of Pannonia, to which they gave their own name of Hungary.

"In this happy union of interests, so well understood by all classes of our people, consists the great secret of our strength, without which we should never have been able to maintain our position for so many centuries in the lands our fathers had conquered, and in the midst of so many enemies, far more numerous than ourselves. This is the reason why every attempt of either the Slavonian, the Turk, or the German, during their day of might and power, to subdue us, has proved abortive. Neither will they ever succeed, so long as every individual Magyar identifies himself with the independence of his country, as if it were his own personal quarrel. You must not, however, misunderstand me, or imagine that, because the Republican measures of Kossuth, and his immediate supporters in the government, were highly repugnant to the great mass of the people, the hope of accomplishing the independence of our country was not paramount to every other

consideration. So far from it, every man capable of bearing arms was ready for this cause to lay down his life. To prove how nobly the great magnates of the land performed their task, it is sufficient to mention the names of Bathyanyi, Esterhazy, Karolyi, Palfy, Damjanich, the Achilles of the war, and a thousand others equally brave, patriotic, and self-sacrificing—names that will remain for ever enshrined among those heroes who died in defence of their country.

"Now that the tragic drama is for the present played out, and the curtain has fallen, it is idle to speculate upon what might or might not have been the result, if a different line of action had been pursued. Still I cannot but think that had Kossuth, immediately on the abdication of Ferdinand of Austria as King of Hungary, instead of proclaiming a Commonwealth, elected in his place another king, which, with his immense popularity, and that persuasive eloquence which enabled him to carry all before him, he could have done, the *denouement* would have been widely different. It would have rallied around him the entire strength of the nation—it would have repelled the charge brought against us of being desirous to establish a republic. The fact is, we were then, as we are now, without a king. Francis Joseph, as Emperor of Austria, has no legitimate right to the allegiance of the Hungarian people, and never can, until he

has been duly elected by the estates of the realm as King of Hungary, and taken an oath to maintain intact the laws and institutions of our thousand-year monarchy. We had nothing to do with the abdication of his uncle Ferdinand; it was his own act and deed, or rather that of the unprincipled camarilla that then guided the destinies of the House of Habsburg, who having frightened that feeble-minded prince into compliance with their wishes, determined to carry into practice that long-matured project of theirs, the abolition of all distinctions of race and country, and the blending of the whole into one homogeneous political body, of which the insignificant German Duchy of Austria was to be the centre.

"It was this creation of a dreamy German that in reality led to the Hungarian War of Independence. We were willing, as heretofore, to remain the faithful subjects of the Emperor of Austria, and acknowledge his rights as King of Hungary, but not at the expense of our freedom and independence as a nation. In short, it would require an entire volume to give you anything like an adequate idea of the multiplied horrors we had to undergo from the moment that this grand project of a united Austrian Empire became the ruling passion of our German rulers. Seeing that Hungary alone stood in the way as a barrier, it will be sufficient for the present to say that no

expedient that the unprincipled Court of Vienna could devise was left untried to destroy our national existence. Insurrections were fomented in every part of our widely-extended kingdom; race was arrayed against race, and the deadliest animosity excited; then army after army was hurled against us in every direction. At length, finding that we remained not only unconquered, but in a position to threaten the complete overthrow of the Austrian Empire, the cruel tragedy was brought to a termination by letting loose upon us an innumerable host of the half-civilized hordes of Russia.

"It cannot, therefore, remain a matter of surprise that, having now to contend against the armies and resources of two mighty empires, forebodings of an unsuccessful termination of the struggle for the first time found a place in the hearts of a portion of my heroic countrymen. We have, at least, the satisfaction of knowing that our great enemies, the Austrians, could not accomplish their design without the assistance of Russia; and General Görgey, whatever may have been his faults, showed he was a true Magyar in having surrendered his sword, not to Austria, whose armies he had so often and so thoroughly beaten, but to her ally, Russia, thus leaving behind him a memorial that, so far as Austria was concerned, we remained as invincible and as unconquered as

we were during the brightest days of our military glory and national independence. It is true, Hungary, for the time being, has fallen! But to Austria what have been the results? An empire reduced to the necessity of fighting its battles by proxy, an empty exchequer, and an entire people goaded to desperation by martial law and oppressive taxation, burning for an opportunity to revenge the wrongs inflicted upon them by a self-willed despot, who, under the pretence of the legitimate rights of a sovereign, struck down their freedom, not with the sword of the gallant warrior, but the axe of the executioner.

"Believe me when I say," continued my Hungarian friend, with more than his usual warmth—"Believe me, even if we had no other grievance to record than the untimely fate of our young hero, Bathyanyi, who, with so many others, the noblest and the bravest in the land, died the death of the felon, by the hand of the common hangman, that act alone would be sufficient to sever for ever all connexion between the people of Hungary and a prince of the House of Habsburg. Then the wholesale murders perpetrated by that monster Haynau, whose cold-blooded atrocities equalled, if not exceeded, anything that history tells us of the doings of General Tilly, another of Austria's executioners during the Thirty Years' War, in Germany, have left memories never to be forgotten.

In short, the true history of the late Hungarian War of Independence, which for heroism on the part of my unhappy countrymen, and all that can be termed mean, cowardly, and dishonourable on that of our enemies, and which has no parallel in modern history, has yet to be written. We never expected anything in the shape of assistance from our neighbours the Turks and the Germans; we knew that the one was too lazy to move, and that the other never expended their sympathy in any exploit more hazardous than in frothy declarations about the Rights of Man and the Independence of Nations; but what will the children yet unborn say of the apathy manifested by those great nations of the west, France and England, who by their silence seemed to give a tacit consent to the perpetration of these wholesale murders? Yet the whole of their great leading politicians must have known that we owed no allegiance to an Emperor of Austria unless he was at the same time King of Hungary. As such they could not view the struggle in any other light than that of a mere handful of resolute men fighting against the most fearful odds for all that man holds dear —his hearth, his freedom, and independence.

"Dismissing, therefore, every consideration as to the justice or injustice of that unhappy war, we were entitled, according to the laws of all civilized nations, to the treatment due to the soldier

who meets his enemy in a fair stand-up fight on the field of battle. No doubt the object of these heartless autocrats of Austria and Russia was to destroy for ever the spirit of the noble Magyar race. No doubt they thought that by an indiscriminate use of the hangman's rope, they would crush for ever that innate love of freedom in a people who, more than any other on the great Continent of Europe, knew how to temper their rights and liberties, with a just respect for the laws and the other *convenances* of society. But the blood of our great ancestor, Arad, and his host of warrior horsemen, whose valour made them the terror of the world, still flows as vigorously as ever in the veins of their descendants; and they will find, to their cost, when the hour of retribution is come, that Hungary will not want for patriots and great men to lead the movement. Above all, they ought to have known, these rulers of men, that the Magyar is, of every other race, the least likely to settle down as slaves in the land where their ancestors have been for more than a thousand years its sole lord and master. Nay, the very idea of a fate so debasing, so reproachful to our manhood, would be sufficient in itself to render life valueless, were we not as certain as the sun shines of recovering our independence in the next appeal to arms.

"Happily for mankind, every evil action com-

mitted upon man by his fellow-men, is certain, sooner or later, in this world of ours, to recoil tenfold upon the perpetrators; and the enormity of these cold-blooded murders, the fearful inequality of the struggle we had to maintain, while it has degraded the character of our enemies in the estimation of every right-minded man in the universe, has had the effect of elevating every individual Magyar into a species of hero. At the same time, it has destroyed the last vestige of that bane of our country, the Pansclavism of a large portion of its inhabitants; experience has at length taught them, if they would be free and independent, they must, as heretofore, continue to link their fate with that of the Magyars. No doubt, while in Vienna, you heard some of the numerous *on-dits* in circulation there, promising, among other things, a speedy settlement of the Hungarian question. Believe me, they are nothing more than so many *Bourse canards*, put forth by the Austrian Government for the purpose of throwing dust in the eyes of your capitalists of the West. Far different is the truth. Believe me when I say that we were never more decided, never more determined to refuse all connexion with the Austrian Empire, that has not for its fundamental basis the absolute independence of our country. This is our ultimatum, the determination of a people now numbering more than fifteen millions. Even then, as-

suming that we were in full possession of our just rights, it is very doubtful how far a prince of the detested House of Habsburg could rely upon the allegiance of a people whose recollections are full of all that can fill the heart of man with sadness and despair. Of one thing you may be certain, the world will never again, as in the days of Maria Theresa, hear the loud voices of our generous warriors, in reply to the touching and eloquent appeal of that princess, when, without an ally or a friend, she placed herself and her children under the protection of her brave and gallant Hungarians. In short, you have only to glance at the history of the numerous wars in which the princes of the House of Habsburg have been engaged for the last three hundred years—that is, from the time they became by election Kings of Hungary—and you will find that we Magyars have been the charioteers who guided their triumphal car to victory, wherever fighting was to be done. On two memorable occasions, our bravery and devotedness alone saved their empire from utter ruin. I may also add, without fear of contradiction, that, if our warrior race had not stood in the way as a barrier against any further advance of the Turks during their day of might and power, the world would never have heard of that strange medley of nationalities called the Austrian Empire. In the face of all this, it would be a mere waste of

time to expatiate upon the gratitude of a prince of the House of Habsburg; we know, now that they have at length got something like a firm footing in the land of our fathers, what must be our fate, and that we have no other chance of averting it but by having recourse once more to the arbitration of the sword. It is true martial law, and the rule of the bayonet, curb most fearfully the aspirations of a people who would be free. We know our strength, and that, by husbanding our resources, success is certain. We also know that there are elements now at work among all the nationalities subject to Austria, Russia, and Turkey, which will, ere many years pass over, produce such a conflagration as the world has not witnessed for ages, even assuming that the quarrel between Austria and Prussia may end, as it usually does with these noisy Germans, in a war of words."

CHAPTER IX.

Dangerous Condition of the Austrian Empire—Gloomy Anticipations—The Empress of Austria and the Magyars—Chivalry *versus* Magyar Independence—Reception of the Austrian Soldiers at Pesth—Their Warlike Appearance—Popularity of the War with Prussia—Reminiscences of the late French-Italian War—Anecdotes Characteristic of the French and the Germans.

THERE cannot be a stronger proof of the high opinion entertained by foreigners of the good faith and highly honourable principles of an English gentleman, than the confidence they repose in him when recounting the long catalogue of their political griefs. In this flattering distinction all political parties concur, whether it is a liberal of the most extreme views, or one who worships the arbitrary rule of a despot; he relies unhesitatingly, whatever may be his opinions on this or that form of government, that a denizen of free England would not descend so low as to act the dastardly part of an informer.

The details I have given in the preceding chapter, coming, as they did, from one of the most influential men in Hungary, will enable the

reader to form his own judgment on the present state of political feeling in that country. At the same time, he cannot fail, I think, to come to the conclusion that, among the impending evils of our time, there is none more fraught with peril to the future peace of this part of Europe than the quarrels of Austria with such a warlike, excitable people as these proud Magyars are known to be.

In our other great European states, such as Great Britain, France, and Russia, where the mass of the inhabitants are united by the bonds of one common nationality, there are certain safeguards against any dangerous outbreak that might affect the stability of their empire. All this is wanting in Austria, composed, as it is, of detached nationalities, and with no other foundation to rest upon than the loyalty of some five or six millions of pure Germans, the least warlike and enterprising of all her subjects. How disastrous, then, would be the struggle to her should the Hungarians, in conjunction with the other discontented nationalities, the Slavonians, Roumanians, and Italians, have recourse to the arbitration of the sword. And now, having set the example, as the principal champion of German nationality in the quarrel of the great German Diet with Prussia, she cannot expect any sympathy from the rest of Europe, should any of the foreign nationalities subject to her rule attempt to carve out for them-

selves a separate independence. At all events, it is not likely that the two great western powers, when we remember the manner in which their interference in the affairs of Poland and Denmark was received, will permit the Colossus of the North, as in 1848, to send an army to her assistance.

In the coincidences of history, as well as in the rise and fall of nations, it is impossible not to perceive the working of an omnipotent power, without which the thing we call human greatness would be nothing better than a mere empty pageant. It is probable that the Austrian government, in the plentitude of its might, was not aware of the perilous step it was taking when it sent forth an army for the express purpose of emancipating a few hundred Germans of Schleswig-Holstein from the rule of a foreign prince, the King of Denmark. Yet, by that act (to Austria, above every other European power, a dangerous precedent) she has established the principle which every jurist, from the time of the ancient Romans down to our day, has laid down, namely, the right of nationalities to elect their rulers and maintain their own peculiar laws and institutions. This playing fast and loose with the dearest and most cherished interests of mankind—this adoption of two different weights and measures in the political system—is certain, if there is any truth in history,

any faith in an avenging Nemesis, to be attended, at some future day, with fatal results to the stability of the Austrian Empire. Even poor Poland need not now despair of recovering her independence, since two of her most active destroyers have been fighting for the very principle upon which hangs all her hopes of a brilliant future. Again, what a wide field for interference does it not open to the French in their character as champions of distressed nationalities, should they at any time find it necessary, from political motives, to remind the world that they hold in their hands the fate of nations; and nowhere can they exercise this power with more certainty of success than in Austria—an empire which they know is only kept together by the force of martial law and the bayonet.

It might be assumed, by those among my readers who may be but imperfectly acquainted with the leading features of the late Hungarian war, that there was some exaggeration in the information given me by my Hungarian travelling companion. I can, however, confirm the truth of many of his statements, as I happened to pass through Hungary on my way to the East immediately after the termination of that unhappy contest. I can therefore, with truth, say that throughout the whole of my journey from Presburg to Semlin, on the Lower Danube, wherever the eye rested you beheld melancholy evidences

of the ravages of one of the most pitiless wars of modern times, in the still smoking ruins of towns and villages, and the numerous unburied corpses that here and there lay on the ground, and the not unfrequent spectacle of some unhappy Hungarian or Croat hanging by the neck to a tree. All this was only what might have been expected, as the final result of a war of races, where all the worst passions of man are excited, and one of such vital importance to the Hungarians, who, having risked their all, country, home, and independence, on the issue of the contest, fought like lions, and neither gave nor accepted mercy when they came into deadly conflict with a Slavonian.

When I recall this deplorable condition of the country, the horrible cruelties perpetrated by that monster Haynau and his agents upon a defenceless people after the war, the various insults and humiliations to which they had been exposed during their long trial of sixteen years, accompanied by the rigour of martial law and the most burdensome system of taxation, I could not refrain asking myself—Is it possible that the memory of the past can be buried in oblivion, now that the course of events, and the perilous state of the Austrian Empire, has again brought the proud princes of the House of Habsburg, as in the days of Maria Theresa, on their knees, supplicating the assistance

of the very people they had so often deceived and treated as Helots? Will the generosity and loyalty of the bravest and most chivalrous people in the world triumph over their vengeful feelings, and prompt them to forget their injuries? Will the pleadings of the young Empress of Austria, one of the loveliest and most fascinating women of the day, the consort of their uncrowned king, and the mother of their future sovereign, be found more powerful in reaching the hearts of these proud Magyars than the proclamations of Kossuth, and the eloquence of thousands of excited orators, calling upon them, now that the day of reckoning has come, to rise *en masse*, and separate themselves for ever from any further connection with Austria and its princes of the House of Habsburg?

What will be the result time alone can tell. My own opinion, founded on all I have seen and heard since my arrival in Pesth is, that the pretty Empress, with her bewitching smiles and winning ways, will gain the day, especially among the influential classes. Should this be the case, I think I may venture to say that the Emperor of Austria will owe his throne in a great measure to the fascination of his wife; for, so far as he is concerned, he has few real friends in Hungary—his manners are cold, proud, and distant in the estimation of that impulsive, warmhearted people; and when he condescends to discuss with them any subject of

national interest, he is so guarded and cautious in what he says, as to give them the impression of a man whose mind was moulded by the teachings of a Jesuit. In marked contrast to this, his consort, the pretty empress, is all openness and urbanity; she has a kind word for everybody, a smile is ever on her lips, she has a beautiful hand for the men to caress, and one of the finest moulded arms in the world to embrace the patrician daughters of her dear and loving Magyars!

What, however, is the most remarkable trait in the character and personal appearance of this charming princess is, that everything she does appears natural—so much so, that the most malicious critic that ever wielded a pen cannot accuse her of acting a part. In this respect she has decidedly the advantge over her fair rival, Eugenie, the Empress of France, whose look, manners, and dress evince the studied actress, giving the impression of a woman who has been got up to play the part of the principal personage in some exciting drama. On the other hand, the gentle Empress of Austria, by her quiet demeanour, conveys the idea that she is everything a wife and mother in her exalted station ought to be. This shews itself in the simplicity of her attire, and in her strict observance of those proprieties and amenities of social life which have such an effect upon the morality of a people. In a word, she is endowed by nature with that irre-

sistible charm which the French call *je ne sais quoi* —that nameless something which defies definition, and which Maria Theresa, a former Empress of Austria, is said to have possessed above every other woman of her day.

As I sincerely desire to see the Hungarian people free and independent, which is nothing more than their right, it is to be hoped that their leading men at this crisis of their fate will see the necessity of uniting their destiny with that of the princes of the House of Habsburg. If they should arrive at any other decision, it will bring them into collision, as it did on a former occasion, with a far more numerous nationality than their own, the thirty millions of Sclavonians that now people so large a portion of the Austrian Empire and European Turkey, and who aspire to erect an Empire of their own, which is to be called the Illyrian Empire. It is also to be hoped that the princes of the House of Habsburg, seeing the inutility of contending with Prussia for the sovereignty of Germany, will turn their attention to the magnificent country of which they are by hereditary right and the faith of treaties the legitimate rulers—a territory far more extensive than France, and second to none in all the advantages of position, both politically and commercially, that constitute the strength and grandeur of a great empire, to say nothing of the variety of its pro-

ductions and the extraordinary fertility of the soil.

Again, we have only to contemplate the richness of its mineral treasures, the gold mines of Schemnitz and Kremnitz, the copper mines of Bohemia and Moravia, the inexhaustible mines of iron and coal in Styria, the salt and quicksilver mines of Idria, Salzburg, Galicia, and the Tyrol, to be assured that it only requires the guiding hand of another Joseph the Second, and a few years peace and quietness, to see an empire, now reduced so low, through a succession of ruinous wars, and the absence of any other species of industry more profitable than the fabrication of weapons and other materials of war, take its place among some of the most prosperous in our hemisphere.

Nor is this all, for being partly situated in Central Europe, and on her eastern frontier open to Asia, she is in a position to command a large portion of the commerce between Europe and Asia, in a great measure secured to her by the navigable rivers that intersect the empire in every direction. For instance, she has the Danube, the noblest river in Europe, running through the very centre of her dominions; then there is the Save and the Drave, the Mur and the Theyss, the Moldau and the Vistula, all of which might be united by a canal at no great expense with the Danube, and thus open a communication, by water, to the Black Sea and

the Baltic. Again, there is none other among our great inland countries that possesses a more formidable frontier against invasion, or so easily defended. The Tyrolean and Carnatic Alps render her invulnerable on the side of Italy, Switzerland, and South Germany. Upper Mœsia divides her territories in Croatia and Dalmatia from Turkey, the Karpathians from Poland and Russia, the Riesengebirge and the Böhmerwald from Prussia. Surely with a territory so compact as this, and a frontier so strong, she can well afford to leave Italy to the Italians, and Germany to Prussia and the Bund.

To succeed, however, in establishing anything like a powerful empire out of such a mass of distinct nationalities, the princes of the House of Habsburg must, as a matter of necessity, make Pesth, in Hungary, the capital, and not only change the *es lebe der Kaiser* for the heart-stirring *Eljen à Hasà* of the Magyars, but renounce altogether the name of Austria—a name which can never be made the rallying cry of a people, or serve any other purpose than that of reminding the Hungarians and the Slavonians, who number together not far short of thirty millions, that they are the subjects of a foreign prince. There may, or there may not, be something in a name; in this instance, at least, I cannot but think that it would have been far better policy, after these Habsburgs

had lost the title of Emperor of Germany, to have taken that of King of the thousand-year monarchy of the Magyars—or, perhaps, what would have been more in accordance with their family pride, Emperor of Hungary and Illyria.

Poor Austria! there never was a country so surrounded by danger, so beset with difficulties; wherever she turns she is certain to find an enemy, or, at best, a cold calculating friend. During the whole of the time I remained at Pesth, among this the most excitable people in the empire, there was nothing else spoken of but the expected war with Prussia and Italy, and the prospect it would open to Hungary of again recovering her independence. I was, however, glad to find that the most respectable part of the population—the rich citizens and the aristocracy—were for allowing things to take their course, stipulating only for the independence of their country, under the rule of a Habsburg prince. But Pesth is not Hungary; there are other places, other districts far more to be dreaded, and none more so than Szegedin, the old capital of the Magyars. Should the inhabitants of that part of Hungary resolve to rise *en masse*, now that their old enemy Austria has got into trouble, as they did during the Hungarian War of Independence—and there is no want of revolutionary agents and proclamations of Kossuth to excite them—then, indeed, the government may tremble, for, of all

the Magyars, there are none so pugnacious, or more difficult to subdue when their Eastern blood is up.

At present, from all I have been able to glean, Hungary is perfectly quiet. Indeed, the government must have some hopeful anticipations on the forbearance of a people who had been, until very recently, groaning under the tyranny of martial law; otherwise it would not have dared to denude the country of every soldier that could be spared. At every hour of the day, from morning to night, you see nothing else but the mustering and marching of troops, and their conveyance by railway and steam-boat in the direction of the north, as if there were centered all its hopes and fears for the future. The men appeared to be well-in-hand, in the highest good-humour, and apparently eager to take their part in the coming fray; their dress, for material, cut, and style, was everything a soldier could desire; and their guns being for the most part rifled and double-sighted, it was impossible not to come to the conviction, when we add to this the physique of the men, that they would prove ugly customers in a struggle for life and death.

In truth, I do not think there could be found in any country, a more robust healthy-looking well fed set of fellows—of which the same may be said of their officers, who were all, with very few exceptions, men in the prime of life. I learned

from one of my friends that they were nearly all, both officers and soldiers, natives of the Duchy of Austria, Croatia, and Galicia. This diversity of race had not, however, the effect of lowering them in the estimation of the Hungarians, who are all most intensely national, and do not take to any other soldiery in the empire but their own; for they were everywhere received with thunders of *Eljens* and *Zivios*, and not only regaled with every description of drinkable and eatable, but tolerably supplied with pocket-money.

Here, at least, we have a convincing proof that the war against Prussia is popular with the Hungarians; and it may also be taken as a sign that the desire of this noble, generous people is not to separate themselves, or their interests, from those of their princes of the House of Habsburg, but rather to make the dynasty their own—to identify themselves with it, and exercise sovereign authority over all the other nationalities through its instrumentality. This is, in fact, the safest line of conduct the Hungarians can pursue; for they must, by this time, be fully aware that the day cannot be far distant when Austria will cease to exist as a German power, and become, by the force of events, Hungarian, or collapse altogether.

There is something about an Austrian soldier, in the neatness of his dress and his style of marching, that reminds one of home. Like our own

soldiers, the men in general are tall, robust, and ruddy in complexion, and do not fix bayonets while on the march, as the other Continentals, but "secure arms," as we do in England; they also put their feet to the ground easily and naturally, as we do, without any attempt at display. This is especially observable in the officers, who are, with few exceptions, most gentlemanly-looking men, and might pass, were it not for their uniform, for British officers. We should, however, do well to take a hint from them with reference to the manner in which they diminish the weight of the cartouche-box, with its rounds of ammunition, a great improvement in the accoutrement of a soldier, and one that is certain to be, from its simplicity, universally adopted when it becomes known. It consists of a small round belt, which passes through rings attached to the pouch, so that, whether a man runs, stoops, or lies down, the cartouche-box always remains steady in its place, thereby preventing the possibility of a cartridge becoming broken, or of the pouch striking against the hip—a great annoyance, and one which every English soldier knows to his grief, producing, as it does, after a long day's march, a most painful abrasion of the skin on the hip.

I met several Austrian officers at the Casino; they seemed to speak most disparagingly of the Prussians as an enemy, and also ridiculed their

much talked of, Zündnadelgewehr. They had nearly all fought against the French in Italy, and that they considered was quite sufficient to insure the certainty of their being able to beat the Prussians any day, even if they were two to one. One splendid fellow, a perfect giant in appearance, amused us much with anecdotes of the war in Italy. "By some mischance or other," said he, "I became separated from my troop; my horse was shot under me, and there I stood in the midst of a swarm of hornets, or, what was the same thing to me, a number of Zouaves. By cutting right and left, I contrived to keep my footing, till one little rascal, by creeping on the ground, managed to stab me in the stomach. Having now got me down, these little imps of Satan no doubt would have dispatched me, had not a gallant French officer most opportunely come to my rescue, and had me placed on a stretcher and carried to the rear, where I had the good fortune, in a sort of Feld-Lazareth, to be placed under the care of a skilful surgeon, when, after a few weeks detention, and the unremitting kindness of my preserver, I was enabled to rejoin my corps, where I am as good a man as ever to measure my sword with our new enemy, the Prussians." This, and several other anecdotes equally interesting of the Italian war, added much to the conviviality of the meeting, which was kept up till a late hour. There

was, however, another anecdote, so characteristic of the French, and the artful manner in which they carry out their plans, that I cannot forbear relating it.

"Previous to that unlucky French-Italian War," continued the same Austrian officer, "we were so confident of the superior state of our splendid batteries to anything the French could bring against us, that we all believed that arm of the service would be certain to lead us to victory. This opinion was confirmed by every intelligence that came to us from trustworthy agents in France, and at Genoa, where the French army had just landed. But we had reckoned without our host, as we subsequently found, to our cost. The fact was, the cunning Gaul was more than a match for Honest Michel, as he is always certain to be, when truth and manliness has to battle against perfidy and meanness. This is the manner in which the French managed to beat us. They started from France with a great display of gun-carriages, remarkable for their lightness and superior workmanship, together with a great number of oblong cases; but being marked "fragile" in large staring letters, who could have dreamed or imagined that these fragile cases contained those famous rifle guns that subsequently gained for them the battles of Magenta and Solferino? Of these guns, it is sufficient to say that

nothing could stand before them; for throwing ball and canister shot as they did, with the most fearful accuracy, to a distance of at least seven hundred yards, our unfortunate artillerymen were absolutely mowed down before they could get their guns within range. Then their extreme lightness, and the facility with which they could be moved about, and adapted so as to meet the exigencies of the battle-field, wheeling and firing with an ease as marvellous to behold as it was disheartening to us poor Austrians—telling from the first, unless we reached our treacherous foe with the bayonet, or got our men into some sheltered situation, death and destruction to the entire army must be the consequence."

Our agreeable companion, the Austrian officer, was of the opinion—as, indeed, every military man must be who has taken a part in the battle-field—that a field-gun cannot be too simple, too light, or too easily handled, provided that it has force enough to carry a projectile with the accuracy the distance requires.

CHAPTER X.

Parting from my Osmanli Travelling Companion—Anticipations of the Land of the Crescent—Ovation to the Great Hungarian Patriot, M. Deak—Voyage down the Danube—Aspect of the Country—An Unlooked-for Visitor—Erdöd and its Wines—Accident to the Steamboat—Peterwardein and its Fortress—Military Cordon—Its Defenders—The Banat—Happy State of Society—Amazons of the Danube—Carlowitz, its Trade in Wine and Absynthe—Semlin.

NO traveller who has resided in the gay metropolis of Hungary, and enjoyed so often, as I have done, the hospitality of its warm-hearted inhabitants, can take his departure without feeling the sincerest regret. On the present occasion mine was increased by remembering that I was once more a solitary traveller. I had bade adieu to my young Osmanli companion, because his father, the Pacha, and his near relative, the Sultan, had decided that a youth of such great promise, and who was destined to fill some of the most important positions in the Turkish Empire, should remain some little time longer among the Giaours, and acquire knowledge and information on various

subjects, which he could never obtain among his own people. I regretted the separation the more deeply, as I have rarely met with a more amiable, gentlemanly, and clever young man, and, at the same time, as free from any of the prejudices of race and creed as any intellectual man of the world. Indeed, I am very much mistaken, should his life be spared, if this descendent of the great Othman does not exhibit extraordinary ability, in whatever profession he may adopt.

Old traveller as I am, and accustomed to rough it, still I could not help being annoyed with gloomy anticipations for the future. I felt certain that war might break out at any moment between Austria and Prussia, and it was impossible to say what effect the proclamations of Kossuth, and the appeals of General Klapka and the other Hungarian exiles, might have upon the passions of a people so easily excited. The Roumanians, also, of Moldavia and Wallachia had not had time as yet to settle down peaceably under the rule of their new sovereign, Prince Charles of Hohenzollern; and I knew from a source that might be depended upon, that the Slavonians of Austria and Turkey meditated mischief in some shape or other. It is true, I had the freedom and romance of Eastern travel to look forward to, the pleasure of roaming through some of Nature's loveliest scenery, and, like the Arab of the desert, with no greater cares to annoy

me than where I should find a nook to lay my head on at night, or provide something that would serve for my supper. But as I knew by experience that in the land of the Crescent, if everything else failed, I had the preserves of His Majesty the Sultan—in other words, the whole country in which to seek for game—I did not fear being starved. Again, I knew the people I was about to travel among; I knew that however lawlessly disposed they might be towards their Mahometan ruler, however prejudiced against each other by the animosities of race and creed, they respected the stranger, and, like the patriarchs of old, welcomed his visit with a feast. Comforted by these reflections, and with something of the calmness of an Oriental, I at once resigned myself to the keeping of Kismet—that never-failing solace of a True Believer.

Our departure from Pesth was enlivened by one of those Hungarian *Eljin à Hazás* which are only equalled by one of our own hearty English huzzas. It was this time in honour of one of their greatest statesmen, M. Deak, whose calm eloquence and just views in his discussion in the Senate of the rights of Hungary to govern herself as an independent nation, has done more towards a peaceable settlement of this dangerous question than all the writings and noisy eloquence of Louis Kossuth and his followers.

On leaving Buda, with its frowning fortress and picturesque chain of hills, the banks of the Danube suddenly dropped down into one of the most extensive and fertile plains in Europe. In whatever direction, either on the right or the left side of the Danube, so far as the eye could reach there was nothing to be seen but grazing grounds, dotted here and there with flocks and herds, among which I could easily distinguish, by the aid of my telescope, the buffalo and the wild horse. As to villages or hamlets, they were few and far between; and when any of the inhabitants caught the eye, they were certain to be on horseback, armed with a long shepherd's lance—at once recalling to my remembrance, as they galloped over the plain, my old friends the Arabs of the desert.

The traditions of the Hungarians inform us that it was the superiority of this vast plain as a grazing-ground, above that of every other in this part of Europe, that induced their ancestors, the first wanderers from Asia, to settle here and make it their home, after driving out the Rasci, a Slavonian tribe.

As we advanced on our voyage, the monotony of the plain was here and there agreeably relieved by the innumerable flocks of beautiful aquatic and other wild birds that continued to rise up before us—their fluttering and the clapping of their wings resembling distant thunder. It was, however, one

solitary stranger, as he soared high above us in his own wide domain, that especially drew our attention. I had previously seen, in other parts of the world, some of the finest specimens of the eagle tribe, surpassing in size even the Lammergeier of Switzerland; but this magnificent bird, for beauty of form, length of wing, and breadth of body, might be termed altogether a distinct species; and as he now floated above us with all the gravity of a human being, keeping his steadfast gaze fixed on our steamer, we might imagine him to be speculating as to what that particular description of monster was that he beheld dashing through the water, splashing, and groaning, and screaming, and, more wonderful still, now and then emitting fire and smoke from its nostrils. Be this as it may, it is most certain that our royal bird, having, it would appear, satisfied his curiosity, all at once gathered up his mighty wings, and with a hoarse scream, more indicative of fright than pleasure, flew off with the speed of lightning, and was soon lost to view.

On questioning some of my Hungarian fellow-passengers as to the peculiar locality inhabited by the royal bird, they informed me that it was very rarely, and only during some very severe winter, that an eagle of this species was known to extend his predatory excursions to the Danube; they also informed me that it was generally be-

lieved by the *savans* of their country that he was a native of some wild district in the Caucasus; and our present visitor on leaving us most undoubtedly took that direction.

After passing the Drave, now swollen to overflowing, the scenery improved so much in beauty, that by the time we arrived at Erdöd, it might be termed, contrasted with what we had passed, quite sublime in its character, and to which the fine turreted castle of Count Palfy, perched on the heights, lent an additional charm. Then, to increase our enjoyment, the air was loaded with the fragrance of the thousand blossoms of the meadows and the numerous wild flowering shrubs and vineyards that covered the sides of the hills.

It appears that Erdöd, the Teutoburgum of the Romans, was then, as now, celebrated for its wines; thus shewing that those rulers of the world understood perfectly well how to provide themselves with comfortable quarters. At all events, we must come to the conclusion that wine at Erdöd is most extraordinarily cheap and plentiful, or that its innkeepers are the most generous of all innkeepers, for my fellow-passengers quaffed flagon after flagon without offering to pay for it even the ghost of a coin—no, not even an Austrian paper kreutzer, which is much the same thing. I, of course, proceeded to follow their example, and took as much as I desired of the agreeable bever-

age; but when I demanded of my landlord what I had to pay, he shrugged his shoulders, and regarded me with a look that seemed to say—Where did you come from? I, however, subsequently learned that the primitive innkeepers of Erdöd are not accustomed to charge for wine when their guests had taken some solid refreshment at their inns; and what a dinner I had, consisting of a variety of dishes, for about eightpence of our money!

We were detained for the night, and a great part of the following day, by the usual hindrance of steamboat-travelling on the Danube—the engine was out of order, or, to adopt the phraseology of the natives, it was sick. Now, as our engineer on board seemed to be unacquainted with the mystery of the disease, and as the town could not furnish a more scientific doctor than a son of Vulcan, he was sent for, and gave it as his opinion that we might venture to proceed as far as Peterwardein.

Our detention at this town afforded me an opportunity of seeing in detail one of the most famous fortresses in Europe, which, from its isolated position on the banks of the Danube, has been aptly named the Gibraltar of Hungary. Without wearying our reader with a long discussion on the art of fortification, it will be only necessary to say that however dangerous it might be to attempt to

take by assault a place so admirably protected by nature, we fear that in these days of military science Peterwardein would share the fate of every other fortress constructed on the same plan —that of becoming a picturesque ruin after a few well-arranged discharges from rifled cannon. The siege of Sebastopol has proved the truth of this, and taught us that our only defence against the irresistible force of artillery in our day is in returning to the earthworks of the earliest inhabitants of the world, and which we are carrying into effect in the stupendous circles of earthworks, nine miles in extent, that are now being thrown up for the defence of the arsenal at Portsmouth. I was far more interested in an excursion I made to the line of the great military cordon, which here, uniting with the fortress of Peterwardein, extends in one direction to the frontiers of Poland and Russia, and on the other to the Bocca di Cattaro on the Adriatic, where it meets the Turkish frontier, forming altogether a fortified belt of nearly five hundred leagues.

This famous barrier was designed and executed at the joint expense of the Austrian and Hungarian Governments, for the purpose of arresting the predatory incursions of those fierce warriors of the Crescent, the Turks and Tartars, during their day of might and power, and also of preventing the entrance of the plague into their dominions.

But now that the empire of the Tartars has passed away, and that of their cousins the Turks is fast approaching dissolution, this very ingenious military cordon only serves as an interesting memento of those days when might was right.

Considered as a line of defence against invasion, it is at once simple in its construction, and sufficient for the purpose, consisting merely of a chain of detached guard-houses, together with the separate residence of the officers. In addition to these, there are observatories, sufficiently lofty to enable a sentinel to take a survey of the surrounding country, whose duty it is to report what he sees to his commanding officer, when, in the event of invasion or smuggling, an alarm-bell is rung, sufficiently loud to be heard by the nearest guard-house; at the same time, a signal is run up, to indicate the nature of the alarm. Hence the whole military population can be got under arms and made ready to march to whatever part of the cordon their assistance may be required.

The method adopted for providing a military population to defend such a vast cordon was equally ingenious and effective. This was done by planting along the line military colonists, to whom lands had been given in perpetuity, free from taxes and every other impost. The population now amounts to more than a million and a half, forming among themselves eighteen regi-

ments of infantry, one of hussars, together with a battalion of marines, who are employed in the armed boats on the rivers; and as every man is a soldier from his cradle, they can now, in case of necessity, muster upwards of fifty thousand men. Every two regiments are commanded by a brigadier-general, and every two brigades by a commander-in-chief, who acts under the immediate orders of the Minister of War at Vienna.

It may be necessary to remark that, since the introduction of the electric telegraph, the system of communication has been very much simplified, besides enabling the defenders of the cordon to telegraph to the nearest fortress for artillery, or the assistance of the regular army, in a case of emergency. I cannot but think that some such system as this would be found most efficacious for the defence of our colonists at the Cape and New Zealand against the attack of their savage neighbours, until these countries become more densely populated.

On leaving Peterwardein, we passed through that part of Hungary called the Banat—the very centre of the military cordon we have just described. It seemed as if some beneficent fairy had transported me in a moment to some happy Arcadia, so striking was the change that now took place as we entered the domain of these military colonists. Far as the eye could reach, neat

villages were everywhere dotted about, surrounded by orchards, vineyards, cornfields, pastures, and meadows. There was not a weed to be seen, nor a stake missing from the fence, while every gate—a very unusual thing in these countries—held firmly on its hinges. In short, neatness, order, and every other appearance of prosperity, were the striking and pleasing characteristics of the landscape—the result of education and proper training in a community where every man must perform his military duties—must pursue his individual occupation, whether as an artizan or an agriculturist.

As may be supposed, owing to the peculiar nature of their occupation as military colonists, each district forms in itself a little commonwealth, which enables them to cultivate the land in common, and divide the produce into equal shares; the administration of which is confided to one of their own number, chosen by general election, who becomes, for the time being, in their own words, the father of his people. Should, therefore, any dispute arise among his children, it is referred to his decision, which in every case is as irrevocable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. The same dignitary provides his children, while performing their military duties, with uniforms and rations, taken out of the common fund, and as these military duties are by no means severe,

and only occupy about a third of their time throughout the year, when taken in turn, they have sufficient leisure to occupy themselves in industrial pursuits.

It would appear as if the women had caught something of the military order of their warlike lords, since it was by no means uncommon to see one of these fair damsels tripping along through a deep valley, or climbing up a steep hill, Amazon-like, with a brace of pistols and dagger stuck in her belt. At the same time, their tall, well-made, agile forms, improved by a jaunty red cap and tassel, together with a certain hauteur visible in every movement, showed unmistakably that they thought not a little of their own capabilities to defend themselves against an attack of either man or beast.

As I could not obtain from my fellow-travellers any explanation why these Amazons of the Danube went abroad armed to the teeth, we can only speculate. It is certain that neither the bear nor the wolf, although these animals abound in the wild districts of Hungary, shows itself often where man congregates. We must, then, come to the romantic conclusion that the amorous Turk on the other side of the Danube has not yet given up his old habit of carrying off one of these fair flowers to ornament his harem. And now, having reached Carlowitz, we will say a few words

respecting this free military town of the cordon.

Like all the other towns and villages included in the military cordon, Carlowitz appeared to be in a most prosperous condition. If we might judge from the number of river-boats that lay in its port, and the activity displayed by a host of porters and clerks, with a pen stuck behind the ear, there must be a very considerable trade carried on here of some kind or other. That the wine grown in the immediate neighbourhood has lost nothing of its old renown, we can at least testify to its strength and delicacy of flavour; while as to the absynthe produced here, it is sufficient to say that, a short time since, while travelling in French Africa, the liquor we found the most prized, and in general request among the French officers there, was the Absynthe de Carlowitz.

The only place worth mentioning between this town and Semlin is Slankaman, the Ritium of the Romans, where the Theiss, one of the most important rivers in this part of Europe, empties its waters into the Danube. Here we met with a regular flotilla of gunboats, manned by the marines belonging to the Military Cordon, all busily employed in assisting the poor peasants in their endeavours to rescue from drowning several heads of horned cattle and sheep that had been swept away by the sudden outbreak of the waters from the

Carpathian Mountains, and which had completely flooded a great part of the lowlands, giving to the Danube and the Theiss—now united in one—the appearance of an inland sea.

From hence to Semlin our voyage on the Danube had become really perilous, owing to the number of small islands that lay submerged in the centre of the stream, and which, even when visible at low water, require all the care of an experienced steersman to guide his vessel safely through them. Happily for myself and passengers, I cannot record any adventure more alarming than that our vessel once or twice ran foul of the trunk of some mighty oak, which in all probability had flourished for centuries on the banks of a river torrent in the Carpathian Mountains. It was, however, sufficient to draw forth many an "Ave Maria!" and "The Lord have mercy upon us!" from my frightened comrades, uttered in as many different idioms as might have been found among the builders of Babel.

At length we beheld Belgrade, rising up, as it were in the centre of the mighty flood, and exhibiting all the splendour of an Oriental town; and as we now saw its domes and minarets, its kiosks and palaces, pictured on the horizon, it formed a very beautiful picture, impressing the beholder with the belief that it must be a vast and flourishing city. At the present moment the

beauty of the scene was still further enhanced by the brilliance of the setting sun, which, shedding its golden rays over a cloudless sky, was slowly sinking beneath the waves of the majestic river. A few more windings, a few more collisions with submerged islands and floating timber, and we cast anchor in the little port of Semlin—at which place I terminated my voyage on the Danube.

CHAPTER XI.

Difficulty of getting to Belgrade—A Friend in Need—Establishment of an Illyrian Empire—Boatmen—Arrival at Belgrade—Increased Prosperity of that Town—Character of the Inhabitants—The Greek Church, its Tenets, and how it works—Contrasted with the Anglican and Latin Churches—Ancient Superstition in Connexion with the Oak-tree—The Greek Clergy, their Piety and General Good Conduct—Visit to the Servian House of Assembly—The Servian Government, and its System of Administration.

I HAD now reached the frontiers of the Land of the Crescent. The broad waters of the Danube, however, still lay between me and my destination, Belgrade. The best way of reaching the city of mosques and minarets was now the question. On a former occasion I found a small steamer plying between the two ports for conveying passengers, but now, whether the vessel was out of repair, or that at this time of the year there was not a sufficient number of passengers to pay the expenses, there was no steamer, and, to add still more to my annoyance, I could not prevail on any of the boatmen of Semlin to take me across,

either by persuasive words, or the more eloquent argument of a double golden ducat.

In this dilemma, when I was debating with myself whether it would not be advisable to continue my voyage as far as the first town in Roumania (the new name for Moldavia and Wallachia), an elderly gentleman, who had witnessed my distress, as I thought, at the time, with some show of malicious pleasure, courteously offered me a seat in a boat which he had telegraphed for to Belgrade, and was expected at Semlin early the next day. This was indeed a most happy deliverance from a very provoking *contretemps;* but how great was my astonishment when the stranger grasped my hand, and welcomed me once more to the Land of the Crescent! On my part the recognition was not so quick, and it was with difficulty I brought myself to believe that the unassuming citizen before me, clad in his simple suit of grey, was the same person as the warrior chieftain I had been accustomed to meet at the house of our consul, the late Mr. Fonblanque, at Belgrade. I therefore congratulated myself not a little in having so unexpectedly renewed the acquaintance of one of the most influential men in Servia, as estimable in private life as he is respected by his countrymen as being one of those few remaining chieftains who, with the hero Czerni George, and Prince Milosh, won for Servia her independence.

Men of the world, in despotic countries, do not waste many compliments in the public streets. We therefore lost no time in seeking the shelter of an hotel, where, having ordered a good dinner, I waited somewhat impatiently till the mystery respecting the steamboat was explained.

"I recognized you," said my friend, "from the moment I saw you, but, enjoying your embarrassment somewhat maliciously, I resolved not to make myself known till the last moment. Now, with respect to my poor Servian brethren, the boatmen of Semlin, you must not tell the world when you return home what savages we are in Servia. The real truth of the matter is this, my countrymen of the free Principality of Servia are not at present on friendly terms with the mighty Empire of Austria, in consequence of the insulting language the consul of Austria dared to hold to one of our ministers; and when an apology was demanded, or satisfaction at the point of the sword, the poltroon hoisted the white feather. Still this is trifling to what follows. It appears quite certain that not a few of our hot-headed youths, full of their glorious vision of a Slavonian, or rather, as I believe it is to be called, an Illyrian Empire, have been for some time industriously circulating their heterodox opinions among those poor Slavonian brethren of ours in Austria, and with such success as completely to turn their heads; and, as if this

were not enough, they have had the audacity to cause a Gazette to be printed at Belgrade in the Slavonian language, which you may now meet with in every town, village, and hamlet in Austria, where the Slavonian language is spoken. Can you, then, wonder that a power so cautious as Austria, with her twenty millions of Slavonians in her own empire, is not very desirous of encouraging too frequent an intercourse between them and our democrats of Servia on the other side of the Danube?"

This allusion to an Illyrian Empire, which is to unite the whole of the Slavonian tribes now subject to the rule of Austria and Turkey, prompted me to make further inquiries respecting a subject which I had heard so frequently since my arrival in these countries, therefore observed,

"What was to be done with Hungary? Was that kingdom also to be incorporated with an Illyrian Empire? Was it possible that the proudest people in the world, a nation of warriors who had ruled themselves for more than a thousand years, would submit to the dominion of any other race but their own?"

"Your observations," replied my friend, "are very just; nevertheless, it is a fact not easily explained, that at this moment, among all our Illyrian Panslarists, the most numerous and energetic are Hungarians. They are full of promises,

and seem to desire, heart and soul, a union with our race; but how to effect this between a people so antagonistic in race, language, and habits as a Hun and a Slavon, is a problem to be solved by futurity. It is true, a great change has come over the spirit of this people since 1849; and the extraordinary bravery they displayed at that time, in defence of their rights and liberties, has very much exalted them in the estimation of all their neighbours. Again, you ought to remember that we Slavonians are not in a worse position than your own Anglo-Saxons were at the time of the Norman Conquest; and may not this blending of races, the fiery Hun and the cautious Slavon, be the means of producing an active, enterprising people like your own; and have we not our own seas and navigable rivers, with their noble harbours, a fine climate, a fertile soil, all that a kind Providence could bestow for rendering a people happy and prosperous? Why then should we not also be able to found a great and powerful empire?"

In this and similar conversation, we passed the greatest part of the night, my friend anxiously solicitous to be informed of the latest intelligence respecting the anticipated war between Austria and Prussia; while I was equally desirous to learn something of the plans and prospects of a people who are every day assuming a higher position in the great community of nations.

There is one circumstance, however, worth remarking: during our conversation, Russia was not once alluded to, a power to whom every Servian was accustomed to look up as the protector of their race; but so it is with empires as private individuals—the reverses sustained by Russia in the Crimea have completely destroyed her prestige; the might of the great Leviathan of the North, that all the world feared, was found to be based upon a foundation of sand.

At an early hour next morning, I was aroused from the world of dreams by my friend bursting into my room with all the freedom of an Oriental, exclaiming, "Here she comes! here she comes!" meaning that the boat we were expecting was in sight; and as we then saw her battling with the torrent that swept round the base of the fortress, it was a sight well calculated to win the respect of a seaman or the admiration of an artist. She was manned by eight rowers, as fine, robust, athletic fellows as could be found in any country. They were all dressed alike, in the red fez with its waving tassel, scarlet jackets, and white shalwars, confined round the waist by a blue silk sash. But it was the dexterity with which they handled their oars, the adroitness with which they took advantage of the rapid current, that called forth our admiration. Truth to say, it required no little science in the art of rowing, no little strength of

muscle, to master the violence of the stream in some situations of the river, before they gained the port of Semlin. Still, these gallant fellows seemed as fresh and as eager again for the fray as if they had no obstacle to contend with.

I am proud to say, for the honour of my country, that when my friend informed them they were to have the pleasure of rowing over an Englishman to Belgrade, the announcement was received with a burst of zivios and a hearty shake of the hand. It must not be supposed that these gallant fellows were boatmen by profession. No. They were all gentlemen, officers belonging to the brigade of which my friend was the general in command.

I was now fairly landed in the only free home that these poor Slavonians of Eastern Europe can call their own, out of all the broad lands bequeathed to them by their fathers—the first slice they have succeeded in cutting from the breast of the *fat Turkey* that has been gorging itself for the last four hundred years at their expense; and I am very much mistaken if these Servians, the most warlike, brave, and enterprising of all the Slavonian tribes, are not destined to head the movement that will end in the emancipation of the whole from the rule of the German and the Turk. They have all the fire and dash of the Magyar, mingled with a great deal of the common-sense of the cool-headed Teuton. Just the people you might feel

assured would not make a spring, unless they were quite certain of crushing the enemy.

I was glad to see that, notwithstanding the rapid strides they have made in civilization and material prosperity since my last visit to Belgrade, they have preserved the same simplicity in their manners, the same familiarity in their intercourse with each other, as if both prince and peasant were agreed in disliking any of those unmeaning ceremonies, or becoming slaves to outward appearances, which we must regard as a perfect pest in more civilized countries. As for letters of recommendation, when they found I was known to one or two of their leading men, I was everywhere received with that hearty hospitality which places a traveller as completely at his ease as if he was the giver of the feast instead of the guest.

Except the military, who adopt a regular uniform, the majority of the people have not abandoned the old national costume, especially when they leave home; and although the jaunty grey braided jacket, shalwar, and red sash, in which the pistols and poniard are stuck, do give a man somewhat the look of a bandit in *gala* costume, and might create a suspicion that deeds of violence were of frequent occurrence, the fact is, they are scarcely ever witnessed or heard of. Even in the least populous districts, you may see a mere stripling of a boy, mounted on a pony,

carrying the mail bags, and not unfrequently large sums in specie, with no other protection than a pair of pistols. This security of property may in a great measure be attributed to the absence of luxury, and the circumstance that every man, woman, and child is amply provided with the means of subsistence in a country where provisions cost a mere trifle, and where the most fertile land for cultivation may be had for the mere asking for it, or purchased as a freehold at the lowest possible rate.

Belgrade is very much improved, compared with what it was on my first visit, some thirty years ago. Nearly the whole of the abominations which were then permitted to exist by a people who had only just recovered their independence, have been swept away. Instead of the paper lantern, which every person was compelled by law to carry in the hand who walked the streets after it was dark, there are the usual street lamps, well lighted. The pavement is still here and there very incomplete, except in the principal thoroughfares. But even so there is a decided improvement from what it was at a time when you could not walk through the streets without a pair of high clogs to save you from sticking in the mud during the rainy season; or, in dry weather, without a pair of spectacles, to preserve your eyes from being blinded with the dust. Still, taken

altogether, if we make allowance for various shortcomings, which appear more glaring to a traveller just come from our luxurious cities of the West, the Servian capital may be pronounced a most agreeable residence. The environs are very beautiful, and being built on high ground, and partly surrounded by two magnificent rivers, the swift-running Danube and the Save, it is considered to be by far the most healthful of all the towns on the Lower Danube. There is, however, one circumstance that has retarded more than anything else the prosperity of this city of the Servians—the Turks still hold possession of the fortress that overlooks the town; and so long as they remain in that stronghold, no speculator will risk his capital in the embellishment of a place which might be reduced to ashes in twenty-four hours, should any serious quarrel arise between the government of the principality and its suzerain, the Sultan. This was very nearly being its fate only a few years since.

I was sorry to find that the ladies of Belgrade, whom I had so much admired on a former visit, as much for their beauty as a certain fascinating negligence in their attire, when contrasted with that of our over-dressed beauties of the West, are also bitten with the mania of the day for crinoline. Indeed, were it not for the pretty braided jacket and the becoming fez, with its ample plume of

gold or silver tissue, which they still here and there wear, I should not have known them in their present costume.

I have already said that there is an air of nobility about this tribe (the Servian) of the great Slavonian race, and also an absence of the worldly wisdom and religious scepticism of the age, most welcome to a traveller just arrived here from France and Germany. Like all their race, both in Eastern Europe and in Russia, they are extremely religious, whether Protestant, Roman Catholic, or belonging to the Greek Church. The latter is the form of Christianity professed by the Servians, and, indeed, by nearly the whole of the Christians of European Turkey; and although, being a layman, I do not wish to enter into a disquisition on religious subjects, I cannot help alluding to the circumstance that many of our modern theologians, actuated, I presume, by the love of change inherent in man, finding they could not effect a union between the Church of Rome and the Church of England, turned their attention to the Greek Church.

Knowing something of this church, its tenets, and how it works, I may say, without fear of contradiction, that although it is admirably adapted to the wants of a people in a low state of civilization, it could never succeed in winning for itself the suffrages of a highly-educated, intellectual

people, any more than the Roman Catholic; still, it must be admitted that, when the forms and ceremonies of a church are intimately linked, as they are in Servia, with the amusements, wants, and wishes of a people, it has the effect of attaching them more strongly to religion. Indeed, were it not for this, there can be little doubt that the entire Christian population of the peninsula would have embraced the faith of Islam, so great was the persecution they had to endure from their Mahometan rulers, and so enticing was a creed which not only offered them equal rights with their conquerors, but all the delights of a Mahometan paradise. In giving a sketch of the ceremonies observed at Easter, the greatest of all the festivals of the Greek Church, the reader will judge for himself how far it is possible a creed so theatrical in its display, and so burdened with ceremonies, could be united with the pure and simple form of worship practised in the Church of England.

On Easter Eve, when the clock strikes twelve, at a time when the churches are not only filled to overflowing, but all the outlets leading to them, the festival commences. Amidst a silence the most profound, the priest, from his lofty station in the pulpit, exclaims in a loud solemn voice, "Christos voskrs" (Christ is risen), which being instantly caught up by the multitude, they answer

in a voice of thunder, "Vo-istino voskrs" (He is risen); then, as if all were rendered happy by the glad tidings, they embrace each other, each person his next neighbour, without respect to rank or station, and divide the paschal cake, which had been previously blessed by the priest, with each other. This is immediately succeeded by a discharge of cannon and musketry, which is repeated again and again, from village to village, from town to town, till the entire country exhibits, almost at the same moment, a scene of joy and happiness.

This is followed by the benediction, when the multitude disperse, not to their homes, but to war with each other. As, however, the weapon they use is the paschal egg, boiled till it becomes very hard, also blessed by the priest, there is not any great danger to be apprehended to life or limb, the only object of each combatant being to break his opponent's egg, to which he is guided by the paper lantern every man carries in his hand; and happy is he whose egg withstands the crash, because he sees in it an augury of health and prosperity for many years to come. But this is not all, nor the most interesting among the religious observances of this very primitive people, and might be copied with advantage by the most civilized people in the world. Easter Sunday commences with what is called, by the votaries of this church, the Lord's Week, during which all animosities must cease

between man and man. The greatest criminal may now show himself in the streets—the poor debtor need not fear arrest; for did not the Redeemer on the cross forgive his enemies, and why should his creatures refuse to follow his blessed example? This Easter week is also a season of great festivity; every man that can afford it keeps open house, and wherever you go, indoors or out, you hear nothing else but exclamations and compliments, of "Dobro dosli! na 'sdravi!" (Long life, health, and happiness to you). This is also the week of marriages, of friendly alliances, and also of that singular custom peculiar to the Slavonians—the Probation and Prosestrina, when men and women, although not related by blood, adopt each other as brothers and sisters for the ensuing year, and not unfrequently for the remainder of their lives. In short, this, and every other act of great importance, is concluded during a week sanctified as the "Week of our Lord."

Among much that is interesting in the Greek Church, we cannot but admit that it sanctions many superstitions, perfectly puerile and childish in their character; none of these, however, are attended with such pernicious consequences, at least to the health of the people, as the strictness with which the duty of fasting is enforced. This will be understood when I tell the reader that there are one hundred and eighty-five days in the

year in which every member of the Greek Church is obliged to abstain from animal food, and not a few of these days even from fish, eggs, butter, and cheese, on pain of excommunication, unless he has procured a dispensation from the Bishop of the district. I need scarcely say that these fasts exercise a most deleterious effect upon the health of the people, especially during the prevalence of cholera, or any other epidemic of a similar character. Indeed, during my previous tours in European Turkey, and in Russia, I have more than once known whole villages decimated by an epidemic of this description, at a time when the inhabitants had been debilitated, in mind and body, by one of these long fasts of the Greek Church.

The birth of our Lord is celebrated with similar rejoicings; but the peculiar interest attached to this festival in the Greek Church arises from the circumstance that it is believed to be interwoven with one of the oldest superstitions of the world; for, if we may trust to the traditions of the people, this festival succeeded one of the religious observances of the first inhabitants of the peninsula, the Illyrians, an Assyrian tribe, that had settled here long before the siege of Troy. This must be my excuse for introducing an account of it, since it tends to prove the great antiquity of the Slavonian race, and at the same time shows how difficult it must have been for the early fathers of the Church

to win over the Pagans to Christianity, unless to a certain extent they engrafted the festivals of the new faith with the religious rites of the old.

The rejoicings consequent on the birth of our Lord commence at midnight, when the happy event is announced by the priest to the multitude, who immediately make preparations to celebrate the glad tidings. This is done by roasting an ox, a sheep, or any other animal, entire. In order, however, that a certain augury of the future might be inferred from the process, the animal must be roasted by a fire made from a peculiar species of oak, in these countries called by the same name as the heathen god Jupiter; which oak must not only be felled at a proper season of the year, but at a certain age of the moon, and at a certain hour of the day. The sacred oak, after having performed its duty of roasting, is left to smoulder on the hearth; and woe betide that house in which it should become extinguished, before the arrival of the priest, or some other friend, who may be selected as worthy to perform the ceremony, which is always done at the break of day; and in this manner, the performer after having crossed himself most devoutly, and offered up a short prayer in commemoration of Christmas, takes out from under his cloak a wand, which must be a sapling of the same species of the sacred oak, and having struck the smouldering heap three times, rather

sharply, exclaims, with great solemnity of voice and manner,

"Even as the sparks fly up and around, may the prosperity of this house increase; may the tribe to which it belongs increase, and as it is already numberless, may its lands yield abundance, its flocks and herds multiply, and its children's children continue to be virtuous for all generations yet to come."

After this solemn performance, every fragment of the smouldering oak is carefully collected, and presented as talismans not only to protect themselves and their cattle from disease and the evil eye, but to preserve their cornfields and fruit-trees from blight.

This is only one among many other Pagan superstitions with which this church, the Greek, is burdened. As, however, they are all of a similar character, and tend to increase the piety and morality of a people in a certain state of civilization, being linked with their traditions, amusements, and the employments of every-day life, their retention can do no harm; but, as I before observed, this creed could not be interwoven with the pure and simple faith of the Anglican Church.

The Greek Church, however, has one great advantage over its old rival, the Latin—it is not a persecuting church, neither does it arrogate to it-

self infallibility in its decisions that it is the only true church, by means of which, and through which, man's salvation can be insured. On the contrary, it embraces all denominations of Christians as brothers, whose difference of opinion is chiefly confined to forms and ceremonies, and not to the essential doctrines of Christianity.

The clergy of the Greek Church in one respect have the same privilege as our own—they are allowed to marry, a circumstance more important to the morality of a people than my untravelled readers can imagine. Add to which, a divided allegiance is not imposed upon them as a duty, as it is in the Latin Church, whose priests are obliged to obey the behests not only of their temporal monarch, but their spiritual sovereign the Pope. How, then, as our Lord demanded, "can a man serve two masters, &c., &c.?" This feature in the Greek and Anglican Churches ought never to be lost sight of by the rulers of men. Peter the Great of Russia, one of the shrewdest men that ever lived, was fully aware of its importance when, like our own Henry the Eighth, he assumed the supremacy of the Church —thus becoming, as he did, pope and sovereign in his own dominions. The Prince of Servia has followed his example, and so has the King of Greece, being the only three sovereigns of a people professing the Greek religion who are as yet independent of foreign control.

I was much pleased during my short stay at Belgrade with a visit to the Scoupchtina (House of Assembly), where, much to the credit of the Government and people, I found the same order, the same deference to constitutional usages, as if every member present had served an apprenticeship in the English House of Commons. In truth, when I looked around me, and saw the open manly countenances of the speakers, and heard the forcible but not intemperate language they made use of, and remembered that every man present was a Rayah at some time or other, or the son of a Rayah, and that the prince then sitting on his throne was the son of a swineherd, I felt again more than ever assured that this tribe of the great Slavonian race had in it all the elements destined at no distant day to form the nucleus of, it may be, an Illyrian Empire. The military organization of their little army, and the administration so simple, effective, and original, shew that they are, in the fullest sense of the word, a practical people, and not one that will be likely to be caught napping on the approach of danger.

With respect to the army, a few thousand men are merely kept on permanent duty, not for the purpose of display, but as a sort of military school on a large scale. Owing to this wise precaution, in case circumstances should require the arming of every able-bodied man in the principality, the go-

vernment has a sufficient number of well-disciplined officers and non-commissioned officers, with the pandours and governors of provinces, the latter being all military men of high rank, to command the whole. Thus, at a comparatively trifling expense, the country can always command, in case of need, an army that might be increased in a few days to at least a hundred and fifty thousand men. This may easily be believed when the warlike habits of the people are remembered, and that every man is trained to arms from his infancy. In the same manner the revenue, being principally derived from a well-devised capitation tax, is at once simple in its arrangement and easily collected. This, with a trifling custom-house duty, and the usual transit dues and excise, while they amply suffice to meet all the exigencies of the State, are far from being burdensome to the people; neither do they interfere with the industry or commerce of the country. In short, if we take the trouble of examining each separate department of the executive, we shall find that the administration is conducted with the same simplicity and economy. They are, in fact, too practical a people to incur unnecessary labour and expense in anything they do; neither have they a particle of the vanity of their less common-sense neighbours the Roumanians and the Greeks, whose only object, it would appear to be, is to waste the resources of

their respective countries in the maintenance of a brilliant court and its host of gaudy courtiers and unnecessary *employés*, for no other purpose that I can see than that of making the world believe that they are members of the great commonwealth of nations. Hence, while the one is burdened with a national debt, poor, and ever changing its rulers, and the other cannot be viewed in any other light than as a discreditable bankrupt, these wide-awake Servians are becoming every year more and more prosperous, more and more numerous, more and more prepared to meet eventualities, from whatever quarter they may come, with the certain prospect of success.

CHAPTER XII.

Departure from Belgrade—Preparations for Travelling in Turkey—Wild Aspect of the Country—Herds of Swine and Swineherds—How to make a Fortune—Servian Hospitality—Servian Cookery—How to roast an Ortolan—A Mountain Hurricane—Gipseys—Servian Peasants in Gala Costume—Han of the Brigands—Valley of Bones—Beautiful Scenery—Arrival at Alexinitz—Prosperity of that Town—Strange Costume of the Peasants.

I HAD now determined to leave this model principality, and seek new adventures in the land of the Crescent. Hitherto I had passed my time most agreeably during my tour in France, Germany, Austria, and Hungary, but nowhere more so than in this town, where I was not only fortunate in meeting with several old friends among the Servians, but also one of the most hospitable men living, our worthy Consul-General Mr. Longworth, who, I may say without exaggeration, kept almost open house during the whole of the time I remained here—thus affording me an opportunity of becoming acquainted with several of the leading men of the place, as well as that of enjoying the intellectual conversation of the various

Consuls and other foreign *employés* accredited to the Court of the Prince of Servia. How great, then, how sudden must be the change to a traveller from so much luxury and refined society to roughing it in the lands I was now about to visit—where the han or caravanserai is the substitute for an inn, when you happen to meet even with such an unexpected accommodation!—where a narrow pathway, just wide enough for a pack-horse to pass through, must serve for a road; and where, for the want of a bridge or a ferry-boat, you are obliged to wade or swim across a river, just as the case may be; and it might be starve in some wild district, should you happen to be out of provisions, or unable to bring down a head of game in one of the numerous preserves of His Majesty the Sultan.

Happily in this great world of ours there are no two men alike, either in their dispositions, wants, or wishes. No doubt to numbers of my quiet countrymen, who dearly love the luxuries and conveniences of their own comfortable homes, the prospect of such a life would be downright misery; to me, old Arab as I am, I looked forward to finding myself as free as the eagle that soars in his own wide domain with the greatest delight.

I shall therefore merely say that, having, through the kindness of my Servian friends, found a trustworthy kiraidji, with a pair of capital roadsters, I lost no time in setting forth on my journey. Still,

I could not help reflecting, as I cast my eye over the various little bags filled with meal, the saucepans, and leathern bottles that dangled from the sides of my capacious Turkish saddle, together with the necessary utensils required by a traveller for cooking in the open air, what an *outré* figure I should cut in the streets of London, heightened as it would be by a rider in the dress of a Turkish Arnout, with a broadsword by his side, a rifle slung across his shoulders, and a belt of red silk filled with pistols and poniards!

After passing Colar, the first village at which we spent the night, the country assumed an aspect exceedingly wild. We had now entered one of those magnificent forests so frequently met with in this part of Servia. Gigantic oaks, several centuries old, threw their wide-spreading branches over our heads, forming a canopy of foliage, so dense as nearly to exclude the light of day. As we trotted along we had for our companions immense flocks of starlings and wood-pigeons, whose incessant chattering and cooing served to relieve the solitude; and that we should not want for excitement a lynx, a stealthy fox, or a wolf now and then crossed our path, while more than once a bear made its appearance. Master Bruin was generally of a dun colour, and rather diminutive in size, and was too wary, too well accustomed to the sight of man to come within range of my rifle.

In addition to these, we were sometimes enlivened with the sight of immense droves of pigs, grunting in chorus as they turned up the earth in search of roots. They were guarded by the most primitive, and at the same time the most warlike looking swineherds I ever saw. Their dress consisted of a loose sheepskin wrapper and an enormous turban-like cap of the same material, simple in form and well adapted to their calling, but when I add to this a red silk sash, filled with pistols and daggers, a long gun slung across the shoulder, richly inlaid with gold or silver, and a fierce countenance bronzed by exposure to the sun, a stranger might be excused if, in this wild district, he had taken them for brigands.

Our swineherds, however, were everything that could be called kind and hospitable. In an instant they were beside us, asking a thousand questions about Belgrade and the great world beyond it, and at the same time pressing upon our acceptance gourds filled with wine or raki, and baskets loaded with bread and cheese, to which we were invited to help ourselves *ad libitum*.

On parting from our friends, my kiraidgi informed me that these warlike-looking swine-herds were all members of some patriarchal tribe located in the neighbourhood, joint owners of the vast droves of pigs we then saw, and also of the land, amounting to several thousand acres, over which

the animals wandered in search of food—a pretty considerable inheritance for one tribe, if we add to this the value of the numerous fine oak-trees that grew most luxuriously in the vast forests.

On leaving the gloomy forest, with its grunting pigs, chattering starlings, and cooing pigeons, the landscape opened into a fine, undulating country, consisting of agricultural fields, pastures, and meadows, interspersed here and there with straggling villages of the most primitive construction. The eternal droves of pigs were now replaced by flocks of sheep, goats, and horned cattle. It was evident, from the number of half-burned trees that stood up in the midst of the fields of maize, corn, and vineyards, that the greater part of the land had only been recently reclaimed.

After passing the small town of Palanka, the landscape again changed—the forests became more park-like in appearance, and the oak-trees far more majestic in size than any I had yet seen in Servia; we were also favoured with an occasional glimpse of the mighty Danube, as it wound its way to the Black Sea. Here the grunters again made their appearance, and in such numbers, that we might infer Servia alone was able to supply the whole of the surrounding countries with pork.

We were now joined by a traveller, who I afterwards found was the Ispravnik of Jagodin, to whom I had a letter of recommendation. He

was a splendid specimen of the Servian race, tall, well-made, and extremely muscular. He appeared, from his conversation, to be little acquainted with the great world, its cares and troubles. In alluding to the late war in the Crimea, he said that the news of the defeat of the Russians caused great annoyance to the inhabitants of Servia; not, indeed, for any particular love for them, but because, as a Slavonian race, they happened to have been beaten by the cursed Turks and their allies! As to the French, he merely alluded to them as the paid mercenaries of the English, a nation who, he understood from books and travellers, never fought *in propriâ personâ*, except on board their ships, the whole of the land-work being left to mercenaries.

Among other things, my loquacious companion told me he was the proprietor of the land over which we were then travelling, every inch of it having been gained by the sword of his father from the grasp of the Turk. As to his half-wild pigs, which were running about the woods in myriads, he declared that he never knew their real number, so rapidly did they increase.

When I asked him what he would take for a score of them, he answered, about fifty florins! Astonished at such a low price, I could not forbear exclaiming,

"Why, you would get nearly as much for

one of them in the London or Paris markets."

On hearing this, our wealthy swine-owner no doubt considered me to be little better than a half-crazed Delhi, or some wag of a Frank, since, without even a parting salutation, he set spurs to his horse and soon left me in the distance.

What a mine of wealth is there not opened here to the commercial speculation of any one of our capitalists who might feel inclined to trade in pigs. I can certainly say, from experience, that the flavour, resembling that of the wild boar, is delicious; while the bacon and ham made from them, such as we find in Austria under the name of Kaiser-fleisch, has not its equal in any country. At present, the entire trade is in the hands of the Austrians, who are, no doubt, deriving considerable profit from it.

The expense of keeping these animals is very trifling to the proprietor in a country like Servia, abounding with forests; while they are so certain to be profitable, that no landowner is without them. In fact, from the Prince of Servia, down to the poorest starachin of a village, the whole population are engaged in this lucrative trade.

Next to the pig, the sheep appear to be the favourite. Their milk alone is used for domestic purposes, that of the cow being considered to generate fevers. Hence the latter is not in much repute; being principally used, like the buffalo, as

a beast of burden, it is neither large nor very well made. The horses resemble those we see in use among the Cossacks of the Don, small, but remarkably sure-footed. As to food, nothing that is green comes amiss to them—the thistle even is welcome.

We remained a day at Jagodin, for the purpose of resting our horses. This town, like every other I had seen in Servia, with the exception of Belgrade, is only remarkable for its ugliness and the vast extent of ground it occupies; for however much my good Servians may excel all their neighbours as warriors, they do not shine in any particular industrial occupation. As for architecture, they appear to know just as much about it as the beaver; neither can I speak highly of them as agriculturists. It is true we cannot expect, as yet, much from a people who have only recently emancipated themselves from the thraldom of such semi-barbarous rulers as the Turks. Indeed, our only wonder is that men who had been more than four hundred years the slaves of these cruel fanatics, could have possessed sufficient spirit to stand up so successfully and assert their rights as they have done. No doubt, at a later period, when they find a better market for their pigs than sending them to poor Austria, and become more wealthy, we shall see them imitating our beautiful cities in the West.

I found the Ispravnik of Jagodin, to whom I had a letter of recommendation, the leading man of the department, occupying a sort of shed, containing eight or ten rooms, very much resembling those of our forefathers, both in the style of building and furniture, at the time when the learned Dutchman, Erasmus, published at Amsterdam an account of his travels in England. Of the two I should certainly prefer the Servian dwelling of the present day, when we take into account its pretty verandah, and the luxurious vine that creeps around it.

The unpretending villa of my friend the Ispravnik was soon forgotten in the hearty welcome I received, and the alacrity he displayed in setting his household to work to prepare a feast worthy of such an unexpected guest as a real Ingleski traveller. Among the numerous dishes that replaced each other, I will merely allude, as a novelty, to the fat ortolans of Jagodin; and, truth to say, I do not believe that the most famous *cuisinier* of Paris could have sent to table these favourites of the gourmand more temptingly dressed. The secret lay in their being cooked in vine-leaves, young and tender, which imparts to them a most delicious taste, and at the same time a fragrance never to be forgotten.

It is rather remarkable that the French, with all their skill in the gastronomic art, have not yet

adopted vine-leaves into their *materiel de cuisine.* The young sprouts of the vine are used both here and among the Turks, early in spring, as a substitute for asparagus, while the leaves amply supply the place of spinach. Nor is the wine of Servia by any means to be despised, especially that called Smedererski, which very much resembles Burgundy in its flavour. My host assured me that there is a tradition still current among the vine-dressers of Smederero, where this wine is produced, to the effect that the vines were originally planted by the Emperor Probus. There cannot be a doubt, if a little more skill was employed in the management of this wine, and barrels used instead of skins, pitched inside, that it would soon become known among the best wines of Europe.

When our entertainment for the day was at an end, my kind host gave me the option of passing the night either in the house or the open air, that is, under the verandah, or in a pretty summer kiosk in the garden; for as these hardy warriors never sleep in their dwelling-houses from St. George's Day till the middle of October, he no doubt thought that an Ingleski traveller might have the same prejudice as a Servian in favour of an airy sleeping-apartment. I chose the kiosk, and found the well-stuffed divan, the downy pillows, and cotton coverlet, no bad substitute for a bed. The weather was remarkably fine, improved by a

light, refreshing breeze, which soon fanned me into the land of dreams.

Long before Aurora had tinted the grey sky with rosy light, I was aroused from my slumbers by the well-known cry, "Haidé! haidé! Gospodin!" thundered into my ears by Orloff, my kiraidji, intimating that the horses were ready to continue our route—a most unwelcome summons to a poor traveller, who was then dreaming of home, and the dear ones he had left behind him.

On entering the villa of my friend, I was not a little surprised, early as it was, to find he had risen from his divan, as I found, for the purpose of detaining me a day longer at his villa. It was not often, he said, that a Frank traveller passed that way, and he had so many things yet to show me. There was his armoury, his model farm, his pandours, and stud of horses. In short, my host had determined I should pass another day with him; and the Ispravnik of a department, exercising almost sovereign power, was not accustomed to have his requests refused.

The most attractive sight to me was the armoury, kept in a neat kiosk. Here I found a highly interesting collection of Turkish weapons, hung upon the walls, representing stars, crescents, and other devices, as remarkable for their novelty as the artistic labour bestowed upon ornamenting them. There was, however, one pair of pistols, a

hanjiar, and a sabre, together with a star of brilliants, the gems of the collection, blazing with diamonds, and other precious stones, which excited my greatest admiration. They were highly prized by my host, as trophies taken by his deceased father from the person of a Seraskier Pacha, who had fallen by his hand in single combat on a field of battle, where ten thousand Servians, under the command of Czerni George, defeated forty thousand Turks.

What a proud memorial to descend to posterity, linked with the name of a Pereschitz! What a record of the valour of a man, who, from a poor shepherd, whose home was a cabin on the mountain top, rose higher and higher in command over his countrymen during their long and fearful struggle for independence, till at length he had no superior in that little army of heroes but Czerni George, the well-known liberator of Servia!

As I had now seen all that was interesting at Jagodin, I most reluctantly bade adieu to my kind host. A few hours' ride brought us to the Morava, where I found a handsome wooden bridge spanning the impetuous stream—a great improvement in the facility of travelling since I last passed this way on my route to Constantinople, when I was obliged to swim over the river on the back of my horse.

At Parachin, some eight or ten miles farther, I

found another of these wooden bridges thrown over the Loupkora, formerly one of the most dangerous rivers for a traveller to cross in the peninsula, owing to the extreme rapidity of the current. Thanks to the Servian Government, all this has now happily passed away, and for which the traveller has only to pay a toll of a few copper coins.

A few miles farther we commenced the ascent of the Jaour, by no means so tiresome to our horses as might be expected, owing to the judicious manner the road has been carried round its side. From the summit of this mountain we obtained the first glimpse of the Balkan, together with a very fine view of that stupendous alp the Stara Planina. Orloff, my kiraidji, pointed out to me the pass that Diebitsch the Russian general took on his triumphant march to Constantinople, recalling vividly to my recollection the panic that event had caused throughout the whole of Europe, this being the first time that the peace of Europe had been disturbed since the downfall of Napoleon.

On descending from the Jaour, Orloff drew my attention to a small dark cloud, lying, as it were, on the snow-clad summit of the lofty Stara Planina, and which every moment increased in size, till it completely darkened the heavens.

"Now, Gospodin," said he, "we must put our horses to their metal, and seek shelter, otherwise we shall probably be hurled over the precipice;

and we have no time to spare, for Vila, the Fiend of the Alps, is brewing a storm that will be long remembered in Servia."

As we galloped on, we happily perceived not far distant, in a deep glen, the black tents of a tribe of gipsies; but to get to these we were forced to descend the precipitous side of the mountain, which we managed to do by dismounting, and leaving our horses to follow as best they could. Instinct had also told them the approach of danger. It was wonderful to see how they contrived, loaded as they were with our Turkish saddles and baggage, to pick their steps, and keep up with us as we scrambled through the brushwood; yet, notwithstanding our utmost speed, we did not escape without a few falls from the violence of the hurricane before we reached our haven of safety.

It would appear that this wandering race had divined, long before the storm burst forth, the impending danger, in having so judiciously selected their present position for encamping, protected as it was from the violence of the storm by an overhanging ledge of rocks. No precaution, however, could save their tents from being flooded by the deluge of rain. We therefore set to work, with the help of our poniards and hatchets, to cut channels to carry it off; and as this most provident race also expected some mishaps, they took the precaution to stow away, in the recesses of the rock, fuel sufficient to

last for several days. I therefore looked forward, under such circumstances, to pass a pleasant evening.

At first sight, their dark swarthy features lighted up by fierce bright dark eyes, did not create an impression in their favour; neither did I like the look of the long black-handled dagger that both men and women carried in the girdle which confined their long sweeping garments. Any apprehension, however, of a discourteous reception was speedily dispelled by the boisterous shouts with which they welcomed us to the shelter of their tents; and the alacrity they shewed in making every possible preparation to regale us with the contents of several capacious flesh-pots that were then throwing out a most savoury odour, was very welcome to two poor travellers who had taken nothing more substantial than a cup of coffee since they bade adieu to Jagodin.

The hurricane was too violent to last long, but it had done sufficient mischief to detain us in our present quarters—at least, for the night; for, owing to the loamy nature of the soil, neither horse nor man, in some situations, could keep his feet. We were so far fortunate, that during the night a brisk wind sprang up, which enabled me, at break of day, to sally forth with my gun, when I had the good luck to meet with a fat roebuck (here called sirna) in the preserves of His Highness the Prince of Servia. This, with a wild

turkey, in some measure compensated for the havoc we had made on the flesh-pots of our gipsy hosts.

So seasonable an addition to their not over-well stocked larder was most acceptable; but when I added to my other gifts a pretty gilt box filled with pills, together with a packet of strong needles, and a large clasp-knife, for the general use of the tribe, I thought there never would be an end to their expressive gratitude to the Good Spirit that had sent to their tents so beneficent a stranger.

It hath been well said that a man endowed with a little philosophy wants but little here below, yet, as I lay in my tent, surrounded by this vagrant race, and thought over the hardships a traveller is exposed to in this singular country, I could scarcely realise the fact—more especially when I pictured my present position with that of only the day before, when I was the favoured guest of the lord-lieutenant of a department, surrounded by all the luxuries that could minister to the wants of our so-called civilization.

Our friends, the gipsies, when they urged us to remain in our present dry quarters at least a day longer, showed they were better acquainted with the state the country would be in after the late storm than Orloff, my kiraidji, who, for some private reasons of his own, appeared to be in a great hurry to reach Alexinitz, the next town on

our route. So long as we kept to the highlands, we had no difficulty in finding secure footing for our horses. The case was very different when we descended to the lowlands, where we had not only to contend with the soft, loamy soil, but every now and then to make a considerable detour, in order to find a safe passage to ford the torrents that swept through the glens and narrow valleys, owing to the bursting of the lakes in the Alpine region of Upper Mœsia.

At length, finding it was impossible to proceed in the face of so many difficulties, we were glad to take up our quarters for the night in a miserable han, bearing the ominous name of the "Han of the Brigands"—a name given to it by the Turks, on account of this wild district having been the stronghold of the insurgents during the Servian War of Independence.

On arriving at the han, which was nothing better than a mere shed, open to the four winds of heaven, we discovered it to be crowded with caravan-travellers, weather-bound like ourselves, and gathered round a large fire in the centre. Hence we despaired of even finding a corner to sit down and rest our weary limbs. The event, however, proved that we did not give these caravanjis credit for the courtesy they possessed, since they not only made room for us, but insisted that the poor Frank, who could not be accustomed to such

rough travelling, should have the warmest and most sheltered nook to his sole use during the night. At the same time, sundry savoury dishes and smoking possets, redolent of garlic, onions, and red pepper, were pressed upon my acceptance from every quarter.

Imitating the example of our hospitable fellow-travellers, Orloff lost no time in displaying the contents of our provender-bag, which, consisting of several head of fine game, proved a most acceptable addition to the supper, and as many hands made light work, they were soon on a wooden spit roasting before the fire. It is scarcely necessary to say they were added to the general stock, for among these people that isolating self-interest, so common in the more civilized West, is unknown. After having made an excellent supper, drank our coffee, and smoked the tchibouque, the story-teller beguiled the time by relating to his comrades several exciting *piesmas*, founded on incidents of the late war with the Turks, always certain to find a willing audience among this bellicose nation. At length, one by one, the whole party unconsciously dropped the tchibouque, and without even changing his position, fell back on his saddle-bags, forgetting the world, its cares, and troubles, in a sound sleep, which lasted till the Hanji's voice told them it was time to rise.

A cloudless sky and a strong easterly wind, which continued during the night, giving promise of fine weather, enabled us to continue our journey; and now, with the addition of our comrades of the han, who were also on their way to the Turkish frontier, we formed altogether, with their pack-horses, a very respectable-looking caravan.

The country still continued to wear the same aspect, wild-looking and desolate. We had not even the forests, common to the other parts of Servia, to relieve the monotony of the landscape; the trees were destroyed by the Turks some years since, during their wars with the Servians, leaving nothing in their stead but their blackened remains and a tangled mass of brushwood. On descending into a deep defile, the only outlet from this dreary region, Orloff drew my attention to a series of earthworks, the fatal spot where a few hundred Haiduks and Ouskoks massacred upwards of two thousand of the bravest Spahis and Beys in the Turkish army, during the late War of Independence. It is said that on this occasion not a single man escaped the carnage, so completely were they hemmed in on every side by their relentless foe.

Unhappy Turks! their whitened bones, which now served as stepping-stones to our horses' feet, confirmed too truly the truth of the tale!

On emerging from the depths of this ominous

pass, which, for the want of a name to designate it, we will call the Valley of Bones, the landscape all at once changed for one of exceeding loveliness. The land was remarkably well cultivated; fields of maize and corn, luxuriously green, alternated with orchards, vineyards, pastures, and meadows, while the tiny villages and hamlets that lay scattered about imparted to it life and animation. In truth, it well deserved the name of Arcadia, and this continued without interruption to the pretty town Alexinitz, most romantically situated on the banks of the sparkling Morava.

The surrounding country also, as far as the eye could reach, became picturesque—nay, sublime. In the foreground there was the Morava, winding its silent way through some of the loveliest scenery to be found in any country, while in the distance rose the bold outline of that lofty chain of mountains which here divide the principality of Servia from the Turkish province of Bosnia. We had also, to complete our picture, a distant view of the Alps in Upper Mœsia, together with the high range of the Balkan.

As yet, Alexinitz is the only town that has sprung into existence since Servia became an independent principality; and there is none other, with the exception of Belgrade, that offers so many advantages as a residence for a stranger from the West. On arriving there, I was not

more pleased than surprised when Orloff, instead of going to the han of the caravanjis, deposited me and my saddle-bags at a very fair inn, where I found myself addressed by the bustling landlord in the German language. Here, then, there was an end, at least for a day or two, to the savoury flesh-pots and garlic ragouts of the han. I therefore determined to make hay while the sun shone, ordered a capital dinner in the true German style, not forgetting my old favourite the Mehlspeisen.

Besides being a frontier town, and admirably situated in the centre of a very fertile district, Alexinitz has the advantage of lying on the shortest and most direct route from Belgrade to Constantinople. It is also in direct communication with all the great towns in Bulgaria, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Albania, Macedonia, Montenegro, and Austrian Dalmatia. We cannot, therefore, be surprised that my hotel, and all the hans in the town, were filled with travellers and their packs of merchandize. Possessed of all these advantages, I think we may predict to a certainty a prosperous future to this highly-favoured town, particularly when railroads find their way into this beautiful but long-neglected country.

Having remained here during Sunday, I had an opportunity of seeing the peasants of the surrounding country in their holiday attire, which, I had

been assured by the inhabitants, had been the same, without the slightest change in the form or material, since the advent of the Turks. As to the men, their costume was the same as that of the swineherds I have described at Jagodin. But the fair sex—imagine, gentle reader, a head-dress in form somewhat resembling the horn of a unicorn, from which streamed a broad ribbon of some gaudy colour, or, if the taste of the wearer preferred it, the bright feathers of the gallant chanticleer. The rest was simple enough, consisting of a loose blouse, made of strong linen, or some home-spun woollen manufacture, confined round the waist by a broad band, tastefully braided, and fastened in front by a clasp of gold or silver. I was also assured, by my friends here, that these clasps and other trinkets, of the most antique workmanship, had been heirlooms in their families from time immemorial.

Like their lords they wore sandals, both young and old, frequently braided with great taste and neatness. I could not but admire the careful forethought of the fair ladies, in carrying about with them a piece of carpet—for let it be remembered this is a country where chairs are rarely used. However, instead of carrying it under the arm, as the lazy Turk does when he feels inclined to squat on the ground, they take the precaution of attaching it firmly to the hind part of their blouse, little

dreaming, or perhaps not caring, for the ridicule of a sarcastic Frank.

Although I cannot propose this very antique costume to the imitation of our ladies of the West, still it did not detract from the beauty of their Servian sisters, whose handsome features, pretty little hands and feet, and graceful forms entitle them to rank among some of the finest races in the world. The young girls, who are not permitted the privilege of wearing the matronly horn, with its streaming ribbons, looked exceedingly pretty, with their large soft blue or hazel eyes, and hair descending in long plaits to the waist, ornamented with gold coins, crosses, and other trinkets. I also remarked that the colour of their hair, rarely or ever black, and frequently of a gold colour, was sufficient to prove the Northern race from whence they sprung.

CHAPTER XIII.

Similarity between the Servian, Low German, and English Languages—Legend of the Princess Illyria—The Empire of Illyria—Discontent of the Slavonian Race in Austria and Turkey—Weakness of the Turkish Empire—Decline of Russian Influence in European Turkey.

THE observations I made in my last chapter, ascribing to the Servian nationality a northern origin, is the opinion generally entertained by historians. Professor Vekoslaf, of Agram, has even written a work to prove that the Rasci, the name by which the Servians were formerly known, constituted the great majority of those tribes who, under Saxon chiefs, invaded Great Britain, and finally settled in it. He grounds this assertion on the historical fact that the Servians had been, from time immemorial, the inhabitants of the countries on the Baltic and German Ocean, previous to the inroads of the Saxon Allemanni, who, having got possession, called their new empire after one of their chiefs, Sassonia. Still further to strengthen this opinion, the professor has appended to his work a highly interesting vocabulary, showing the

striking affinity between the Servian language and *Platt Deutsch* (Low German), and also with the English, as it was written by the early poets, Spenser and Shakespeare.

Having alluded to a subject of so much interest to the ethnologist, I may be excused if I wander a little from my narrative, and relate a tradition very current among the Slavonian race, interesting inasmuch as we gather from it a few gleams to enlighten us respecting the origin of the most numerous of all European families, the Slavonian—who, of course, like every other ancient race, trace their descent from a superior being.

It appears, during the lifetime of that great hunter, and first ruler of men, the mighty Nimrod, there lived on the pleasant banks of the Euphrates a princess named Illyria, of such extraordinary beauty, and amiability of character, as not only to captivate the sons of men, but even celestial beings. Among the former the giant Nimrod was the most ardent of her worshippers—the most passionate of her lovers. Still, powerful as he was, monarch of the earth as he called himself, he could not prevail upon the lily of the Euphrates to become his bride—to share his throne. Infatuated by his passion, despot like, he determined to take by force what he could not obtain by gentler means. For this purpose he summoned together the largest army the world had yet seen, not more numerous,

however, than he required, since he had to contend not with man alone, but with an immortal being, the angel Slavioni. At length, after many a sanguinary battle had been fought, and cities and forts razed to the ground, the fair Illyria, deploring the loss of so many gallant warriors in a contest to which there appeared no end, threw herself into the arms of her celestial lover, who bore her off on his wings to that part of the peninsula now called Albania, where he founded for her a far greater and more prosperous empire than the one she had left, and to which he gave the name of Illyria.

Here the Princess Illyria, in her new home, gave birth to three sons—Tcheck, Lekh, and Rouss. Each of whom is distinguished among the Slavonians as the founder of a separate and independent nationality, whose descendants still call themselves Tchecks, Lekhs, and Rouss. For instance, the Tchecks of Bohemia, the Lekhs of Poland, and the Rouss of Russia.

The traditions of a people, however much they may be mingled with romance, ought not to be rejected altogether by the historian as fabulous. At all events, we learn from this tradition much that is new and interesting respecting the close affinity and brotherhood which still exists between these three great nationalities constituting the Slavonian race. It also confirms what some his-

torians have hitherto doubted, that the ancient Illyria was the mother of this great family of nations—an empire that existed long before the arrival of Cadmus in Greece, and extended from the Mediterranean to the Danube and the Black Sea, including the whole of the maritime coast of Venice, Trieste, and Fiume, together with those provinces of Austria called Istria, Carniola, Styria, Carinthia, and Friuli.

Again, what can be more probable than that it was from the banks of the Morava—that beautiful river we described in our last chapter—that came forth those tribes who founded the Empire of Moravia in Central Europe, an empire which, history tells us, existed in great prosperity previous to the inroads of the Germans and the Huns, and extended from the Lower Danube to the Rhine, and from thence to the Baltic and the German Ocean.

In taking this view of the question, which is confirmed both by history and tradition, I think I may safely come to the conclusion that the majority of the tribes who settled in Britain with their Saxon chiefs, were, in fact, the ancestors of the very people among whom I was now travelling on the banks of the Morava. I can also assert, without fear of contradiction, that this people, now so simple in their habits, so utterly unacquainted with the great world, very strikingly resemble what is termed the Anglo-Saxon race,

not only in their features and form, but other characteristics, to which I shall have occasion to refer more particularly during my progress in the country.

With respect to the Empire of Illyria, history and tradition supply us with many interesting details of the battles of the Illyrians with the ancient Greeks and Romans, in defence of their empire and national existence. During the reigns of Philip and Alexander the Great, the Illyrian Empire became, for the most part, incorporated in that of the Macedonian; all of which we may learn from the *piesmas* (legends) of these people, without having recourse to history.

The first Napoleon appears to have been well versed in the history and traditions of this people, when he flattered their vanity by the establishment of an Illyrian monarchy. Hence, by reviving old associations, by arming the hereditary bondsmen of Austria and Turkey against their rulers, he at once identified his interest with theirs, made his enemies theirs, and gained the object he had in view—a step forward on his march to universal dominion.

It is true, after his fall, there was an end to the Illyrian monarchy. Still, the recollection of even having been at some distant period a mighty nation, when once awakened in a people, however debased they may be by foreign rule, is not easily

forgotten. In this case, at least, the circumstance of an Illyrian monarchy has proved to be a source of great disquietude to the Austrian and Turkish Governments, who know that their rule extends over a population of more than thirty millions, all of the same race, speaking the same language, bound by the same ties, influenced by the same traditions, the same hatred to the sway of a foreign prince. They are also fully aware that any insurrectionary movement on the part of so numerous a people would be attended with great danger to the stability of their rule, especially in the present day, emboldened as the Slavonians must be by the principle of non-intervention so successfully carried out in Italy. Besides, has not the successor of the first Napoleon again and again proclaimed, by his own acts, the right of nationalities to assert their independence, either by force of arms, or through the instrumentality of Universal Suffrage?

That some such project as this has been long meditated by Illyrian Panslavists, both in Austria and Turkey, is, in fact, no secret to the governments of these two empires. They also know, without being able to arrest the evil, that the same untiring propagandists have already succeeded not only in educating their poorer brethren, but in establishing a literature which now circulates in every town, village, and hamlet in these two em-

pires, inhabited by a Slavonian people—a most powerful lever, it must be confessed, for moving the passions of a people, even in a high state of civilization.

Without entering more fully into the political position of this very large family of the Slavonian race, it will be sufficient to say that, as a traveller, I have learned enough during my intercourse with them to say that it merely requires the slightest turn in the chapter of accidents to produce one of those fearful explosions of an entire people, frightful to contemplate.

When I said there were upwards of thirty millions of Slavonians in Austria and Turkey, it must be understood I did not include that portion of the Poles subject to Austria. They are, as I before observed, a distinct nationality; and although they call themselves Slavonians, and speak an idiom of that language, it is almost unintelligible to their neighbours the Illyrians, particularly those residing in European Turkey. Now, as the Poles may be said to have been in a state of chronic revolt to the rule of their sovereigns for more than half a century, and as the Hungarians are in the same position with regard to Austria, what is to hinder these three great nationalities from forming together a union of interests, actuated as they are by the same feelings of intense hatred to the rule of a foreign power. It would be idle to speculate

upon such a contingency, except that the event is highly probable, and I heard it frequently alluded to. In such a case as this, Europe would see, for the first time in the history of the world, sixty millions of human beings in a state of insurrection.

As to the causes which led to this wide-spread spirit of disaffection, they must be apparent to every man who is only slightly conversant with the history of this part of Europe for the last century. In the first place, he must be aware that, had it not been for that impolitic and most unjust partition of Poland, we should not have had her exiles and propagandists in every part of Europe, aiding and abetting revolutions by every means in their power, to say nothing of their own periodical insurrections; and, as if this was not enough to disturb the peace of the world, Austria must follow the example, on her own account, with regard to Hungary, and thereby add another Poland—another people filling all Europe with details of their wrongs.

Independent of these exciting causes, it is as natural to nations to endeavour to improve their condition as it is to individuals to get on in the world, Hence, if the poor Slavonian of Austria and Turkey, who has been from century to century the bondsman of the German, the Hun, and the Turk, thinks his hour of redemption is come,

can we blame him for doing the same thing that we should have done ourselves under similar circumstances?

The consequences of such an insurrection are, no doubt, fearful to contemplate. All that can be said in such a case is to weigh them against the advantages to be gained—a people's freedom, a people's independence, which, after all, are the results most ardently desired by every honourable man. Such men, happily for mankind, do not usually weigh the consequences, otherwise the whole world would be at this moment the slaves of despots.

Again, it must be remembered that the effects of any such convulsion would be infinitely more disastrous in the West of Europe than here; for as industry may be said to be at zero, and commerce in its infancy, we should not have to deplore the destruction of the wealth of the community at large. Besides, as the Hungarians say in their own spirited language, "The hurricane, when it does come, is far preferable to the pestilence, because it soon passes away,"—that is, we may presume, an insurrection, where the lives and liberties of so many human beings would be at stake, could not last long, nor be doubtful in its issue.

It is true, England has too much at stake in the East not to feel deeply interested in the fate of the Turkish Empire; but can she arrest the decree

of the Eternal? She may bolster her up for a year or two longer in European Turkey, by assisting her with loan after loan; she may reform her institutions, but she is still a Mahometan power; and so long as she remains one, there can be no amity between her and her Christian subjects—no hope of a union of interests. In short, weakness and decay are everywhere written upon her material power—so glaring, indeed, as not to leave the slightest hope that she will ever be able again to take her station among the great powers of the world.

Perhaps it is but right that I should add an *on-dit* generally current among the Slavonians of Austria and Turkey, to the effect that the present Emperor of the French, in accordance with the policy of his uncle, is favourable to the re-establishment of an Illyrian monarchy; and that when a rising takes place, he has promised to restrain any other power from interfering in the quarrel.

As to Russia, notwithstanding all she did in former years, through the instrumentality of an army of Panslavists, and the enormous sums of money she lavished among the Slavonian subjects of Austria and Turkey, she must now see how little chance she had, even in her best days, of winning over these people to become her subjects. The late war in the Crimea, while it tended to elevate France to almost dictatorial power in Europe, has fallen heavily on Russia—so much so,

that her name is scarcely ever mentioned by these people in connexion with their future plans. Perhaps they are certain of her sympathy, as her interests, and those of Austria and Turkey, cannot but be hostile.

Having now closed this hasty sketch of the three great nationalities of this part of Eastern Europe, their present position and political aspirations, so necessary to make the reader more conversant with the countries I have attempted to describe, I will again resume the narrative of my tour.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Morava—Magnificent Scenery—Great Fertility of the Country—What it was previous to the advent of the Turks—Servia and its Boundaries—Natural Strength of Servia—The Schoumadia, its Forests and Defiles—The Battle-Field between the Servians and the Turks—Records and Anecdotes of the Servian Insurrection—Milosch and his wife Lioubitza—Her Extraordinary Heroism—A Clerical Drummer—A Band of Amazons.

OF all the rivers in the peninsula of European Turkey, and several of them are exceedingly beautiful and picturesque, there is none to be compared with the Morava. This very important river, from it sources in the Alpine region of Upper Mœsia to its outlet in the Danube, runs through some of the most romantic scenery to be found in any country. In one place we may see it sweeping round a mighty Alp, in another fertilizing valleys and tiny plains, more than a thousand feet above the level of the sea, in another rushing through a chaos of gigantic rocks, then leaping in cascades down the depths of some romantic glen. It is, however, in the low countries of Servia and Bulgaria, where it takes the name of Velika Morava

(Great Moravia), that this noble river is seen in all its beauty, as it runs through the largest and richest valleys and plains of the peninsula. There are authentic records still existing among the Servians, which say that, previous to the advent of the Turks, this magnificent district, called in the language of the country, Serbska-i-Boulgarska, maintained a population of between two and three millions; at present they do not number half a million. It is true, this part of the peninsula suffered very severely during the Servian War of Independence, particularly in the neighbourhood of the valley of Alexinitz, which is in fact, the only part of the Servian frontier that can be said to be vulnerable to an attack from the Turks, so admirably is it defended on every side either by a ridge of steep mountains or the broad waters of the Save and the Danube.

Although the Servia of the present day is very different from the position it occupied when its Great Emperor Stephen Döuchan bore the title of Imperator Rasciæ, Bosniæ, atque Albaniæ, it is, as I before observed, owing to the configuration of the principality, peculiarly well adapted for repelling any attack that might be made upon it by any of the neighbouring powers. The Danube and the Save separate it from Hungary, Roumania, and Austria; while the whole of the interior may be compared to an elevated fortress, encompassed on

every side by a net-work of impenetrable forests.

It was here, in a position named Schoumadia, that the Servians, under their gallant leader, Czerni George, made their first stand against the Turks, towards the end of the last century, although they had no other means of supporting the war than the trifling revenue they derived from the sale of their pigs to the Austrians and the Hungarians. It was this elevated district, with its forests and defiles, into which the Turks could never penetrate, that served, during that long war, as their only home of refuge, and from whence they were accustomed to rush down in thousands upon the Turks, and carry war and desolation into their camps, their towns and cities—thus adding town after town, fortress after fortress, district after district, until their little state, Schoumadia, a mere forest-covered mountain, assumed its present dimensions. The most important battles between them and the Turks took place in the vicinity of the Morava, particularly in the valley of Alexinitz; for the river being here fordable in summer, and lying in the neighbourhood of the strong town Nissa, the Turks at all times commanded a position from whence they could commence their annual campaign. Consequently, the whole of this beautiful and fertile district, on each side of the river, became a complete desert, and continued so until the end of the war.

Still, the same passage across the Morava which had facilitated the Turks in desolating the home of the Servians, afforded the latter, under their enterprising leader, Czerni George, the means of advancing into Bosnia, as far as its capital, Novi-Bazaar which he would have subdued, and with it the entire country, if he had had the precaution of taking with him a few cannon and a little more ammunition. Even so, aided as he was by the Christian population, he was not only strong enough to besiege that town and Nissa, but to beat two large Turkish armies which came to their assistance. At length the approach of winter forced him to recross the Morava.

This was the last great success achieved by Czerni George. The Turks, fearing that if the war was to continue much longer they would lose the whole of the peninsula, more particularly as the Greeks, on their side, were also in open rebellion, unfurled the sacred standard of Mahomet. Hence, a holy war was proclaimed, which brought forth hordes of fanatics from every part of Asia, in addition to the levies of the various pachas and beys of European Turkey, under the name of Spahis, numbering, it is said, about a million.

Unable to resist such a multitude of half-savage fanatics, the unhappy Servians were again obliged to seek a refuge in their old mountain, the Schoumadia.

As usual on such occasions, when the caliph summons his faithful people to the battle-field, thousands were massacred in cold blood while every man taken with arms in his hands was impaled alive; to say nothing of the rapine, the burning of towns and villages, and all the other horrors that follow in the train of an undisciplined soldiery. The Sultan was again triumphant, the country was again tranquil, but it was the deceitful calm that precedes a storm—the hour of retribution for the Moslem was at hand. Now, in a country like European Turkey, where the whole of the agricultural labour is performed by the Christians, the land must remain, of necessity, untilled, when that unhappy people are obliged to seek a refuge among their brethren, the Haiduks and Ouskoks of the mountains, from the violence of Moslem soldiery. Aware, however, from former experience, of the approaching tempest, that prudent people either buried their corn, or conveyed it away secretly to some secure place in the mountains; consequently, there was no food to be found, in a month or two after, for the army or the immense multitude of lazy Turks that depended upon the labour of that hard-working class for their daily bread.

The hand of fate lay still more heavily upon the Moslems. As if to aggravate the evil, there was not a piastre in the Sultan's treasury to pur-

chase corn from the stranger. As might be expected, a famine ensued, succeeded, as it always is in the East, by a pestilence, which carried off at least a tenth of the Moslem population. In such a dilemma, the Sultan had no other alternative than to proclaim a general amnesty, as he found his Mahometan subjects must starve unless the rayah returned to his agricultural labours.

At this moment, so critical to the government of the Sultan, the Servians again flew to arms, and this time they found a leader in Milosch Obrenowitsch, worthy of their devoted bravery, worthy of succeeding the hero Czerni George. Without entering minutely into the history of his career as a military leader, it is merely necessary to say that he was completely triumphant; and whatever his faults may have been as a legislator, in after years, he must have been a man of great natural talent, otherwise he could not have elevated himself from a mere swine-herd to be the sovereign of a free people, and have maintained his rule during so long and stormy a period; neither do I believe that history affords another instance of a man performing the duties of a sovereign who was unable to affix his signature to a state paper.

His wife, Lioubitza (Louisa), was also one of those extraordinary women who now and then establish a high reputation by their strength of mind and the public spirit they display during times of

extreme difficulty and peril. She was, like her husband, entirely uneducated, and destitute of the slightest knowledge of the great world. Like him, also, she was by birth a peasant, being the daughter of a dealer in pigs, who assisted in supplying the Hungarian markets with these useful animals.

She gave a proof of this great strength of mind, public spirit, and determination, in 1815, at a time when the entire country, with the exception of the Schoumadia, was a smoking ruin, and when that mountain district, the last refuge of a despairing people, was besieged on every side by a large Turkish army, in conjunction with all that was vile and profligate among the Moslem population of Asia and Europe.

It was at this moment, when the spirits of the bravest among the brave resigned all hope of resisting any longer the overwhelming force arrayed against them, that Milosch, with the Archimandrite Parlovitsch, alighted at the tent door of his wife, with the intention, it is said, of escaping with her and his family into Hungary, while there was yet time. Reading his determination in the look of gloomy despair imprinted on his countenance, and in the violent grief exhibited by the priest who accompanied him, the heroic woman drew herself up to her full height, and after casting upon her husband such a look of withering reproach and contempt, that the hero of a hundred

battles shrank within himself like a condemned culprit, exclaimed,

"Saviour of the World! you here, Milosch, while I hear in the distance the roll of musketry, the yells of the triumphant Moslems! Great God! then is it come to this? Must a Servian woman, in her despair, draw the sword, while her dastardly husband stays at home toying with the distaff?"

Ashamed of what she had said in the irritation of the moment, the passionate woman threw herself sobbing upon his breast, crying with agony,

"No, no, my darling husband! my own Milosch, you are not a coward! Go, my hero, go in the name of the Lord Jesus! Go and conquer—the day is ours!" Then turning to the priest, upon whom she cast a look of the bitterest scorn, she continued, "It is you, faint-hearted priest, shame to your manhood, who have bewitched my hero; for once in your life give your beads to a woman, and show that you have the courage of a man; and if you will not fight, take up that drum, and with it rally the fugitives to the charge; in your hands it will be worth ten thousand bayonets!"

Stung to the quick by the reproaches of the heroic woman, the two friends implicitly obeyed her commands; and while the priest rallied the scattered fugitives to the charge, by beating the drum with his own saintly hands, Milosch threw

himself into the thickest of the fight, more like an avenging angel than a mere man. Wherever he appeared the Turks gave way in terror, believing him to be the Evil One; and, as might be expected, such an unexpected turn in the events of this most wonderful day, while it infused new life and spirit into the ranks of the despairing Christians, damped the ardour of the hitherto triumphant Moslems, who fearing that the whole country was again up in arms, and that their retreat would be cut off, suddenly turned and fled in the greatest disorder, leaving the whole of their valuable camp equipage, guns, ammunition, and provisions in the hands of the patriots.

The Servians never gained a more complete victory; never was the mourning and lamentation of an entire people so suddenly and unexpectedly changed into joy and thanksgiving. Milosch from henceforth became the idol of the army, and when it was generally known that they were indebted for the victory to the spirited counsel of the wife of their leader, the grateful people immortalized the memory of that heroic woman by calling the battle-field after her name—Gospa Lioubitza. There can be little doubt that she paved the way to a throne for her husband, and by reanimating a despairing people at a moment of such extreme peril, became as it were the instrument of winning for them their independence. Be this as it may,

the Turks became so disheartened, so utterly exhausted in men and money, that they agreed, for the first time since the commencement of the Servian insurrection, to an armistice, which eventually led to the complete recognition of the independence of the principality in 1827.

It was not on this occasion alone that our heroine of Servia showed herself to be a woman of extraordinary courage and determination. From the very commencement of the War of Independence she was one of those guiding spirits who in times of great public excitement accomplish quite as much in their own peculiar walk of life for the advancement of a cause as those leaders who take a more prominent part in the enterprise. This induced her, at a very early age, to place herself at the head of a band of young maidens like herself, with the avowed object of procuring, by every means in their power, salt, tobacco, and powder—articles of the first necessity to her compatriots, to enable them to carry on the war, and which of course their enemies the Turks took every means to prevent them from obtaining.

Now, as these articles were only to be had in Hungary and Austria, on the opposite side of the Danube and the Save, it required no little tact and intelligence on the part of our Amazons to pass and repass without falling into the hands of the Turks, who maintained a flotilla of gun-boats

on these rivers. Once in the Austrian dominions, it is true, they were safe from any personal violence, but there were Custom-House officers and coast-guardsmen on the Danube and the Save to be avoided. Above all, great danger was to be apprehended if they were caught in the act of transporting munitions of war to the insurgents, contrary to the strict orders of the Austrian Government; no doubt the officers on duty were always blind when the pretty Lioubitza was seen, with her train of Amazons, returning home with their well-stuffed bales of merchandise.

It was about this time that Milosch and several of the other rising young warriors of the day became suitors for the hand of our young heroine, who, in addition to great personal attractions, belonged to a worthy family of the agricultural class. She preferred Milosch, but refused to give him her hand until he could come to her as the chief of two hundred warriors, thereby showing that her love for the independence of her country was stronger than that which she felt for the man she had selected to be her helpmate through life. How often, when at Belgrade and at Kragougevatz on the Morava, have I beheld this very remarkable woman in the gilded saloons of her own palace, where, though Gospa Lioubitza, Princess of Servia, she might be seen still wearing the simple and becoming costume of the people,

To a woman of her strong mind, rank and wealth had no other charms than how far they could aid her in furthering the happiness and prosperity of her country, and in educating her children, so as to enable them to fill with honour the high station to which the hand of Heaven had elevated them.

After this hasty sketch of one or two of the leading events connected with the late Servian War of Independence, gleaned from the conversation of the people while travelling in Servia, I am sure my readers will agree with me in thinking that a people, who never numbered a million, and who successfully carried on for more than thirty years a war against the whole force of the Turkish empire, unaided and unassisted by any foreign power, are not likely to remain much longer contented with their present limits, particularly when we remember that they constitute only a fraction of that portion of the great Slavonian family who still languish under the rule of a Mahometan sovereign. I think they will also agree with me in the opinion that the next war in which they are engaged against the Turks will decide the question—What is to be done with Turkey? At least that portion of it included in Europe.

CHAPTER XV.

Arrival of the Prince of Servia at Alexinitz—Speculation among the Inhabitants—Cross the Turkish Frontier—Dreary Aspect of the Country—Contrasted with Servia—Christianity and Moslemism—Their respective influences on the Character, Habits, and Industry of a People—A Turkish Karaoul—Turkish Military—Arrival at Nissa—Its Great Military and Political Importance as a Fortified Town—Characteristics of the Turks and the Rayahs—The Moslem Church and its Revenues.

THE day after my arrival at Alexinitz, the inhabitants of that little bustling town were agreeably surprised by a visit from their sovereign, Mijailo-Beg (Prince Michel), son of the recently deceased Milosch. His Highness had come over from his country residence at Kragougevatz, it was said, with the view of ascertaining how far it was practicable to erect a fort on the Morava, at this the weakest position of the principality on the Turkish frontier, now rendered doubly insecure on account of the disturbed state of the neighbouring provinces, Bosnia and Herzegovina.

The prince was accompanied by the old warrior, the Knez of Grouja, a man of such influence in

Servia, that he was able to act the same part as our Warwick the king-maker. First, he dethroned his old comrade in arms, Milosch, and elected a descendant of Czerni George as his successor. This monarch he very soon cast aside, and recalled Milosch to fill the vacant throne; and all this for no other reason but because he considered that the wisest policy, in the present position of Servia, was to remain at peace with the Turks.

This visit gave rise, as may be expected, to a thousand rumours among this bellicose people. Among other things it was said, and universally believed, that the erection of a fort opposite the Turkish frontier, in defiance of the Sultan's mandate, who was still Padishah of Servia, could not be considered as anything else than a certain indication that Servia was about to take up the gauntlet in defence of their poor brethren, the Servian Rayahs of Bosnia and Herzegovina. It was also asserted that when this contest should recommence, the war would not cease till the whole of the peninsula from sea to sea, from the Danube and the Save to the Bosphorus, had again become the empire of the Servians—free and independent as it was under their great Emperor Stephen.

How poor Turkey is to escape, with so many cormorants ready to devour her, is a problem futurity must solve. The war against Russia, so successfully carried out in the Crimea, it was pre-

sumed, would have secured to the sick man at Constantinople a happy recovery, the enslaved condition of the millions of Rayahs (Christians in the peninsula of European Turkey) never being taken into consideration. Yet our protegé on the Bosphorus has more to fear from them than from Russia, or any foreign power, and for this reason, that they may be said to hold possession of the whole of the interior of the country, its Alps and its mountains, its valleys and defiles, its forests and its glens. Hence any movement threatening a general insurrection coming from the Heteria of the Greeks and the Albanians on one side, and the Illyrianism of the Servians and the Bulgarians on the other, would be sufficient to drive the Osmanli, who scarcely number a fourth of the population, from every part of the peninsula in less than a year.

During my tour in the interior, I will endeavour to point out to the reader some of the most commanding military and strategetical positions in the event of an insurrection, together with the various pathways, passages, and defiles that lead from one important district to another. I will, therefore, at once bid farewell to Servia, and enter the Turkish territory.

I have often speculated, with no little surprise, while wandering in Turkey, as to how or by what means the Turkish Government contrived to spend

the revenues, which must be considerable, of such a vast empire. There are no roads to be kept, for the very sufficient reason that none exist; and as to the bridges, forts, fortresses, and other public buildings they found on first taking possession of the country, having never thought it worth while to keep them in repair, they have become, for the most part, a succession of picturesque ruins. It is true, you occasionally see in Constantinople a kiosk or palace, belonging to the Sultan or some wealthy Osmanli grandee, but beyond this there are no signs of life or progress in the Turkish Empire. Yet, whenever money is wanted on some pressing emergency, the treasury is always empty.

The same absence of life and energy, the same death-like stillness which characterizes the Osmanli nomade, has also fallen like a pall over his poor bondsman the Christian Rayah, who, like his lord, never aspires to any higher ambition than to be the possessor of the four walls of a cabin, furnished with a chest large enough to contain his worldly goods. For what inscrutable purpose has heaven elevated such a race as this to be the rulers of the finest portion of our hemisphere?

That there is something in the nature and character of the religion Mahomet bequeathed to his followers opposed to human progress, there can be little doubt; otherwise, how is it that no

Moslem community has ever elevated itself to any great or noble position—with the exception of the Saracens, and when they were driven from Spain, they returned to the nomade life of their fathers, remaining ever since in obscurity.

We have a striking example in Servia of what a Christian people can achieve, who have emancipated themselves from the thraldom of a Moslem ruler. That country, only thirty years ago, when her gallant sons gained their independence, was little better than a desert. Yet in that short space of time they have constructed roads that intersect the country in every direction, erected inns for the accommodation of the traveller, and built bridges, or ferry-boats, to convey him across the rivers; established universities, public schools, and gymnasiums, newspapers and reading-rooms, industrial schools and prizes for encouraging agricultural pursuits. In short, they have summoned into existence all the institutions that characterise a well-organized community.

All these appearances of industry, civilization, and prosperity were at an end as soon as I had crossed the Morava, and had got among the Osmanli nomades. The fine road that I had trotted over with such ease and comfort, except when I was tempted to explore the Schoumadia, the theatre of so many battles between the Turks and Servians, was at an end; while the first thing that struck me

was the unsightly, clumsy-looking Karaoul with its wooden fence as a substitute for a fort. Then the garrison! The sentinel and his comrades were enjoying, to their hearts' content, their tranquil noonday siesta, in the midst of a chaos of guns, pistols, and bayonets, offering a most tempting opportunity to the haiduks of the neighbouring mountains to descend and help themselves to fire-arms and ammunition—two articles of which they stand very much in need.

I confess it afforded me the most malicious pleasure to arouse these degenerate sons of Othman from their lazy slumber, which I did by a loud tally ho! that caused them to start to their feet, looking as much scared and bewildered at the sound of the outlandish roar as if Beelzebub himself had come among them. That tell-tale of a traveller's name and country, the passport, which has now found its way into Turkey, having revealed to the officer of the guard that I was a real Ingleski, I was glad to see that he was thoroughly ashamed at being detected in the commission of such a flagrant breach of military discipline—excusing his poor fellows, who, he said, had so much night-work to perform, owing to the disturbed state of the country, that their powers of endurance were completely exhausted. Being mercifully inclined, I did not reply, "That may be true, but you ought to have left, at such an important post

as this, at least a couple of sentinels on guard."

The Karaoul, although neither imposing nor picturesque in appearance, is not a bad substitute for a fort, answering as it does every purpose in a country where no more formidable weapon is employed by the insurgents than the common musket. In some parts of Upper Mœsia—Herzegovina, Albania, and on the frontiers of Montenegro, where they are frequently built of massive stone—they are strong enough to withstand a siege, so long as they are well provisioned. Those of a superior description are generally built of an octagon form; and to gain admittance, you enter by a door some eight or ten feet from the ground, which you reach by a ladder. This being drawn up, the inmates are perfectly secure from the attack of any ordinary foe unprovided with artillery, while, at the same time, they are enabled to pour volley after volley upon the enemy from port-holes in the side of the building. The lower story, to which you descend by means of another ladder, is generally used as a prison for malefactors, where they are kept until they are removed to the nearest gaol.

The Karaoul in question was nothing better than a mass of planks, beams, and rafters roughly hewn into shape by the hatchet and fastened together. The same clumsy, ill-constructed building I had seen some seven or eight years ago, when I

took this route on my way to Constantinople. Yet, in a military and strategetical point of view, this is one of the most important positions in this part of the peninsula, commanding, as it does, nearly all the passes leading from Servia into Bulgaria, Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Upper Mœsia. Another proof, if I required one, of the utter recklessness and indolence of the Turkish Government; and no doubt, also of the rapacity of the pacha of the district—a class of employers who are for the most part ignorant and avaricious, having no other idea or thought than how or by what means they can amass a fortune during their precarious tenure of power.

To be satisfied of the great military and political importance of this position, we have only to refer to the history of the wars between the Turks and the Servians towards the latter part of the fourteenth century, when we shall find that this was the great highway taken by Sultan Amurath, after his conquest of Bosnia, when he made himself master of Nissa, and pursued Lazar, the Kral of Servia, across the river Morava, and ultimately compelled that prince to become a tributary to the Turkish Empire.

At a later date, in 1443, it was the same highway that enabled Hunyady and his Hungarians, after the fall of Belgrade, to overrun the entire country, from that town to the confines of Mace-

donia. The same road was also adopted by the Austrians, under their renowned leader, the Margrave of Baden, in 1689; and, as I observed in a previous chapter, Czerni George, in 1809, followed their footsteps, but was unable to retain the important districts he had conquered, by the sudden approach of an unusually early and severe winter, also by the circumstance that all his ammunition had been expended.

Now, what these generals did at a time when the Turks might be said to be at the very zenith of their power, may surely be done by the Servians of our day, who, independent of their own natural bravery, would be certain to be joined by the whole of the Christian population of Bosnia, Upper Mœsia, Herzegovina, and Montenegro, and in all probability by the inhabitants of Austrian Dalmatia, on the Adriatic, who are also Slavonians, and belong to the great Servian nationality.

If we turn our attention from the details connected with war to those of commerce, we shall find that this position is admirably adapted for the centre of extensive lines of railway communication, which could easily be carried from hence to nearly every large town in the peninsula—thus connecting them with the Danube, the Ægean Sea, the Bosphorus, and the Adriatic. Nothing could be more easy than to follow the banks of the Morava from here to Nissa, and then continuing

the course of that river to the great upland plain of Kosovo, where we meet with the Vardar and the Lepanatz, which will carry us, without encountering any engineering difficulty, to the Gulf of Salonica.

In another direction we shall find the same facility along the banks of the Lower Morava to Semendria, on the Danube, and from that town to Belgrade. From this city, the capital of Servia, branch lines might be made to Salievo and Stalatch, and then on to Nissa Pirat, and Sophia, Adrianople, and Constantinople.

The only difficulty to be encountered would be found in Albania, and Bosnia, and between the plain of Kosovo and the Adriatic, owing to the great altitude of the mountains that intercept the way, and the abrupt windings of the rivers and torrents that empty their waters into the Adriatic. These difficulties can of course be surmounted by means of the viaduct and the tunnel. Again, to facilitate the work, iron and coal are to be found in nearly every direction; to which, we may add, there is no want of labour; and wood may be had at the expense of cutting it down. Moreover, as the Sultan, according to the old Turkish laws, is sole lord and master of the country, the land would be given for such a great national benefit gratuitously.

On leaving the Karaoul, I continued my route

along the banks of the Morava, to the strong town of Nissa, across one of the most beautiful and fertile plains in the peninsula. Corn-fields, vineyards, and orchards, interspersed with pastures and meadows, here and there remarkably well cultivated, everywhere met the view, affording certain indications that I had entered Bulgaria, whose simple-minded inhabitants may be numbered among the most industrious in European Turkey. But the total absence of villages, farm-houses, and all the other evidences of the residence of a rural population, gave a monotonous character to the landscape, which nothing could relieve. Neither was the broad expanse of the noble river, as it rolled on in solitary grandeur towards the Danube, bearing no other burden than masses of wood, torn up by the roots, calculated to enliven the scene.

At intervals, it is true, we met with a group of peasants at work in the fields, men, women, and children, who always received us with a hearty "Dobro dossolo," and an invitation to share the contents of their provender baskets. Orloff seemed to be the friend of everyone, and everyone the friend of Orloff, this being the route he usually took with his pack-horses. Consequently, there was not a little gossiping and many inquiries made of Gospodin, relative to the affairs of the great world—that wonderful Frangestan which they had all heard of, but never hoped to see.

The external appearance of old Nissa, rising up at the further end of the plain over which I was now travelling, with its gilded cupolas, graceful minarets, and towering citadel, deludes the traveller into the belief that he is about to enter a vast city, prosperous and populous in no ordinary degree. But all is not gold that glitters in Turkey, and this he finds to be too true the moment he enters its narrow, dirty streets, lined with rows of houses fast falling to decay and ruin. Neither can his admiration be excited for the administrative vigour of the sons of Othman, when he sees the dilapidated state of the fortifications, which appear in such a condition as merely to require the reverberation of a discharge of artillery to shatter them to fragments.

There can be no doubt of the great antiquity of Nissa, while, to judge from its position, and what still remains of its fortifications and lofty citadel, it must have been of great importance. The Servian chroniclers, who wrote the history of Servia during the reign of their great emperor, Stephen, tell us it was founded by a tribe of their race, the Rasci, long before the Greeks besieged the city of Troy, and that in after-times the Macedonians and the Romans embellished it with many splendid public buildings.

Nissa, it must be admitted, owes much to its very advantageous position, lying only a short

distance from the picturesque range of the Balkan, and being partly surrounded, as I before observed, by one of the most fertile plains in the peninsula, just the spot we might presume that would be selected by those rulers of the world, the Greeks and Romans, as one of their favourite residences. But strange to say, in all my wandering through the town and environs, I never discovered the slightest remains of any building that bore the trace either of Greek or Roman—all have been swept away as completely as if they had been engulphed by an earthquake.

My first visit was to the citadel, which is separated from the lower town by the deep waters of the Naschava, one of the confluents of the Morava. Here I found an old wooden bridge, so out of repair that I momentarily expected I should be obliged to take a bath against my inclination. On regaining *terra firma* I was again reminded of the utter recklessness of the Osmanli of the present day, on seeing the dilapidated state of the outer line of fortifications, which appear to have remained in the same state since they were last stormed by the Servians under Czerni George. The citadel, however, with its octagon and hexagon bastions, its gabions and pavilions, is evidently in good repair. The only danger to be apprehended would be in the event of an enemy obtaining possession of a few eminences towards the south-east.

Although the citadel of Nissa is undoubtedly very strong, and serves as the key to the various passes leading to Bulgaria, Bosnia, Upper Mœsia, Herzegovina, and Montenegro, still its position is not so important as that of the Karaoul I have already described, because it lies too much out of the way of an enemy coming direct from Servia, particularly if his object is the invasion of Bosnia. Still, among all the disasters that could befall the Ottomans in this part of their empire, none would be attended with more disastrous consequences than the loss of Nissa. The effect must be that the whole of Upper Mœsia, with Bosnia and Herzegovina, would be entirely cut off from any communication, except by sea, with the other provinces of the peninsula.

The last attempt to take Nissa was made by the peasants of Bulgaria, who, in conjunction with their old friends, the Haiduks and Ouskoks of the Balkan, not only defeated a large Turkish army, but sacked the town, and besieged the citadel for several weeks. This dangerous insurrection originated in the abduction of one of their fair daughters by the son of the late Pacha Mustapha, an insult which excited a more furious burst of indignation among this usually patient people than if the Pacha had plundered them of their last para.

After one of the most sanguinary and dangerous

insurrections the Turks had to contend with in the peninsula since that of the Servians, and which spread through the whole of Bulgaria, a great part of Upper Mœsia, and Macedonia, the wrath of the people could only be appeased by the Pacha resigning the fair Helen, and by the Sultan granting whatever demands they made, provided they did not infringe his sovereign rights. I must, however, record, and with regret, that the Sultan, acting up to that doctrine of a fanatic Moslem, "Keep no faith with those who have no faith!" no sooner found that the peasants had returned to their villages in peace, than he let loose upon them his Moslem dogs of war; thus perpetuating the hatred borne by the Christians towards the Osmanli ruler in these provinces.

Among the various traits characteristic of this people, and, indeed, of all the Slavonian tribes of the peninsula, there is none more interesting and praiseworthy than the profound respect paid towards a woman, who, although she is in reality nothing more than the mere drudge of the household, bred up and educated with no other view than to be through life the handmaid of man, yet to strike or ill-treat her would be considered, even by the veriest ruffian, as nothing short of sacrilege. Has she not been our guardian from infancy? Has she not fed us in our helplessness with the milk from her own bosom? Is she not always

our best and most devoted nurse in sickness and old age? These, and a hundred similar sayings, may be heard by the traveller who mingles freely among them during his wanderings in these provinces.

Again, what can be a more convincing proof of the chivalrous feeling with which they regard a woman, than the fact that, during the most ferocious fight, only let a woman step between the combatants, and instantly every weapon is lowered. This high respect rendered to a Slavonian woman by her compatriots is probably owing to the circumstance that moral purity is one of her distinguishing characteristics; and that it must have been so from time immemorial, may be inferred from the fact that the Illyrian Slavonian language does not contain a single epithet by which to designate a woman of abandoned character.

The town of Nissa, like every other in the peninsula the seat of a military pacha, consists of three distinct divisions—the kalca, the chehir, and the palankin. The kalca is always fortified, and generally seated on an eminence. It is the residence of the Pacha, and of the various officers, civil and military, employed by him in the government of his pachalik. Here, also, are found the barracks for the military, the courts of justice, together with the private dwellings of all the

wealthy Moslems in the town—no Christian being allowed to reside in it.

The chehir, or lower town, with its Oriental bazaar, is solely occupied by the merchants and trading classes. This division, so confined for space, and enclosed by a deep ditch, high palisades, and gates, which are carefully secured every night, as a protection against the Haiduks of the mountains, is the most unhealthy part of the town to reside in. Notwithstanding the chehir, with its motley population of Turks, Jews, Armenians, Greeks, Arabs, and Zinzars, is a most amusing place to the stranger who may be desirous to see something of the manners and customs of the East. Among other varieties, he can feast his eyes on the form of the Oriental houri as she glides about from stall to stall; and when he is tired of this occupation, he has only to turn to the shops, where he will see every species of handicraft performed, from the operation of making a lady's slipper to the most elaborate work of the silversmith and the jeweller; and if he is disposed to open his purse, there is no want of tempting objects to drain it of the last para. He must not, however, expect to find in these grave-looking Orientals the obliging manners of our shopmen of the West; for there they sit, assuming all the dignity of men who seem to scorn your custom. Their wares, however, are so

artistically arranged to attract the notice of a purchaser, that they find it quite unnecessary to waste a syllable in expatiating on their excellence.

The palankin, which may be termed the faubourg, is also enclosed by a stout palisade. This is the exclusive home of the poor Rayah, and being always more open, and occupying a larger space of ground in proportion to the inhabitants than the other two divisions, it is by far the most healthy quarter for a Frank to reside in. It has also its hans, coffee-houses, shops, and restaurants, but they are of an inferior description to those of its more aristocratic neighbours.

As may be supposed, towns constructed in this manner are most unhealthy to reside in, particularly during the great heat of summer, when they are never free from fever; and if an epidemic should find an entrance, the loss of life is frightful. Even the fountain, with its crystal stream, so intimately connected with the romance of an Eastern, slays its thousands every year; for running, as it does, through streets always badly paved, and full of great holes, the stream is certain to find its level, which, becoming stagnant, exhales those well-known mephitic vapours, as fatal to those within its reach as if they were struck with the plague.

Poor, simple people!—they become pale and

wan, without knowing the cause, and in their ignorance accuse some of their neighbours, with whom they may have had some trifling dispute, of having cast upon them a stroke of the Evil Eye.

In the same manner, if one of these lazy Osmanli grandees or wealthy tradesman can muster sufficient courage and resolution to rise from his soft carpet and stroll into the country with the intention of enjoying a little fresh air, he is almost certain to bend his footsteps towards the cemetery, or, as he more poetically calls it, the "city of his ancestors," where he is certain to meet with friends similarly disposed. Here the whole party sit, and smoke together the friendly tchibouque, and moralize for an hour or two on the uncertainty of life and the mutability of everything human. The indolent Turk having remained just long enough to imbibe a sufficient quantity of the deadly gas around him to bring on a severe headache, returns home, where he worries the patience of every member of his household, who are obliged to devise remedies for relieving his sufferings. Yet, with few exceptions, there is not a more healthy climate than this, nor one more conducive to the growth and strength of man. This may be inferred from the fact that the poor and hardworking Rayah, whether agriculturist or artisan, living in his palankin, and de-

pending for his daily bread upon his own exertions, is rarely unwell, and generally lives to an advanced age.

Can we, then, wonder at the extraordinary decrease of the Osmanli Turks of these provinces, compared with the amount of their former population, exposed as they have been for more than four centuries to the deadly hostility of the people over whom they ruled, but whom they never attempted to conciliate. To escape from the bullet of the Haiduk and the Ouskok, those eternal enemies of Moslem rule, they have been obliged, as I have shewn, to reside within the strong walls of a fortress, where impure air and sensual indulgences have reduced them to what they now are—a miserable, degenerate remnant of that vigorous, enterprising race who made themselves, by the rapidity of their conquests and fanatical bravery, the terror of the surrounding nations. Indeed, if it were not for the converts they made among the robust Slavonians of Bosnia, and the equally brave Arnouts of Albania, they could not in the present day muster a force sufficiently strong to hold the peninsula a single week against an insurrection of its Christian inhabitants.

As a proof of the rapid decrease of the Moslem population, whether of the old Osmanli race or the descendants of the first European renegades, I have only to mention this town, which may be

taken as a specimen of every other in European Turkey. For instance, out of a population of about eight thousand, only fifteen hundred belong to the Mahometan creed. Yet Nissa is the seat of a Pacha, where all the machinery of an extensive Pachalik is carried on, and, as a consequence, the residence of a considerable number of paid officials, who, conformably to the laws of the Koran, and the spirit of the Government, must be Moslems. Moreover, to confirm the truth of this assertion, there are in Nissa alone eleven mosques, sufficiently capacious to contain, at the lowest calculation, ten thousand worshippers.

The mosque may indeed be considered an anomaly in the Turkish Empire; while everything else you see appears to be hastening to ruin and decay, it alone seems to defy the influence of time. Nay, a stranger unacquainted with the Turks and their singular administration, on seeing this beautiful edifice, always neat, clean, and in good repair, would be led to believe that the True Believers must not only be very numerous, but remarkable for their piety and devotion. No such thing. The fact is, there is no other Church, whatever may be its denomination, so richly endowed as the Mahometan Church in Turkey, consequently there is no want of funds to keep the mosques in every part of the empire in the very best repair, and to maintain in affluence

every official connected with them, from the Scheik el Islam down to the lowest Moullah.

In all my intercourse with the Turks, I have never been able to glean anything like a correct estimate of the revenue of the Moslem Church. It must, however, be immense, for, independent of the numerous donations made to it by private individuals, it possesses, as its own exclusive property, some of the most extensive and valuable domains in the empire.

The creditors of Turkey would do well to remember this in the event of a national bankruptcy, or any unforeseen catastrophe befalling a government so weak and liable to disaster.

CHAPTER XVI.

Bulgarian Rural Life—Ruins of an old Roman Fort—Turkish Officers—Their Hospitality—Arnout Recruits—Effects of the Conscription—Perilous Travelling—Swimming across the Morava—Equine Sagacity—A Bivouac—How to Travel in Turkey—Turkish Bridges—Ascent of the Leponitza—Arrival at Leskovatz—How to Procure a Supper—Embarrassing Position—All are not Turks who appear so—An Agreeable Surprise—Visit to Veli Bey.

ON leaving Nissa for Corvin-Grad, we had a delightful ride through one of the most fertile districts in the peninsula. As far as the eye could reach, there was nothing to be seen but a succession of cornfields, pastures, and meadows, studded here and there with the tiny villages of the peasants, and surrounded by orchards, in which might be seen fruit-trees of every description growing most luxuriously. It was one of these Arcadias, not often met with in European Turkey, except in the vicinity of a strong fortress like Nissa, where the peasants are sure of protection should their old enemies, the marauding Arnouts, be tempted to pay them a visit.

It was not necessary to inquire of my kiraidji, to feel assured that the Rayahs who cultivated these fields were Bulgarians. I had abundant proofs of this in the fine crops before me, and in the number of men, women, and children that were everywhere to be seen busily employed in some agricultural occupation. Orloff seemed to be well-known to them, for we soon found ourselves surrounded by a crowd crying their "dobro dosli, Kako je Orloff!" The men were anxious to get a Belgrade newspaper, or a book of some kind in the Servian language, and the women pins, needles, and thread. As I always travel in these remote countries with a plentiful supply, we received in exchange for our wares as much provisions as we could carry, of the very best description, besides a hearty welcome to eat and drink whatever we pleased at all their little villages and hamlets we met along the road.

On leaving this beautiful plain, and its seemingly happy inhabitants, we all at once entered that gloomy defile called Corvin-Grad. The half dried-up torrent, that now served as a substitute for a road, was a sad change to Orloff's *conies* (horses) from the pathway we had just left, smooth and soft as a bowling-green. On emerging from this, we came to another of these karaouls, where I found a Turkish officer and a few soldiers stationed, for the defence of this important pass,

as well as to overhaul any traveller or vagabond that might be found wandering about without a *pash* (passport), one of those nuisances of civilized countries which the Turks, in their ignorance, have thought proper to adopt, and which, having everywhere failed, even in the most populous countries, as a safeguard to society against the evil-disposed part of the population, are worse than useless in these more than half-deserted countries of European Turkey.

The ruins of a castellated fort, evidently the work of the Romans, indicate that that far-seeing, clever people had seen the necessity of protecting a position which commands the only pass in this mountain district that leads to Macedonia and the Ægean Sea. The only part now remaining entire is a portion of the rampart and a gate of entrance, over which may be seen a mutilated bas-relief, and a Roman inscription, but so defaced as to be quite unintelligible. The ruin still bears the Illyrian name, Kourvi-Grad (Castle of the Profligates). The tradition current among the Slavonians respecting its singular name tells us that many centuries ago it was inhabited by a great warrior and his followers, who were somewhat more intimate than was quite decorous with the fair inmates of a nunnery on the opposite side of the Morava. Be this as it may, there certainly is the ruin of some monastic building in the place in-

dicated, with part of a small chapel and a few tombstones, with inscriptions in the Cyrillic character. This time I did not find the Sultan's guard of the Karaoul napping. On the contrary, on learning from Orloff that his Gospodin was an Englishman, I have to thank these gallant fellows for a most plentiful repast, consisting of a very excellent pilaff, sweetmeats, sherbet, coffee, and the friendly tchibouque. It appeared they had served with us during the late war in the Crimea, and learned to appreciate the generous character of an Englishman; but for some reason or other they spoke most disparagingly of our allies the French. War, in whatever shape it may come, is to be deplored; still, we must admit that it produces some good effects; and the fact that these Moslem soldiers, who, in their walk of life are usually great fanatics, condescended to eat out of the same dish as an unbelieving Giaour, was a proof that by mingling with a more enlightened people their minds had been enlarged. In short, experience had taught them that there are good Christians in the world, as well as good Mahometans.

Our military friends of the Karaoul, on learning I intended to go to Bosnia by the town of Kourschoumli, a much shorter route than that by Vrania, very kindly warned me against taking that way, as it was at that moment full of peril to a traveller, owing to an insurrection that had broken

out among the inhabitants, a colony of Moslem Albanians, arising out of the Conscription, which had been attempted to be enforced among them by the Pacha of Leskovatz.

The passport system, like the conscription, has been borrowed by the Turks from our ingenious neighbours the French. The first has been found of no use whatever, in a country so extensive and thinly populated as Turkey; while the latter has had no other effect hitherto than to render military service more and more unpopular, leading, year after year, to sanguinary contests between the authorities and their Moslem subjects, the only class from which the Turkish army is recruited. This is the more to be deplored, when it is remembered that in European Turkey, which has always produced the best soldiers, they only number about a sixth of the population. The system, such as it is, works tolerably well in the large towns, where there is no back door by which to escape from the inevitable fate of the military lottery. But in the Moslem districts of Upper Mœsia, Bosnia, and Albania, where the inhabitants are engaged in agricultural employments, and possess so many facilities to escape to the mountains, the authorities have no other alternative than to steal upon them unexpectedly, supported by a large military force, and carry off as many men as they can secure. About half-way between

Kourvi-Grad and Leskovatz, at the village of Lipovitzka, on the banks of the Morava, I met with a party of these unfortunate recruits, who had been just captured by a troop of Turkish cavalry—the bandaged heads of both showing how fearful must have been the struggle; and though the captives were bound together in pairs by strong cords, the soldiers had some difficulty to prevent them from renewing the fight; while their loud screams and distorted countenances gave them more the semblance of caged tigers than human beings. It was evident, from the anxious looks of the Turkish officers, and the preparations they were making to resist an attack, that there was danger so long as they remained on this side of the river, the home of the Arnouts. But how to cross it with their prisoners was the question, swollen as it was. None of their horses would attempt it; and as to a boat, such a thing had not been heard of in the whole district since the reign of Lazar, the last Emperor of the Servians.

While conversing with one of the Turkish officers as to the possibility of crossing it by means of a raft and its simple machinery, Orloff came to me with a countenance in which terror was depicted, and in a whisper told me we must mount our horses and ride off in another direction as fast as they could gallop, as the Arnouts were up, and coming down on the village in hundreds. He was

right, for we had scarcely ridden a quarter of a mile before we saw several groups of them in the distance, all armed, and hastening onwards to the village.

As we had now travelled together for some time, I had every reason to believe that my kiraidji did not want for courage—of his fidelity and attachment to me I had several proofs. I therefore placed myself entirely under his guidance. He knew the Arnauts better than I did, and that, when their hot blood is once up, there is no bounds to their violence. We had now come to a part of the Morava where it was partly shaded by a group of gigantic willows.

"Here, Gospodin," he said, "we may, with perfect safety, swim our horses across; they are strong, and accustomed to the water; and even should we find any difficulty, we have only to hold by the branches of the trees, when we shall be able to relieve them, and guide them till we come to a practicable landing-place, when, with this cord fastened round my waist, and attached to the saddle of my horse, I will swim ashore, and then all our perils are over."

In our present circumstances, our preparations for crossing did not take up much of our time; but the luggage—how was that to be got over? Even this was guarded from submersion by the prudent foresight of my experienced kiraidji, who,

by means of the little hatchet he carried in his belt, soon formed a raft from the branches of a willow, and the reeds that grew on the banks of the stream, sufficiently buoyant to withstand the force of the current. Moreover, he had so well planned his little enterprise, and allowed so nicely for the loss of ground caused by the rapidity of the river, that we arrived at the exact spot he had intended, and this was done without using a whip to our horses. Sagacious and faithful as spaniel dogs, all that they required was a little encouragement by the voice, such as calling them our "Blaga moia"—our "moia siree," and other endearing epithets in the Slavonian language, which they seemed to understand, and appreciate by making renewed efforts, till they found a footing; and when once on shore, there they lay panting, but with a look of contentment, as much as to say—Did I not do my work bravely? and now that I am on dry land, here will I rest for the night.

We had scarcely landed, when the expected tumult at the village burst forth in one of those terrific war-crys peculiar to the Albanians, accompanied by one or two stray shots, which gradually increased to a regular discharge of musketry. This was succeeded by another tremendous shout, so different in its tones, that it was easy to perceive the peasants had gained their point—the release of the captives, and all was over.

From the day that Orloff entered my service as kiraidji and guide, I had every reason to consider him to be one of the most pious and conscientious men I had ever travelled with. He was humane in his disposition, kind and courteous in his manners. I never knew him to eat or drink, even when on horseback, without crossing himself; neither did he ever resign himself to repose, or rise in the morning, without offering up a prayer. I was not, therefore, surprised to see him engaged in his usual devotions while the fight continued between the military and the Albanian Arnauts at the village. But how great was my surprise to hear so pious a man utter such exclamations as the following—

"May the infidels—O Lord Jesus!—cut each others' throats!—they are unbelieving heretics! May they destroy each other, till the whole Satan's brood are swept away from the land of my fathers!"

I was very much grieved to hear such evidences of uncharitable feeling in a man of whom I thought so highly—so utterly at variance with his professions of piety. It is true, he might have suffered deeply from Moslem tyranny—he might have an hereditary enmity against his rulers—still, we cannot think him justified in indulging this intense hatred; nor, on the other hand, can we judge a man, in his station of life, too harshly.

Even we ourselves, who enjoy the blessings of civilization and enlightened Christianity, would probably not entertain any good-will towards a conqueror who should impose upon us the yoke of slavery, civil and religious. Notwithstanding the displeasure I felt for the moment towards my kiraidji, I fear that with Turks for my rulers, my animosity would have been quite as violent—especially if I had seen my countrymen manacled and beaten, and made to feel that they were the slaves of slaves; and if I had seen their wives and daughters torn from their homes to grace the harem of an infidel Moslem—and all this for more than four hundred years—I fear I should not render very implicit obedience to the divine precept, "Love your enemies."

Taken altogether, the kiraidjis of Turkey are a very peculiar class. They are to the inhabitants and the traveller what the railroad is to Western Europe, only that they and their horses serve at once for rail, steam, and carriage. In a word, you have no other way of locomotion. Generally speaking, they are remarkable for their honesty, fidelity, and sobriety, and rarely, unless in consequence of some unforeseen event, have they been known to break their contract. From my own experience as a traveller in nearly every part of the Turkish Empire, I can confidently assert that, during the thousands of miles I have travelled

with them, I never found one who was not trustworthy. Then, it must be remembered, the traveller is entirely at their mercy in a country so wild and desolate, where a treacherous guide might easily league with the natives to plunder him, and escape any suspicion himself. Still, it is necessary to have a written contract, and perhaps it is also advisable that this should be signed in presence of your Consul, or of some respectable householder of the town from whence you start.

In European Turkey alone they number several thousand. They are men of some little property, at least their horses are their own; and so high is their character, that they are not only entrusted with valuable merchandise, but with money and jewelry to a large amount. When this is the case, they travel in company with other kiraidjis for mutual protection, when they take the name of caravans. They are generally strong, hearty fellows, accustomed to rough it, and, almost to a man, of the Slavonian race.

During the winter—that is, from the middle of November till the latter end of February—they rarely leave home. The remainder of the year you may see them travelling with their pack-horses in every part of the peninsula; and as the canopy of heaven is their inn, and the prairie, where they bivouac for the night, or take their noon-day siesta, serves their horses for a stable, and at the same

time provides them with food, their expenses are but trifling, as no demand is ever made upon them either for the grazing of their horses or the wood they burn. For, let it be remembered, this is a country where land, except in the vicinity of a town, is scarcely of any value, and where you may have as much wood for burning as you desire for the trouble of cutting it.

In all the great towns the traveller may purchase tea, coffee, sugar, dried fruits, liquors, confectionary, tobacco, &c.; bread, wine, cheese, raki, and sometimes cooked meat, in the hans; milk, eggs, poultry, and vegetables, at the agricultural villages —all at a very cheap rate. So that the traveller with a little money may procure all the necessaries, and many of the luxuries of life. In general, provisions of every description are good and reasonable. For instance, any shepherd you meet with on the route will gladly sell a lamb or a kid for a shilling, or a little more. It is true, in the remote districts a man may travel the whole of a long summer's day without seeing a human being, much less a village. But even in this dilemma the traveller who knows how to handle his gun may always shoot as much game as he requires for his supper, the only substantial meal that a kiraidji takes in the course of the day.

During the fine weather, which here generally lasts six months in the year, I always preferred

to bivouac in the open air, rather than endure the various petty *disagrémens* of the han—its bad, confined air, fleas, mosquitoes, &c., even though I should be in danger now and then of getting drenched by a passing thunder-storm. It is true, in the bivouac you are liable to be attacked by enemies much more to be dreaded, snakes, scorpions, and centipedes, which everywhere abound in the peninsula, especially in the vicinity of rocks and caverns. In order to protect us from their invasion, our kiraidji, having selected some snug corner for our night's quarters, proceeds to kindle a large fire, for the two-fold purpose of airing his bed and chasing from its vicinity every noxious reptile and insect. He then removes the fire to a little distance, and when the earth has cooled a little, places upon it his carpet, and rolled up in his bourka—a thick mantle, made of camel's hair and wool—makes himself happy for the night.

The traveller need not be under the slightest apprehension, in any part of the peninsula, of a visit from bears, wolves, and other ferocious animals, as they rarely wander from their retreats in the deep recesses of the mountains, except during very severe weather.

It must be confessed that to any traveller who possesses a good constitution, and is indifferent to the luxuries of civilized society, this sort of nomadic life has many attractions, though, at the

same time, many annoyances. The Mahometans, whether Turk, Arnout, or Spahi, still regard a Giaour, even though he may be a Frank, with hatred and contempt; and unhappily there is always in the peninsula a sufficient number of disbanded Turkish soldiers, deserters, and marauding Arnouts, to render the Sultan's highway none of the safest. They are, however, a well-behaved class of brigands, compared with the cowardly vagabonds of Spain and Italy, who, not content with robbing and maltreating their victims, too frequently carry them off to their fastnesses in the mountains, and detain them prisoners till they are released by paying a large ransom.

Refreshed by our night's bivouac, we again resumed our journey; and now that we had placed the Morava between us and the insurgent Arnouts, and got once more among the peaceful Rayahs, Orloff, as was his wont when among his own race, made the woods and mountains echo and re-echo with his national songs, but with so little variety in the composition, that I never could distinguish one air from another. They were always mournful in their cadence, and consisted of merely two notes, high and low.

On our route to Leskovatz we crossed the Morava several times, and, what is rarely seen in the empire of the Turks, we found three bridges. Two of them had been broken in the centre, evi-

dently for the purpose of arresting the march of an enemy at some remote period. As usual in this long-neglected country, there was nothing more secure to enable the traveller to pass over the chasm than a few planks, fastened together with wattles. Habit is second nature, and this was exemplified in the deliberate and careful manner with which Orloff's horses picked their steps in crossing these substitutes for bridges. A rapid movement of the ears, and a slight snort, as one of the rickety planks bent beneath their feet, was the only evidence they betrayed of fear. One of these bridges was a curiosity; it was entire, and consisted of a single arch of extraordinary height, but worn into holes by the wear and tear of centuries, which had become most efficient traps for breaking the legs of any biped or quadruped who might have the misfortune to step into them. Still, bad as they were, climbing broken bridges was less perilous than swimming across a river that had become a torrent.

On witnessing these barbarisms in one of the most favoured countries of our own Europe, I could not but deplore most deeply that such an indolent race as the Turks have proved themselves to be since they conquered this beautiful peninsula, had been elevated to rule and power. What a blessing it would have been to a large portion of the human race if they had remained, like their

fathers, wanderers in the wilds of Asia, with no other subjects to govern than their own flocks and herds! However much the great Powers of the West may desire the existence of a Turkish Empire—however eloquent may be the orations of our own politicians about the regeneration of the shepherd race of Othman, and the advances they have made in civilization—I fear that all their efforts cannot uphold much longer the authority of a people who have yet to learn the first rudiments in the art of governing.

For instance, you cannot regard their rule, at least in this part of their empire, in any other light than a vast encampment in the midst of a hostile people, to whom they are as great strangers in the present day as their fathers were four hundred years ago. My only wonder is that a race who have never made an attempt to conciliate, or amalgamate with the people they had conquered, have been able to maintain themselves so long in power.

On gaining the summit of the Lepovatz, I enjoyed a very extensive prospect over the surrounding country. I could distinctly trace the various windings of the Morava from Kourvi-Grad to the town of Leskovatz; while the number of defiles and ruined forts that met the eye, gave evidence of the great importance of this part of Upper Mœsia in a military point of view. In fact, it was from

this stronghold that the Krals of Servia were accustomed to descend, and carry their triumphant arms to the walls of Constantinople; and so numerous were their victories over the degenerate Greeks of the Byzantine Empire, previous to the advent of the Turks, that they styled themselves "Emperors of Servia, Greece, Bulgaria, Bosnia, and Albania."

On descending from this mountain, our route was carried along the banks of the Morava, through a very lovely country, and to all appearance very fertile. This continued without interruption till I arrived at the Boutanshka-Rika, one of the affluents of the Morava. There I found another of those primitive bridges, which conducted me to the town of Leskovatz. On reaching the environs, my ears were everywhere greeted with a chorus of nightingales. The gardens, orchards and acacia trees that lined the road appeared to be full of them, each vying with the other in the strength and melody of his song; thus adding another charm to a town that owes so much to its lovely situation.

In Turkey, more than any other country in the world, you are reminded of the old adage, "It is not all gold that glitters;" and so it proved on entering Leskovatz, which would in reality be nothing better than two large straggling villages, were it not for the six elegant mosques, with their grace-

ful minarets that you see proudly rising above it. Unlike most of the other towns in the peninsula, the seat of a Pacha, with their Kalias, Chehirs, and Palankins, as I described Nissa in a previous chapter, and which, in fact, form three separate towns united in one, Leskovatz has but two divisions—one exclusively appropriated to the elect of Mahomet, and the other to the Christian dogs and Jews. And as these towns are happily separated from each other by the broad waters of the Morava, here, at least, the followers of the Crescent and the Cross may live in peace.

Orloff, like a good Christian as he is, conducted his Gospodin to the town of the Christians, where we took up our quarters in the han of one of his own people. Now, as I had been living for the last two days on meagre fare, though I did not wish to shock the religious prejudices of my pious kiraidji, I feared I should get nothing better at the han of my Christian Hanji than one of the insipid messes usually served on a fast day. I therefore lost no time in seizing an opportunity of taking a sly peep into the pot, and finding nothing better there than stewed beans, red cabbage, and similar ingredients, heaven forgive me! I could not refrain from wishing myself on the other side of the river, among a people who I knew had more sense than to starve their bodies for the benefit of their souls.

Acting on the spur of the moment, I lost no time in placing the Morava between me and the meagre fare of these orthodox Christians, as they call themselves. The event justified my expectations. I found the Moslems busily engaged in cooking the evening meal; and as they perform this interesting operation in front of their hans and eating-houses, I had only to select one that seemed more promising than another, and call for what I wanted; for however much a Moslem may dislike an unbeliever on religious grounds, his fanaticism always evaporates when it comes in contact with a piece of silver.

I was not long in coming to a full stop, on seeing a Hanji raise the cover of one of his stew-pans, and display to my wondering eyes—a duck stewed with green peas! I never heard of such a dish before in Turkey. A duck stewed with green peas was irrisistible to a Frank. I at once determined to have it, cost what it would; but as the savoury meal was destined for no less a personage than the Effendi of the Pacha's band, it was only on the payment of an extravagant price that I prevailed upon the Hanji to resign it to me. As ill-luck would have it, I had scarcely time to seat myself at table, when, lo and behold! who should appear but the very man of all others the least welcome to the Hanji and myself at that particular moment. As might be supposed, the haughty Moslem, on finding

his favourite dish had been consigned to the tender mercies of a swine-eating, dirty Giaour, gave vent to a storm of passion frightful to hear. Among other angry expressions, I was not a little alarmed on hearing him say,

"By Allah! he would have his duck!—fling it into the street! and cudgel the pig of pigs!"

Was ever before a poor Frank more to be pitied? Here was I, in the very midst of the Philistines, without a friend to take my part, without a hope of escape. My first thought was directed to the revolvers I carried in my pocket; but would these little weapons save me from being cut to pieces and thrown to the dogs, if I raised my hand against the life of one of the elect? Alas! I had little time for reflection, for the furious Moslem, without more ado, bounded into the han, no doubt with the intention of annihilating the dog of dogs who had dared to appropriate his supper. When, however, he beheld a respectable-looking Frank, using his own knife and fork, as quietly as if seated at a Paris restaurant, he suddenly paused. Now, I had been long enough in Fatherland to know a German at a glance, whatever costume or guise he might assume. I therefore felt convinced that the man before me could not be a native of Turkey, notwithstanding that he acted the part of an overbearing Moslem most admirably.

Impressed with the conviction, I immediately addressed him in German, saying,

"Mein Herr, I regret extremely to have deprived you of your supper; but if you will favour me with your company, and our Hänji supplies us with some little addition, we can contrive to make a hearty meal, besides the pleasure it will give me of enjoying a little intellectual conversation with, I presume, a native of dear old Fatherland."

A hearty laugh, such as a German alone can give, when he is thoroughly roused to merriment, was the answer. I need not therefore say more, than that an adventure which looked so serious, ended in our becoming inseparable companions during the few days I remained at Leskovatz. I was also pleased to hear from the master of the Turkish band that Veli-Bey an old friend of mine, was the Musselim of the town, an office which gave him rank and power inferior only to that of the Pacha himself.

The Germans are particularly unfortunate in having no colony or outlet as a field of enterprise for the superabundant population of their country, consequently they are obliged to seek in foreign lands a remunerating return for whatever talents they may possess. As music is one of their natural gifts, among a people like the Turks, where the art is assuredly in its infancy, even an indifferent musician is certain to find employment. Besides,

the Turks, in their desire to imitate the usages of Western Europe, having determined upon providing bands for their regiments, a great demand for instrumental performers has necessarily arisen. Our hero of the han, whose supper I had so unceremoniously appropriated, had made the acquaintance of Veli-Bey at Würtzburg, where they were both students, and to his friendship he is indebted for the lucrative appointment he holds as master of the band in the household of the Pacha.

On leaving the han, we adjourned to the kiosk of my friend Veli-Bey, from whom I received a most hospitable reception; and knowing as he did the inconveniences to which a Frank is exposed when he takes up his residence at one of these substitutes for an inn, he ordered a room to be prepared for me, and insisted, in the most peremptory manner, I should continue his guest as long as I remained at Leskovatz.

In his manner and mode of living Veli is a perfect German; he retains, however, the true Oriental antipathy to active exertion, rarely taking any exercise more laborious than a game at billiards, and a stroll to the Sweet Waters in the vicinity of the town, where he meets his friends, with whom he holds a little friendly converse, sips his coffee, and smokes his tchibouque. As might be expected, to a man of his indolent habits his two

beautiful Arabian horses I admired so much are of little or no use. As he placed them at my disposal during my stay, I was enabled to try their mettle; when, however, Veli himself accompanied me, our excursions were short, and our pace a gentle trot.

Good, quiet man as he is, his greatest delight is in reading old German books, more especially those that tell him something of his own country, Bosnia, of which he is a native, and the distinguished *rôle* it played in the history of the world previous to the advent of the Turks, at a time when his own ancestors were its reigning princes. I was not surprised to find that a man of such refined tastes, and so German in his ideas and feelings, had long ago swept away from the household of his fathers all the barbarities of Turkish life, except in what relates to the harem; and this also he would have reformed, were it not that he fears to offend the prejudices of his Moslem countrymen. In fact, Veli, if he is at heart a Mussulman, is the most liberal and enlightened one I ever met with.

It would appear as if a love of change and novel excitement is inherent in the nature of man. Notwithstanding my nomade tastes, and the delight I experienced on having got rid of the cares and troubles of civilized life, I must confess that I felt not a little pleased to seat myself in a chair, and handle a

knife and fork at my friend's hospitable table. At the same time, I fully enjoyed the intellectual conversation of my host; for Veli, during his academical life in Germany, and in a subsequent tour he made in England and France, had acquired sufficient information to render him a most agreeable companion. And deriving as he does a very considerable revenue from his hereditary fief in Bosnia, together with the lucrative office of Musselim, he is enabled to exercise a princely hospitality. I was accustomed to meet at his table several Turkish officers, who, like himself, had been educated in France or Germany. I was, therefore, not surprised to find that these gentlemen were exceedingly liberal in matters of religion, as is generally the case when you meet with a well-informed man in Turkey, more especially if he has been educated in a foreign country. I was not, however, prepared to hear that doubts as to the divine mission of Mahomet had already found a place among the trading classes of Constantinople and other large Turkish towns.

It appears that this great change in the religious opinions of a people hitherto so remarkable for fanaticism, had its origin in the Crimean War. An untoward event, which not only exposed the feeble state of the Turkish Empire, but at the same time destroyed the prestige of the Prophet among a people who, till then, believed themselves

the elect of heaven, and, as such, destined to rule the world. With such opinions, we can well imagine how great must have been their mortification, how gloomy their anticipations for the future, when they saw themselves reduced to the stern necessity of being obliged to rely on the bayonets of a Giaour to save them from utter ruin.

That a great change for the better has taken place in the bearing and manners of the Moslems in their intercourse with Christians, compared with the insolence and intolerance of former years, must be evident to every traveller who has been accustomed to visit Turkey; which may be attributed partly to the reverses they have sustained in their wars with Russia, and partly to the wise policy of the Government in employing all its influence to moderate the tone of the ultra-fanatic party. Still, the great mass of the Moslems are ignorant and fanatic; and ignorant and fanatic they are certain to remain, so long as the large revenues of their Church continue in possession of so influential a body of men as priests and lawyers, always ready to agitate and excite the ignorant multitude to deeds of violence, if they fear their interests are in danger. With such a bulwark to support it, Islamism is certain not to crumble to pieces in Turkey for many a day to come. This is one of the principal reasons why all the efforts of our Christian propagandists have never been able to

succeed in undermining the religion of Mahomet.

When discussing the politics of the day, my friends were more guarded in their conversation, particularly with respect to the present state of the Turkish Empire. They were, however, fully alive to the danger of having so many millions of Christians to contend with in European Turkey, so fanatic and so easily excited to rebellion. I could also see that they felt great anxiety about the Servians of the principality, whose sovereign, they knew, had more than enough to do in restraining the military ardour of his subjects from crossing the frontier during the late insurrectionary war, and making common cause with their brethren of Montenegro and Herzegovina.

CHAPTER XVII.

Upper Mœsia, its Mountains, Defiles, and Ruined Forts—Celebration of St. George's Day—A Mountain Village—The Festival—Tribes of the Rasci—Their Form of Government—Hospitality—Singular Christian Church—Mountain Refuge of the Christians—Customs and Manners of the Mountaineers—Their Institutions—Village Senate—Debates—Village Commonwealth—The Codji Bacha—His Duties as a Turkish Official.

ON leaving Leskovatz, I had great difficulty in refusing the kind offer of my friend, Veli-Bey, to send with me, as a protector, one of his household guards, as far as Novi-Bazaar. Imagine the horror of my pious kiraidji, if obliged to travel in company with an infidel, and eat, drink, and sleep in the same bivouac!

Our way led through one of the strongest defiles in this part of Upper Mœsia, with the Morava running through its centre, which, like all mountain rivers, was now so reduced in volume, that in crossing it the water scarcely reached the girth of our horses. My first day's journey was devoid of any adventure worth recording. The country was extremely picturesque, consisting of a succession

of mountains, valleys, defiles, and romantic glens, with here and there the mouldering remains of some feudal castle or fort of bygone ages, but now so destitute of inhabitants, that the sight of a human being was a novelty.

At length the monotony of our silent journey was agreeably interrupted by a *rencontre* with a troop of Rayahs, attired in their holiday habiliments, and singing in chorus one of their national songs. Such an unusual display of merry-making in a country where the inhabitants, like their rulers, are only remarkable for their grave and silent manners, induced me to demand of my kiraidji what it all meant.

"Oh! Gospodin," said he, "don't you know this is St. George's Day (Sveti Tjordji), the patron saint of our race, the Rasci, the day above every other that we devote to feasting and merriment; more especially when he brings us such fine weather as we have now, always a certain sign of an abundant harvest, and that the agriculturist has nothing more to fear from the blight or the malevolence of the evil spirit. To us kiraidjis, St. George's Day is particularly welcome, because we can sleep out of doors from this day till the end of October, without any fear of taking cold." Then, speaking in a whisper, he continued, "This is a great day with the Haiduks and Ouskoks of the mountains, the day they assemble together and

concert their plans of campaign, in case the Arnouts and the Bashi Baizouks should resort to any of their usual tyrannical practices."

Even the stern reformer, who sees in every superstition a relic of paganism, must admit that when festivals like this are linked with the amusements and every-day employment of a people, they must tend to render them more religious. To me, as a traveller, knowing the simple virtues of the people, it afforded an additional proof of their deep faith in the truth of the Christian religion, without which it is much to be doubted if the entire Christian population of the peninsula would not have embraced the faith of Islam, when we remember the persecutions they had to endure; to say nothing of the alluring prospects of being invested with the rights and privileges of their rulers, and all the various attractions of a creed so pre-eminently adapted to minister to the selfish desires of man.

On riding up to the merry group of peasants, we found they were on their way to spend the day in feasting, with their friends of a neighbouring village. After much palavering with Orloff, who appeared to be well known to them, nothing less would satisfy these good people than that the Gospoda Ingleski should also partake of their festivities. Was he not also a Christian, and who but an infidel would refuse celebrating the festival

of Sveti Tjordji, their own good patron saint?

We soon left the banks of the Morava, and entered the mountains through a cleft of the rocks barely wide enough to admit two pack-horses abreast. This continued for about a mile, when it gradually opened into one of the most beautiful valleys that can be conceived, teeming with corn-fields, orchards, meadows, and grazing-grounds, with here and there a cluster of houses, scarcely visible through the foliage of those umbrageous trees, the chestnut and the walnut. Neither was the lowing of oxen, or the bleating of numerous flocks and herds, a stranger to this Fairyland. But what created in me the greatest surprise, was the ingenuity displayed in conveying the various rills of water from the surrounding hills into well-constructed cisterns and reservoirs, for the purpose of irrigating these fields during the droughts of summer, similar to those I witnessed in Spain, the work of the Saracens.

Believing it possible that this ingenious people might have occupied this district at some former epoch, I made inquiry of my companion, who happened to be the Codji-Bacha of the tribe among whom I was now travelling; he, however, assured me that his own race—one of the most powerful among the tribes of the old Illyrians, had resided here, cultivated the same fields, and followed the same occupation of mountain shep-

herds from time immemorial—the only change occurring in their usual every-day life being that of having a succession of new lords and masters, as one dynasty was replaced by another, down to that of their last conqueror, Sultan Amurath, who, having got possession of their lands and domain, made them over to his own church for its exclusive benefit.

On hearing this last assertion, I could not refrain from saying that even in Turkey the gentlemen of the long robe and the pulpit, like those in more civilized countries, were perfectly alive to the expediency of protecting their own interests, let what will happen.

"As to protection," rejoined my companion, "we certainly owe not a little of our present prosperity to the influence of the Church, but far more, if the truth must be told, to our own bravery, and that of our brethren the shepherds of the surrounding mountains—a fine, warlike set of fellows, who are now, as they have ever been, the terror of the Moslem tax-gatherers, and those ruffianly bands of Arnouts and Spahis, who, nevertheless, sometimes find their way into the recesses of our mountain home."

I now caught a glimpse in the distance of a very considerable village, lying at the base of a lofty chain of mountains, above which rose a building of some pretensions to architecture.

Demanding of my companion if that was the village church, he answered in the affirmative, adding that the Sultan's government had become of late years far more liberal in matters of religion, and that, so far as they were concerned, they had not much to complain of. But the bigotry of the masses—that deadly hatred between a Moslem and a Christian—still remained, which, it was to be feared, nothing could eradicate, so long as the one remained a ruler over the other.

On arriving at the village, the din from an *olla podrida* of musical instruments, and the boisterous shouting of so many voices, each louder than the other, was perfectly deafening. At the same time, the piles of bread and cheese, arranged on cloths white as snow, the number of sheep-skins, filled with the wines of the country, ready for the tap, showed that these good people were in earnest in their preparations for celebrating the festival of their patron, the good St. George. Nor were the blazing fires, where lambs, and every species of barn-door fowl and game from the mountains were undergoing the process of roasting, a doubtful indication that we should be regaled with a sumptuous feast.

In addition to these, and similar preparations, there were a number of tents scattered about, intended to serve as refreshment-rooms, and an

elegant amphitheatre in front of the dancing-green for the dancers to repose in; these were tastefully decorated with garlands of flowers. In short, it was altogether a scene so novel, and so out of keeping with the usually grave character of the inhabitants of the peninsula, that I could scarcely believe I was travelling in European Turkey. It is true, I had by mere chance been thrown among that remnant of the oldest inhabitants of the country, the Rasci, so well known for their bravery, their love of liberty, and the tenacity with which they have clung through so many centuries of strife and change of dynasties, to their customs, manners, and religion.

In wandering through the crowds of merry-making peasants, my companion drew my attention to a party of those warlike shepherds of the mountains, whom the Turks designate by the name of Haiduks and Ouskoks—in other words, outlaws and rebels; and truly, if strong, well-knit frames, broad shoulders, and a certain devil-may-care air in their bearing and manner might be trusted, they would prove formidable antagonists in a struggle for life and death. They were all armed with pistols, hanjiar, and the long Arnout gun, slung across the shoulder; weapons, it appears, they never part from, at home or abroad.

Taken altogether, these tribes of the Rasci, of which I saw a very favourable specimen at the

feast, were characterised by a more lofty expression of countenance, and a more determined air in their movements, than any of the other Slavonian tribes I met with in Austria or Turkey, except the Servian. They are also exceedingly good-looking, well-made, and rather tall in stature; and although they call themselves members of the great Servian family, yet, from their similarity with the Albanians, I should think they are rather a link between the old Illyrian and the Servian, who arrived in the peninsula at a later period. This may be inferred from their traditions and piesmas, which tell of their wars with the Greeks, at the siege of Troy, and the campaigns they made with such leaders as Philip and Alexander of Macedonia.

Their patriarchal form of government, and federalism of villages, so well suited to man in a certain state of society, is highly interesting. Indeed, were it not for this system of self-government, and the union of so many tribes and villages into a confederacy, for the purposes of mutual defence, in a country never free from insurrection in some shape or other, they never could have maintained themselves, nor adhered so steadfastly to the religion of their fathers, in the midst of so many hostile influences.

Although there is, as I before observed, a perceptible difference in the character of the Rasci,

compared with that of the other tribes of Slavonians in Turkey, particularly with that of the patient, hard-working Bulgarian, they have all many traits in common. For instance, their manners and customs, in some respects, are similar, and speaking, as they do, an idiom of the same language, and professing, for the most part, the same form of religion, that great bond of unity in a country like Turkey, ruled by a Mahometan sovereign, they may be said to form one great community.

Every village, however small, belonging to this people, has its own chief, elected by the suffrages of the inhabitants, who becomes, in virtue of his office, invested with all the rights of sovereign power. Besides this, he is obliged to perform all the duties of judge, doctor, and banker, and, in the absence of the priest, to read the prayers of the church, kindle the incense, and pronounce the benediction.

When several of these villages enter into a confederacy, they elect a supreme chief, called the Kodji-Bacha, whose authority in almost every instance is confirmed by the Pacha of the district, when he becomes the official organ between the people and that high dignitary. At his little court all the affairs of the community are arranged, both civil and criminal, the chiefs of villages become his lieutenants, and everything is conducted under

his administration with the same order and punctuality as in the best-regulated state.

The residence of the Kodji-Bacha, with its church, prison, court of justice, and granaries, is public property. Here it is that he receives strangers, and entertains a visitor as the guest of the whole community. In former times the Kodji-Bacha was permitted by the government of the Sultan to maintain a few armed guards, but since the establishment of the Armatolis—a species of gendarmes, these communal guards have been abolished. They however still exist in villages like this which I am now describing, far away from the great beaten path of the caravan; and I cannot see how they could dispense with their assistance, in the event of any serious quarrel arising among the people themselves, or a visit from a band of Moslem marauders.

As a stranger, I cannot speak too gratefully of the courteous and hospitable attention I received from this simple, warm-hearted people. It was sufficient that Orloff had told the Kodji-Bacha that his Gospodin was an Ingleski traveller, to be everywhere received with shouts of welcome and every mark of respect and esteem. Indeed, so much so, that I found it took away a great deal from the pleasure I should otherwise have enjoyed in the simple character of an ordinary traveller, and compelled me to caution him against

mentioning the name of my country on any future occasion.

As a novelty to some of our stay-at-home travellers, I will endeavour to string together on this occasion a few incidents characteristic of the people, and of the entertainment at which I was the most honoured guest.

After having wandered about for some time among the joyous crowds, heard the *piesmas* of the poet and the story-teller, tried my Enfield rifle in shooting at a mark against the long Arnout gun of the Haiduk, and danced the kolo as long as I was able to stand, with one of the fair daughters of the goddess Illyria, the Kodji-Bacha conducted me to his konak, appropriated on festive days like this exclusively to the use of the clergy, the elders of the villages, and the officials attached to his own little court.

The room, or, rather, as we should call it in England, a long shed, was gaily decorated with garlands of flowers, among which might be seen in the most conspicuous places paintings of the Panagia, and the gallant Knight of St. George, brilliantly illuminated with rose-coloured wax-candles. Instead of the long table in the centre, with its *couverts* peculiar to our more luxurious countries of the West, small round tables, about a foot high, each with its accompanying carpet for the guest to sit upon, were arranged in rows on each side of the

room. But as our host happened to have extended his travels into Hungary, and seen something of our European usages, the good man on his return had a table constructed, with a few chairs, for the use of any Frank traveller who might happen to pay him a visit.

This novel arrangement for dining, being for the first time called into requisition among our Rascian villagers, its neat white table-cloth, napkin, knife, fork, spoon, and cruet-stand, created not a little surprise and admiration in these simple children of nature, imagining, as they did, that it was all owing to the inventive genius of their Kodgi-Bacha, who had evidently taken his friends by surprise. To me it afforded great pleasure, not so much for this delicate attention on the part of my host, as to witness the delight of these big bearded children, as they one by one seated themselves in the chair, and minutely inspected these novel appendages of a Frank's dining-table. Knives, forks, and spoons were nothing new to them, but the silver stand, with its neat little salt-cellar, and cruets filled with pepper and various sauces—the production of the West—surpassed all that they had heard of respecting the wonders of Frangistan.

The costume of the men was the usual loose jacket and shalwar richly braided, lamb-skin cap,

and sandals, also braided, with a silk shawl to do duty as sash. In accordance with the habits of all Eastern people, we were not favoured with the company of the fair sex as partakers of the feast, those present performing the 'duty' of waiters. Yet they were all the wives of the principal men of the confederated villages, for the most part young and pretty, and, to judge from their smiling happy faces, they took a peculiar delight in ministering to the wants of the guests.

Like their lords, they were attired on this festive occasion in their gala costume, and very pretty and becoming it was. It consisted of fine muslin trowsers, and a loose silk tunic, open in front, richly braided with gold and silver, red slippers, while a turban, gracefully twisted round the head, intermingled with gold or silver tissue, had a very pleasing effect.

The most noticeable part of the costume, however, of these fair dames, was their jewelry. They had stomachers brilliant with gold coins and precious stones; the cincture that encircled the waist, with its large clasp, the earrings, necklace, and bracelets, were all of the purest gold and the most beautiful workmanship. How or by what means they had contrived for so many centuries to preserve them from the rapacity of their rulers the Turks, I could not imagine, for my host the Kodji-Bacha informed me that they had been

heirlooms in the different families so long that all trace of their origin had been lost.

When the whole of the guests were assembled, and the papa of the village had said grace, and all present had crossed themselves, in compliance with the custom of these Christians of the Greek Church, before eating or drinking, the room was instantly filled with our fair waiters, each bearing in her hands a savoury dish of some choice viand, which she smilingly placed on the little table of her own particular friend or relative. With respect to myself, a never-ceasing supply of what was considered to be the choicest viands of the festival was placed on my table, and nothing appeared to give our pretty waiters greater pleasure than to see how adroitly I handled my knife and fork.

Besides the roast lamb in honour of Saint George, and a great variety of other dishes, cooked in every possible manner, and rather too highly seasoned with garlic and red pepper to suit the more delicate taste of a Frank, there were salads and confectionery, made from the produce of the dairy and the apiary, together with every species of fruit, preserved or dried. There was also an abundance of very tolerable wine, the only drawback to which was that it tasted somewhat of the pitched skins in which it had been kept. Our pretty Hebes served it round in most antique-looking

silver cups, and it was always drunk by the guests with a loud "Nasdravi!" and a "Sveti Tjordji!"

After the feast came the coffee and the tchibouques; and, as a *finale* to the rejoicings of the day, the woods and the mountains, the rocks and the glens, were made to echo and re-echo to the sound of the discharge of firearms. Thus ended the festival of Saint George in one of the remotest districts in Upper Mœsia.

Leaving the graver part of our guests to their full enjoyment of the tchibouque, and the young to luxuriate to their hearts' content in the merry dance, I accompanied the Kodji-Bacha in a stroll to the mountains, for the purpose of seeing something which he said would interest me as a traveller.

On leaving the village, we entered a narrow cleft of the rocks, so jagged and torn, that it appeared as if it had been rent asunder, at some remote period, by the shock of an earthquake. This led to a dark vault, resembling a cavern, with a door in it artfully concealed, which my companion having opened by touching a spring, the blaze of light that burst upon us caused me, on the impulse of the moment, to shrink back with amazement.

It was, in fact, a Greek church I saw before me, furnished with whatever is required for celebrating the Greek form of worship, even to

the minutest article. It was adorned with several very antique pictures of our Saviour, the Virgin Mary, and various popular saints; each had a lamp burning before it, which the piety of the villagers never allowed to expire.

"This," said my companion, after crossing himself, and repeating a short prayer—"this is the holy spot—the hallowed ground—where our forefathers have been accustomed, for four hundred years, to meet and perform divine service. Happily, in the present day," he continued, "thanks to the interference of our good friend, the Czar of Russia, and the great powers of the West, we need not resort to the depths of the cavern or the recesses of the mountain to worship our Saviour. Still, these caverns and recesses are in themselves a history, since they remind us of the hardships endured by our fathers, and of their strong faith; and to preserve them in the same state as when they worshipped in gloomy recesses, affords to us, their children, the highest gratification.

"Above all, it reminds me, O Gospodin!" exclaimed my companion, with great energy—"it reminds me of the just punishment inflicted by Heaven upon a nation for its sins. It furnishes a striking example of the wrath of a righteous judge upon a people for their heresy to the creed of their fathers. Perhaps, O Gospodin, you are not aware of the fact that, previous to the conquest of

Constantinople by Mahomet the Second, more than one-third of our nation, corrupted by the false doctrine of the Bogomilians, and the Catherini of the Greeks, openly denied the divinity of our Saviour; and their faith being thus weakened, they were predisposed, when the time came, to receive the deism of Mahomet, which they did on the advent of the Turks in the peninsula, to the extent of nearly one-half of the inhabitants of Upper Mœsia, Bosnia, and Albania. You will not, therefore, feel surprised when I tell you it was to these renegades and traitors that we owe the subjugation of our country to the rule of a Mahometan, and a great deal of the persecution we endured during so many centuries; for, being invested by their new lord and master with all the authority of so many petty sovereigns in their various pachaliks, sangialiks, and beyliks, they had no other aim, no other view, than how, or by what means they could best extirpate a religion they considered to be idolatrous.

"But, O Gospodin, how wonderful are the ways of Providence! While the descendants of these renegades and traitors have been decreasing year after year, until they now number scarcely half a million, the despised Rayahs, the miserable bondsmen, who dared not worship their God except by stealth, have continued to increase and multiply, till, in the present day, we have become

so numerous—so strong in our unity, and able to defend ourselves, that the slightest movement on our part—the slightest rumour of an insurrection, causes as great a panic among these once powerful lords of the soil, as if the Russians had invaded the land. Nay, such is the dread they feel of losing their ill-gotten fiefs, that if an insurrection did take place, we should see them again playing the part of traitor, by sacrificing the interests of the Sultan to their own, even to the renouncing the religion of Mahomet, as happened only a few years ago, when Voussein Bey, one of the descendants of the princely House of Brankowitch, raised the standard of Bosnia, the Smai od Bosna, and would have succeeded in wresting that fine old kingdom from the grasp of the Sultan, had he not allowed himself to be caught in the trap—the Vizier Reschid Pacha had so artfully set and inveigled him into his power. But as the history of our enterprising Bey is somewhat long, I will reserve it for our evening's entertainment. In the meantime, we will go to the cave of our good papa, and smoke with him the friendly tchibouque."

I was now conducted through several vault-like caverns, here and there lighted by a fissure in the rocks above us, sufficiently so as to enable me to see the remains of fires, and other indications of their having been occupied at no remote period.

My friend, anticipating my thoughts, promptly replied that they had been, at every epoch of their long and painful bondage, the safe asylum of his poor suffering countrymen, and, if they could only speak, what a tale of woe and misery they would have to unfold! He also assured me that there were similar retreats in every part of the mountainous districts of the peninsula; and although several of them had been blown up from time to time by their persecutors, this only gave rise to renewed exertions on the part of the Christians to find another, or hew one out of the solid rock with their chisels.

If I had been reading essay after essay on the miseries these poor people had suffered from their fanatical persecutors, they would not have created in me so strong a sensation as the sight of these caverns had caused. Still, we cannot accuse the Turks, or, rather, their instruments, the renegade Beys, Spahis, and Arnouts of Bosnia and Albania, of committing such horrors as were perpetrated by the inquisition of the Christian Church—nothing like the torturing of prisoners and wholesale burnings of heretics, which the holy office so frequently resorted to for confirming the faith of the wavering and extirpating heresy. Even in the day of the Moslems' most rabid fanaticism, the Christians of European Turkey say that their persecutors rarely proceeded to greater extremities

than in their endeavours to root out of a land Providence had given them, every trace of a religion they believed to be idolatrous, and which, as the elect of God, they felt themselves obliged to do, by every means in their power short of sacrificing human life.

On entering the cave of the papa, we found him busily engaged in weaving one of those beautiful mats made from the long wiry grass of the prairies, so much prized by the wealthy inhabitants of the peninsula, and consequently always finding a ready sale. He was in the prime of life, and apparently in the full enjoyment of the most robust health. Although he had been the only inhabitant of this dismal abode for more than ten years, he rarely or ever quitted it, except to perform some pressing clerical duty in the absence of the papa of the village, or to collect in the recesses of the mountain the various medical herbs he required for his pharmacopœia.

The principal duty he had to perform in his clerical capacity was to replenish the lamps in the church with oil, and to perform divine service there on the anniversary of some especial day set apart by the people to commemorate the long series of persecutions they had endured. For these duties he was provided with whatever he required for his subsistence, at the joint expense of the community; but as he was highly celebrated both as a

physician, a poet, and a story-teller, his cave was rarely without a visitor from some of the neighbouring villages.

It must not be supposed that our recluse was one of those austere hermits of the olden time who feasted on dry roots and cold water. So far from it, he placed before us a plentiful repast of all the good things then in season, with abundance of excellent wine. The cave he occupied, in addition to being spacious and well-ventilated, was comfortably furnished with a stuffed divan, carpets, matting, several small tables, shelves filled with books, some religious paintings, a globe, an apparatus for distilling, and several other trifling articles; in addition to which there was an adjoining cave, fitted up with the furniture and utensils for a kitchen.

What a strange, unfathomable being is man!—how varied in his disposition!—how different in his ambition! Here we have a man, the only son of the elder of the village, endowed by nature with a handsome person, gifted with great natural talents, renouncing the world and its pleasures to lead a solitary life, for no other reason, that I could learn, but the gratification of his own peculiar whim.

The celebration of the festival of St. George afforded me an opportunity of forming an opinion of the character of our villagers with reference to

their orderly conduct at times of public rejoicing; the probability being that so many hundred people of our pugnacious race could not assemble together to eat, drink, dance, and make merry, without the result, at least, of a few broken heads. Yet, in justice to our villagers, and no doubt to the admirable arrangements made by their chief for preserving order, very few cases were brought before him for trial on the following day, and these were of such a trifling character as to merit no greater punishment than an admonition before the assembled court.

On leaving the court, I accompanied my friend, the Kodji-Bacha, to the school, his own peculiar favourite establishment. Here I found from fifty to sixty boys of various ages, presided over by the papa of the village and two or three teachers. The course of instruction was simply elementary. I was unable to judge of the style of the books they used, or how far they had advanced in their studies, as they employed the Cyrillic character in printing, with which I was not very familiar.

Whatever may be the Panslavistic tendencies of our friend the Kodji-Bacha, it was evident he could not resist the influence of his mercurial neighbours, the Greeks, as I found their language was also taught in the school. Be that as it may, it was evident that he did not attach the same importance to that of the Turks—perhaps he did not

deem it necessary to have them taught the language of a people whose authority over them might be of brief duration.

With respect to the female part of the population, I was sorry to find that our enterprising Kodji-Bacha, notwithstanding all his energy and tact as an administrator, was as much a stranger as the other chiefs of the communities of the peninsula to the fact that, if you would speedily and effectually educate a people, you must commence with the women. On inquiry, I found that they received no other instruction but such as their mothers could impart, and that never included anything more abstruse than being taught their daily prayers; how to spin, weave, knit, sew, together with the household duties of the kitchen the dairy, and the apiary.

It is an old saying, as old as the days of Homer, that if you strip the peacock of his gaudy plumage, he becomes the ugliest of his species. I cannot, however, say that of our pretty Hebes of the festival, for wherever I met them on the following day, or in whatever manner employed in their daily labour, there was the same pretty little foot I admired when peeping out of the red slipper, now confined to the sandal—the same well-turned tapering arm looked equally well, though shewing itself beneath the coarse woollen tunic—there were also the same classical features—the same teeth

white as ivory—the same large hazel eyes beaming upon you with good-nature and feminine loveliness.

My last visit in Milentia was to hear the debates in the Scouptchina—a sort of village parliament, held in the Court-house the first Monday in every month. Here I found the elders of the various villages included in the Commune, assembled for the purpose of regulating the affairs of their little republic, presided over by their chief, the Kodji-Bacha; and although the subjects upon which they had to debate merely related to agriculture, the management of their flocks and herds, the payment of rent and taxes, and similar rural affairs, it was, nevertheless, highly interesting to a stranger to observe the serious countenances of the speakers, and the cheers with which they received the announcement from their chief, that, after paying all the demands of the Sultan, the rate for the maintenance of the mosques, the support of the poor, and other incidental expenses—a considerable balance remained in the Communal bank.

After listening very attentively to the debates, and observing the calm dignity of the speakers, I could not help thinking that if these people should at any time succeed in establishing their independence, they would not be obliged to look to England, like so many other peoples, for a model of her constitution, as they have already carried it out *en petit* to the very letter.

On mentioning this to my friend, the Kodji-Bacha, he assured me that the affairs of the Commune had been conducted publicly in this manner from time immemorial, and that all the other Slavonian Communities in the pëninsula were governed, with some slight variation, in the same manner. He also assured me that the necessities of the poor were amply provided for, even to the establishment of a han (house of refreshment) in every village, where the poor traveller was always certain to find a bench to repose on, a fire to warm him, and provisions sufficient to support him for twenty-four hours. After which he must give an account of himself, when he is passed onward to the next village or Commune.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Mountain Travelling—Beautiful Scenery—Wild Animals—A Lucky Shot—Religious Procession—Blessing the Flocks and Herds—Duties of the Priest of the Greek Church—Uncertain Tenure of Turkish Rule—Trout-Fishing—Ascent of the Kapaonik—A Party of Mountaineers—Impolitic Government of the Sultan—A Bivouac with the Haiduks and Ouskoks of the Mountain—Their Hospitality—Novel Method of roasting a Fowl—Customs and Manners of the Mountaineers.

ON leaving Milentia and its interesting inhabitants, instead of returning to the great pathway of the caravans that leads to Bosnia and Herzegovina, through the towns of Leskovatz, Vrania, and Pristina, I took a nearer route across the Kapaonik mountains, one of the wildest and least frequented districts in the peninsula. It was indeed a perfect net-work of defiles and gorges, with their raging torrents, relieved here and there by some of the most romantic and beautiful little valleys in the world, and, like every other secluded district I had seen in the peninsula, difficult of access; it maintained a rather numerous population, a certain indication of what the poor Rayah must

have suffered, and still in some degree suffers, from the rapacity of his rulers, when we see him located in such districts as this, in preference to the open fertile valley, which remains for the most part a desert, except in the vicinity of some large town.

Being for the most part shepherds, their flocks and herds are continually exposed to the ravages of wolves, bears, and other beasts of prey. Neither is the lammergeier a stranger to the fastnesses of the Kopaonik mountains; consequently you never meet with one of these hardy mountaineers who is not armed to the teeth, and as they are accustomed to the use of the gun from boyhood, they are capital marksmen. Hence, in the event of an outbreak, they are always more dreaded by the Turks than their less warlike brethren of the low-lands.

I should not have taken a route surrounded by so many perils, were it not that I had made acquaintance with several of these mountaineers at the celebration of St. George's festival, who having kindly offered to be my guides and companions, I did not hesitate to place myself under their safe-conduct; and truly I had every reason to be grateful, for whether as a guest for the night at one of their villages, or bivouacking in the open air, I was bountifully supplied with everything in the shape of provisions, even to the sacrifice of a lamb or a kid, if I was disposed to prefer these dainties to

the game that I was always certain to find in the Sultan's preserves.

In this respect I had a wide range for indulging in the sports of the field. In addition to destroying several wolves and lammergeier, I had the good fortune to bring down three splendid bears—animals well known to the sportsman for their wariness, and the natural sagacity which teaches them to keep out of the reach of any ordinary gun. But, alas! poor Bruin was a stranger to the Enfield rifle, and believing himself perfectly safe, he continued licking his paws, little dreaming of the deadly missile then winging its way to his heart.

But how shall I describe the astonishment of my companions when they saw a gun, a foot shorter than their own, carry a bullet so far, and with such unerring aim. The weapon was handed from one to the other, examined and re-examined with the practical eye of men accustomed to fire-arms—still they were unable to divine the secret of its success. Presuming that the charm lay in the strength of the powder, or the peculiar form of the bullet, they repeatedly tried my ammunition in their own long Arnoutski guns, which only made matters worse. Irritated beyond measure on seeing themselves beaten at their own game as first-rate shots, my rifle was tried over and over again, but, alas! with a similar result, because all their mother-wit was not sufficient to enable them

to calculate the distance, and make the necessary allowance in taking aim. At length they comforted themselves by coming to the conclusion that it was a charmed gun, useless in any other hands but those of the Ingleski himself. The very result I sought to obtain, for reasons of my own.

The destruction of the bears, while it raised my reputation of being a species of magician in the use of my gun, proved instrumental in bringing a most welcome addition to the larder of my companions, who highly prize the flesh of these animals. The skins were also of some value; besides, I was certain of receiving the customary reward from the Bey of the district, when any of those destructive animals were slain.

During my progress through this mountain district, I found the same system of self-government —the union of tribes and villages into a confederacy—as that I described at Milentia. As might be expected, the inhabitants, like all mountaineers, are extremely superstitious. Of this I had a striking example on arriving at a considerable village on the banks of one of the numerous affluents of the Morava and the Töplitza, where I met with a grand procession of the peasants, carrying a banner with a saint painted on it, and all singing in chorus a hymn of their church. They were preceded by a light kibitska, drawn by a stout mountain pony, loaded with sheep-skins,

filled with holy water, from which two stalwart-looking priests were accustomed to draw their supply, as they sprinkled it over the flocks and herds, and agricultural fields, as they passed along, in order, as I understood from my companions, to protect them from the evil eyes and the bad genii, Stouach and his imps, who are supposed to possess the power of working mischief to the fruits of the earth at this season of the year.

It is certain that the clergy of an unendowed church, more particularly in a country like this, must resort to a variety of ways and means for extracting a little money from the pockets of their co-religionists—and perhaps it is as harmless as any other—otherwise how could they live and support their families? This is no doubt one of the reasons that you everywhere hear, among the Christians of European Turkey, the most absurd tales relating to the miracles wrought at some celebrated shrine of the Panagia; of the marvellous effects of certain amulets; of the diseases cured by the mere touch of a relic. All of which, while they tend to make the great mass of the people more and more superstitious, add not a little to the revenues of the church.

Before, however, accusing our poor mountaineers of superstitious practices, shut out as they are from all communion with the great world of civilization, science, and letters, let us pause and consider

whether we ourselves, who enjoy these privileges, are wholly free from all taint of similar errors. Have we no spirit-rapping, table-turning, mediums, clairvoyants, and fortune-tellers in our own land? Where do the multitude of simpletons come from who are able to pay a guinea a sitting to the hundreds of knaves and vagabonds who are at this moment realizing handsome fortunes at their expense in London and Paris?

The superstitious practices of our poor papas of the mountain have at least a beneficial tendency, since they tend to make a people more religious and moral, which is more than can be said of our well-paid charlatans of the West; and though they cannot boast of any high attainments in learning and theology, they are models of piety and good conduct. Again, every act of theirs, however contrary to our enlightened views of Christianity, is hallowed by time, and performed in strict conformity with the rules of their Church, and according to the traditions of their fathers. These, in fact, were the men who, during the worst days of Mahometan persecution, led the multitude to the recesses of the cavern, to the fastnesses of the mountain, and converted them into temples of divine worship. These were the men, as we are told in the traditions of the story-teller and the *piesmas* of the bard, who, whether as leaders on the battle-field or ministers of peace,

were never absent from their post in the hour of peril. Can we, then, wonder that these champions of the Cross have exercised, and continue to exercise, a great influence over the minds of the people, or that the prayers of men, whose lives are altogether so blameless, should be sought after and considered efficacious?

In this respect, at least, the office of village papa is no sinecure. If there is too much rain he must pray for fine weather, and *vice versâ*, when a drought sets in, for genial showers. In the absence of a bishop, he must pronounce a benediction on all the new houses—on the fields of the husbandman—on the mountains of the shepherd—on the rivers that supply them with fish. He must also heal the sick by the efficacy of his prayers, say masses for the repose of the dead, excommunicate noxious reptiles and vermin, absolve the guilty, and chase away the evil spirit from the maniac. Even the wants of the fair sex must be attended to, and these, we may be assured, are certain to be numerous. But as all these wants add somewhat to a revenue always precarious when it has to depend upon nothing more substantial than voluntary contributions, we must presume that the patience of our papa is never too severely tried, however absurd may be the appeals of his petitioners.

I had now been wandering for several days

through the valleys and mountains of this part of Upper Mœsia, and I might as well have been travelling among the savages of Australia, so destitute was the country of either mosque, church, altar, or any other indication of a temple for celebrating divine service. On mentioning the circumstance to my companions, they informed me that their churches had been destroyed many years ago by their rulers, the Moslem Beys and Spahis of Bosnia—an additional proof that the Osmanli, with all their semi-barbarism, never carried their fanaticism to such a length against the Christians they had conquered as the renegades of Bosnia and Albania.

This question led to a little political discussion, which proved to me that even this secluded district has its agitators and panslavists, as elsewhere in the peninsula. The poor Turks, isolated as they are by religion and language from all community of thought or feeling with their Christian subjects, little know how much their rule is hated, or how thin is the crust between them and the volcano which is certain, ere many years have passed over, to burst and destroy them—at least in this part of their empire.

In other districts of the peninsula, I found the inhabitants somewhat guarded in their conversation with me, believing, as they do, that of all the nations in Europe the English alone are friends

of the Turks, and not to be trusted. But here, among these sturdy mountaineers, I did not find the same caution, as they openly, and on every occasion, expressed their determination to get rid of their Moslem rulers, whenever their chiefs commanded them to rise *en masse*. Even the old men I conversed with appeared to be animated with the fire of youth while recounting to me their own exploits and that of their leader, Czerni George, when he made the attempt to wrest Bosnia from the rule of the Turks. Yet, apart from religion, and the natural dislike of a Christian people to be ruled by a Mahometan, they have no reason to be dissatisfied with the government of the Sultan—at least of late years. Their tithes to the Beys of the district, as well as their taxes to the State, are trifling. They seemed to have abundance of food —I never met with a beggar among them, and though their dwellings are mere huts, of the most miserable description, with no other furniture than a large chest to contain clothes and a little carpet to sit on, that is no criterion of the poverty of a people in a country where the tenure of property is so insecure, and where the executive is too weak to protect it.

Their valleys and shelving hills, in which we sometimes find the vine, produce abundant crops of every species of grain, particularly maize. At the same time, their mountains are admirably

adapted to the rearing of cattle. Game of every description may be had for the trouble of catching; and as to fish, they absolutely swarm in all the lakes, rivers, and torrents. Most acceptable to a people whose church imposes upon them so rigorously the duty of abstinence from meat for so many days in the year.

With respect to fish, I speak from experience when I say that I found the trout most plentiful in all the mountain rivers and torrents, excellent in their kind, and generally of that delicate pink colour so highly prized by the connoisseur. They are never eaten by these people, except on fast days, and then they take them by getting into the river and tickling them, just as our poachers do in England, or by damming up the rivers. They sometimes use a net when fishing in the large rivers and lakes. As I always travel with my fishing-rod, it excited the amazement of this simple-minded people when they saw me hook a good-sized trout, play him in the water, and land him helpless as a log of wood; but when I repeated the operation, and caught in an hour or two a sufficient number to feast the inhabitants of a village, the Ingleski, with his charmed gun and charmed rod, must indeed be a magician!

The nearer we approached the stupendous Kapaonik, the more wild and desolate became the aspect of the country—rocks piled upon rocks,

and raging torrents, met the view at every turn we made in our route; while wolves, and even bears, with the lynx and the wild cat, every now and then crossed our path. They did not, however, attract much of our attention, as we had enough to do to look to our horses, so as to prevent them from slipping into the precipices that yawned beneath us. After crossing the Töplitza, as it rushed, torrent-like, over its rocky bed, the most difficult part of our mountain tour commenced. Here I found that I must either scale a mountain at least six thousand feet high, or make a detour of several miles through a succession of gorges and defiles. As two of my companions, strong, active fellows, volunteered to accompany me, I at once decided to send Orloff with the horses to Roudnitza, and attempt the ascent of a mountain which, from its great height and isolated position, promised to afford me one of the most magnificent prospects in the peninsula.

We commenced our toilsome route through a cleft of the rocks, and, strange to say, on examination, I found it to be an old paved road, just sufficiently wide to allow a pack-horse to pass through; and if I might judge from the deep grooves in the sides of the rock, caused by the friction of the packages on the backs of the horses, and from the pavement itself, worn into holes by long usage, it must have formed, at some

very remote period, one of those military roads here and there met with in the peninsula, which tradition ascribes to having been the work of the ancient Illyrians. In following it, I found that the engineer who constructed it had only one object in view, that of continuing his route as the bird flies, indifferent to whatever obstruction he met with, either from acclivity, gorge, defile, or torrent. Considering, in all probability, that it had not been used for centuries as one of the regular bridle roads leading from Upper Mœsia into Bosnia, it was in tolerable order, our only difficulty in getting along arising from the brushwood which here and there obliged my companions to clear a passage with their hatchets. Although these cunning fellows at first pretended they had met with the old road by mere chance, I subsequently ascertained, when they became more communicative, that this was the route taken by the Rayah insurgents of this part of Upper Mœsia, when they flocked in such numbers to the standard of Czerni George, at the time he invaded Bosnia.

After traversing our mountain road for several miles, now ascending the steep sides of a frightful precipice, then dipping down into a gloomy gorge, here struggling over the slippery stones of a raging torrent, there shut out from the light of day in the recesses of a pine forest, we arrived at a species of

plateau, out of which rose up several distinct peaks of more or less elevation.

Here we met with a flock of sheep and goats, attended by their shepherds, all armed with pistols and the usual Arnoutski gun, bold, determined-looking fellows, who might well be taken for Haiduks; and perhaps they were, for, on perceiving us, they instantly unslung their guns, and seemed as if they were about to question our right to enter their peculiar domain. After a little palavering between them and my companions, I was not a little pleased to see their threatening looks exchanged for loud shouts of welcome and "dobro dossoli." And now, with all that friendly disposition and readiness to assist each other, so characteristic of the Slavonian of the peninsula, while one party of them took charge of our provender-bags, another conducted us to their place of residence, which, in reality, was nothing better than a cluster of sheds built up against a pile of rocks, and fenced in by a stout palisade, to protect them and their flocks against the attack of wolves and bears.

As they appeared determined we should not want for anything they could give us, so long as we remained their guests, a fire was kindled, sufficiently large to roast an ox, cakes were baked, a lamb was slaughtered, and there was abundance of cheese and goats milk; hence, with the contents of my game-bag, and coffee, sugar, wine, raki, and

tobacco, from my private stores, we fared most sumptuously.

Our mountaineers seemed adepts in the art of bivouac cooking, for everything was done to perfection. The cakes alone were a luxury, not so much owing to the excellence of the flour, as to the admirable manner in which they were baked. This was done by placing them in an earthen dish, with a cover, which is put into a heap of red-hot ashes, and then covered over with them. The process of roasting and baking meat was equally simple and expeditious. A wooden spit, supported at each end on a forked stick, answered all the purposes of the most expensive machine that the ingenuity of man could invent for roasting. Nor was the capacious hole hewn out of the rock less efficacious as an oven, when heated by a fire, and closed up by a stone embedded in clay, as a substitute for a door; with this advantage, that our cook had only to try the hardness of the clay by pricking it every now and then with the point of his poniard, to tell him when his baking was done to a turn.

It is true, few things come amiss in the shape of eating or drinking to a hungry traveller; nevertheless, I am still of opinion that the way in which our shepherds cooked a brace of ptarmagans I shot during our route added much to their flavour. They do this by enveloping the bird,

feathers and all, in a thick paste of loam, which they then throw into the fire, and leave there till considered sufficiently baked (the most difficult part of the operation, by-the-bye); they are then taken out, and when the paste is neatly peeled off, you have a bird before you incomparably more juicy and savoury than when roasted in the ordinary way before the fire.

Among the other good things brought forth from the larder of our shepherds, and everywhere found in European Turkey, I must not forget to mention a cheese, made from the milk of the white sheep, which, when eaten with honey, as the Turks invariably do, is in reality one of the most exquisite dishes to be found in any country, and deserves a place in our cookery-books. Indeed, the only drawback to what might be termed a good, substantial supper, was the want of anything better, in the shape of drink, than yaourt; but as this was the identical beverage brewed by angels for Hagar in the desert—at least, so say her countrymen, the Arabs—the thirsty traveller ought to be contented. We, however, made up for this want by taking an extra supply of very excellent coffee, diluted with brandy, furnished, it is scarcely necessary to repeat, from my private stores.

In concluding this brief sketch of a bivouac that appeared so unpromising at the commence-

ment, the reader will perceive that our Bedouins of the Mountain knew how to conduct themselves with all the courtesy of a highly-civilized people, when called upon to exercise the duties of hospitality. Nay, more than this, they exhibited in their bearing and manner, while administering to my wants as a stranger, a dignity and a stateliness as astonishing to me as it was unexpected from men of their peculiar calling; altogether in singular contrast with their rough exterior, the wild, restless eye and fierce expression of the outlaw—of men whose life is one of adventure from their cradle to the tomb. In their case it was nothing more than another instance of that wonderful tenacity and energy of character, so noticeable in this branch (the Servian) of the great Slavonian family—of a people who, notwithstanding they had lain for centuries under one of the most oppressive governments that ever existed—for such was the rule of the Turks till within the last few years—contrived to preserve their own peculiar customs unimpaired, even to the minutest particular, among which I have now to enumerate the pride of birth. It will scarcely be credited when I say that nearly every one of our mountain shepherds valued himself on being descended from one or other of the noble families that ruled the country either as chiefs, or great landed proprietors, previous to the Turkish conquest. Truly, so

far as strength of limb, height of stature, fine features, and a rather agreeable cast of countenance should be considered, they were a favourable specimen of what the nobility of Servia might have been in the olden time.

It appeared so strange to hear men in sheepskin clothing of the most primitive make, and with no other covering to their feet than the antique sandal, calling each other by the historical name of Ourosh Tzernojevitch, so well known in the history of the wars between the Turks and the Servians. Among these there was one young giant, who gloried in the name of Obilitch, the slayer of Sultan Amurath, and who, like that great chieftain, his ancestor, appears to be possessed of the strength of a Hercules. He gave us an example of what he could do by taking the hatchet he carried in his belt, and hurling it with such force against a neighbouring tree, that every attempt of mine or his comrades failed to remove it.

They are, for the most part, the descendants of those great Servian chieftains and their immediate followers, who, too proud to bend the knee to a Mahometan ruler, or submit to that degrading tax of a Rayah, the haratch, retreated to the recesses of the mountain, where they have continued to reside ever since in a state of semi-independence. They are to be met with in every mountain

district of European Turkey, where, exercising the double profession of haiduk and shepherd, they are much dreaded by their Moslem neighbours, for, being accustomed to the use of fire-arms, and hating a Turk with all the intensity of their fiery nature, they are ever ready to join any movement of their brethren of the lowlands, which may have for its object the downfall of the Turkish government.

The Turks, as I before observed, have given them the name of Haiduks Ouskoks, which mean outlaws and highwaymen. That they are outlaws to Turkish rule, there can be little doubt, and it is more than probable if a Moslem had the hardihood to approach too near their fastnesses, he would suffer both in purse and person. Still, as their hostility is solely directed against the Turks, to whom they have never submitted, never taken the oath of allegiance, they scarcely deserve the name of brigands. Be this as it may, they bear a high character among their brethren of the lowlands for honesty, truthfulness, and hospitality. They are also said to be good Christians, and so morally inclined, that they permit no man to reside in their Commune who has offended against the laws of society.

Pursuing a life of adventure from the cradle to the grave, and having no other means of existence than that of tending their flocks and herds, and

cultivating whatever little patch of ground they have been able to reclaim from the mountain, their worldly wealth must indeed be trifling. Yet they appear to be a gay and happy people, always hoping that the day is not far distant when they will be able to descend from their mountains, and take possession of the rich fiefs of their ancestors in the lowlands.

I had not an opportunity of seeing any of the villages belonging to these Slavonian outlaws; but, so far as I could learn, they are always situated in some sheltered nook among the rocks, and so constructed as to be imperceptible to the eye of a stranger, and at the same time so easy of defence, that a few resolute men would be sufficient to protect them against an army. Happily for them, the winter in this genial climate is never long, nor very severe. They have, however, when the frost and snow sets in, to contend with a vast number of wolves and bears that are continually prowling about the penfold. But what they dread most of all is a razzia of the military, whenever the Turkish Government thinks itself strong enough to enforce the payment of the haratch, together with their right to the tenth of every head of cattle they possess—the usual tax imposed on a Rayah when his calling is that of a shepherd. These razzias are always attended with loss of life, and no little suffering to the mountaineers, who are not only obliged

to defend their villages from the flames, but to guard their flocks and herds from being driven away by the soldiery.

Such a state of things could not have existed for so many centuries in any other country but Turkey, where the Mahometan is the ruling power, and the great mass of the inhabitants are Christians, each hating the other with all the intensity of the bitterest sectarian animosity. How different would all this have been had these Oriental Christians fallen under the rule of any one of the great European Powers. We should then, in all probability, have seen a union of the two churches, and both conquered and victors mingling together as one people, powerful in their unity, and, as Christians, disseminating the blessings of civilization to the uttermost parts of Asia.

When we reflect upon what this splendid empire might have been, in the ordinary course of events, and picture to ourselves the wretched state in which it now is—when we see its towns and cities mouldering into ruins, the most fertile lands in our hemisphere lying a desert—with no other road to travel over but the same old track used by the pack-horse thousands of years ago—where a bridge to enable you to cross the raging torrents is rarely met with—when we reflect upon this, and see millions of our fellow-men subjected to all the contumely that a brutal fanatic Moslem can inflict,

with no other position in the land of their ancestors than that of the merest Helot—we cannot refrain from saying that no greater misfortune could have fallen upon such a large portion of the human race than the elevation to rule and power of such a barbarous horde as the Osmanli have proved themselves to be. We say barbarous, because their whole system of government, ever since they established themselves on the banks of the Bosphorus, has been contrary to the first principles of equity and justice. Any other race but this dull unimaginative fanatic horde would have known that, by excluding so many millions of the people they had conquered from all participation in the glory and prosperty of their country, and for no other reason but because they continued to believe in Christ, they were raising up in the land they had conquered an enemy who would sooner or later turn and crush them.

This legitimate enactment is, in fact, the skeleton in the house of Othman—the skeleton that has gradually led to the decline of a power which at one time threatened to subjugate the world. The same grim spectre enabled Russia to conquer one-third of the territories that formerly belonged to the Turkish Empire, and the Rayahs to carve out for themselves an independent Greece in the Morea, and two independent principalities on the Lower Danube.

One thing, however, is quite clear and easy of comprehension—so long as there are upwards of seven millions of Christians alone in European Turkey living in a state of civil and religious degradation unexampled in the history of nations, there will be Haiduks and Ouskoks in the mountains, Panslavists and Heterists in the lowlands, sanguinary insurrections here, and sanguinary insurrections there. Indeed, our only wonder is, that they have not ere this risen *en masse*, and driven out of the land of their ancestors the two or three hundred thousand armed Moslems who persist in excluding them from the undeniable rights of man. However, as I intend in a subsequent book to devote a chapter, more in detail, to a subject of so much importance to the stability of Turkish rule—at least in Europe, I will retire to the cozy nest of dried leaves and sheep-skins so carefully prepared for me by my Haiduk host; and take a few hours' rest.

CHAPTER XIX.

Danger of disturbing a Weary Traveller in the Land of Dreams—Difficult Ascent of the Kapaonik—Advantage of a Pair of Sandals—Magnificent View—Geography of the Surrounding Country—Description of Servia—Bulgaria—Macedonia—Upper Mœsia—Albania—Montenegro—Herzegovina as seen from the Summit of the Kapaonik—Their History and Position—Character of the Inhabitants—Concluding Remarks.

IF there is one thing more disagreeable than another, it is being disturbed in that paradise of a weary traveller—the land of dreams. This time it was one of my own seeking. I was desirous to reach the summit of our mountain before sunrise. Acting upon this wish, my kind host of the bivouac came to tell me that everything was ready for commencing the ascent; but finding me in one of those deep, deep slumbers, in my case the result of great fatigue, and which only yield to something more violent than a gentle pinching of the ear, one of the party was so imprudent as to discharge his pistol over my head. Alarmed by the report, my first impulse was to seize my revolver and defend my life, believing, as I did in the

bewilderment of the moment, that our bivouac had been attacked by the Arnouts. Happily, I had just sufficient time, in the uncertain light, to recognize my friend before discharging my weapon, otherwise the consequences might have been serious.

We were most fortunate in the weather, and, to add to our other enjoyments, the moon was at the full, shedding a light nearly equal to that of many a cloudy day in our misty atmosphere. We formed altogether a party of seven, which happened to be a lucky number in the calendar of these superstitious mountaineers. Their object in accompanying me was not from any desire of seeing a prospect with which they were already well acquainted, but, like hearty good fellows as they were, to protect their Ingleski guest from harm.

On leaving our bivouac on the plateau for the stupendous pyramidical rock we had to ascend, there appeared but little vegetation, and such as it was, whether tree or shrub, was stunted and crippled, and only grew in a fissure of the rock, or in some deep gorge with its rushing torrent. All was silent as the grave at this time of the night, save the mournful whoop of the owl, or the frightened scream of some animal or bird of prey, scared by our approach. Although my companions knew every winding in the rocks, and how

to avoid the most dangerous fissures, our ascent was not without peril, owing to the difficulty we experienced here and there in finding a secure footing, and the want of some tree or shrub, however small, to hold by. As for myself, I should never have been able to get at the summit had I not followed the advice of my companions, and changed my boots for a pair of sandals, which, while they enabled me to take a firmer grasp of the rock, prevented my feet suffering from blisters or any of the other inconveniences I must have endured had they been cased in leather.

We were fortunate in reaching the summit just as the first gleam of day began to crimson the East, but not till after a scramble of more than two hours' incessant toil. For the next half hour or better nothing could be more interesting or beautiful than the various tints and changes that successively lit up the vast landscape beneath us—ever changing, ever varying, from rose to violet, from violet to vermilion. At the same time, the bright arch of heaven was gradually becoming so luminous, till it shone like burnished gold—all in vivid contrast with the fleecy folds of mist that hovered here and there between earth and heaven, now veiling the brilliance of the firmament, then concealing for a moment the entire landscape; at one time affording a glimpse of the wildest scenery, at another disclosing, as it were, a

fathomless abyss, frightful to behold, and again melting into a veil so thin and transparent, that everything seen through it appeared as if it could not belong to our planet.

It was impossible to behold this sublime panorama, irradiated, as it was, with the splendour of a morning sun in such a climate as this, without being reminded of the incomparable greatness and glory of God—without admiring the all-surprising excellence of His works. Even if there was nothing more to interest me than these charming scenes, I should have considered myself more than repaid for the fatigue I underwent during a very difficult and, in some respects, dangerous ascent—not so much from its abruptness as from the slippery frozen snow that still remained congealed in the fissure of the rocks. But how shall I describe the magnificent view that was unfolded before me, when the sun had risen higher in the heavens, and chased away the mists and clouds of the morning? I had on former occasions, during my travels in Alpine districts, ascended to a height of at least ten thousand feet; but whether it was owing to the altitude, or the number of other mountains and Alps in the vicinity of lesser height, I rarely enjoyed a prospect more satisfactory than a wild, undefinable chaos. Whereas, from the isolated mountain on which I now stood, rising up to a height of little

more than six thousand feet, every separate feature in the vast landscape beneath me, and on the horizon, might be traced as in a picture, and so perfect in its details, that it seemed a little world in itself, lit up by its own brilliant sun.

As a traveller seeking information, the vast landscape spread out before me was peculiarly interesting. I was also fortunate in finding among my companions one who was perfectly acquainted with every part of the peninsula, so that I had only to ask him the name of this or that mountain, this or that Alp, as they lay on the horizon, to know the exact position of all the various provinces in this part of European Turkey.

Aided by the information I received from this intelligent native, and feeling certain, from all that I had seen and heard, that the vast district now spread out before me, one of the most important in the peninsula, in a military and stragetical point of view, is destined ere long to become the theatre of a sanguinary contest between the Christians and their Mahometan rulers, I will therefore describe, as briefly as possible, the exact position of each country or province, and, at the same time, slightly allude to the character and nationality of the people who inhabit them.

On looking towards the north, the principality

of Servia, with its triple chain of mountains, and defiles, over which are seen rising the pinnacled heights of the Roudnika, the Plotchka-Gora, the Stohl, the Gelin, and the Retagn, forms altogether a very beautiful feature in the landscape. It is evident, with such a mountain frontier as this, so easily defended on the side of Turkey, that the Servians, now that they have secured their independence, have nothing to fear in the event of a war from their old masters the Turks.

On leaving Servia, as the eye wanders around the encircled horizon, towards the east, you catch a faint glimpse of that beautiful river the Morava, and the fortress of Nissa, together with the majestic Planina, and a distant view of the Balkan. Here commences the large province called Bulgaria, in the Slavonian language, at least, that immense district principally inhabited by the Bulgarian race, which extends from the town of Nissa, and the Morava, on the frontiers of Servia, from Roumania, on the Lower Danube, and the Black Sea, to the settlements of the Greeks and the Turks in Thrace and Macedonia; a people who, if they are not so warlike and revolutionary inclined as their neighbours, the Servians and the Greeks, are by far the most numerous nationality in European Turkey; and occupying, as they do, exclusively, the whole of the mountain districts of the Balkan, and, in conjunction with the Greeks,

the Despoto-Dagh, in Macedonia, two of the most important positions in the peninsula, in the event of an insurrection of the Rayahs, they are certain, from their great numerical strength, which is not less than four millions, to exercise a considerable influence on their own destiny and that of their neighbours.

Up to the present time the sympathies of the Bulgarians have been on the side of Russia, whose people of the old Muscovite race they very much resemble, in language, customs, and manners; and, like them, they are patient in adversity, and submissive to their rulers, but when they do break out, their fiery Eastern blood betrays them into deeds of unrestrained violence. Some of the most sanguinary insurrections on record in the annals of Turkish rule originated among this people. Again, in contrast to this, they are easily pacified, and return to their every-day occupations with the philosophy of a Stoic, as if nothing had happened. Notwithstanding their near affinity to the Servians, as one of the members of the great Slavonian family, they have never coalesced with that people, or any of the other nationalities, either Greek, Albanian, or Roumanian; a circumstance which has very much aided the Turks in their eternal contests with some portion or other of their Rayah subjects. Taken altogether, the Bulgarians, as a nationality, are allowed to be not only the most

peaceable, but the most industrious, whether as agriculturists in the field or operatives in the towns and cities, of all the Christian subjects of the Sultan.

After leaving Bulgaria, indicated on the horizon by the lofty summit of the stupendous Stara Planina, our mountain range, after taking a southerly direction, terminates at Mount Schar, on the frontiers of Albania. The whole of the intervening space is called, on the old maps of the Servian monarchy, Upper Mœsia, which name I have retained in my description of the country for the want of a better. This district is dear to every Servian as the cradle of his race, and the home of his greatest sovereign the Czar Douchain, whose empire, with the exception of Constantinople, and the surrounding territory, and a few towns and cities belonging to the Greeks, on the Ægean Sea, extended throughout the whole of the peninsula.

In a military and strategical point of view, Upper Mœsia is considered to be one of the most important positions in European Turkey—on account of its central situation, and the number of elevated plateaus and deep defiles that lead to Bosnia, Montenegro, Herzegovina, and part of Upper Albania, to Constantinople, and the other countries on the Lower Danube, the Black Sea, and the Ægean Sea. In the direction of the

latter, with the help of my telescope, I was able to trace a faint outline of the Despoto-Dagh, in Macedonia. This vast mountain, with its numerous defiles, gorges, and elevated plateaus, like so many natural citadels, has been for centuries to the Turks what Montenegro now is, the home of the insurgent Christians.

It appears that about a century ago the Arnouts succeeded, for the first time, in penetrating to the centre of this famous mountain, or rather cluster of mountains, where, to their great astonishment, they found a numerous population, dwelling happily in smiling villages and hamlets, with their churches, monasteries, nunneries, school-houses, and all the machinery in full action of a regularly constituted patriarchal government. With the ruthless barbarism which has ever characterized the arms of these fanatic followers of Mahomet, they entirely destroyed the religious edifices, and with them, according to the testimony of the monks, and several Greek writers, some of the most interesting MSS. in the world, particularly those relating to the life of our Saviour, and the birth and parentage of Saint Paul.

On quitting Upper Mœsia, we see before us, lying on the horizon, partly south-west and partly in a westerly direction, what may be termed the Alpine region of the peninsula, forming altogether one of the most sublime landscapes to be found in

any country. In the centre of this vast chain, where we see the Schara Planina (the Scardus of the Romans) rising to a height of more than ten thousand feet, the old kingdom of Albania commences, this Alp being one of its outlying boundaries. There is no other part of European Turkey so fortunate in its position, or which could be so easily defended by a brave, resolute people, as this kingdom, owing to its inaccessible Alpine frontier, and the number of mountains, with their plateaus, gorges, and defiles, that intersect it in every direction.

After Constantinople and the greater part of the peninsula had fallen beneath the rule of the Turks, this little kingdom of Albania successfully defended itself for more than a quarter of a century against the whole force of these, the most formidable warriors of their day; and might have continued independent down to the present time, for it was never conquered, had not several of its most influential chieftains, with their clansmen, either from bribery or conviction, on the death of their great leader, Scanderbeg, renounced Christianity and embraced Mahometanism. Historians, both Christian and Turkish, agree in saying that had it not been for the reckless bravery of these renegades, united to those of the adjoining kingdom, Bosnia, the Osmanli, who never at any time exceeded more than about a million and a half in

number, would not have been able to maintain themselves in the peninsula. At present, the population of Albania is very nearly divided between Christians and Mahometans, or, as the latter are generally called, Arnouts. With the exception of the Circassians, to whom this race, the Albanian, bear a strong resemblance, it would be difficult to find in any country more soldier-like-looking men, and certainly none are more recklessly brave.

On leaving the Albanian mountains, as the eye ranges to the west and north-west, you have another very fine view of what is called the Switzerland of the peninsula. The whole of the inhabitants of this mountain region, with the exception of a few thousand Albanian and Bosnian Arnouts, are Christians of the Servian race. The Kom, the Koutch, and the Proklitl, rising to a height of from eight to ten thousand feet, designate the home of the Montenegrins; and the pyramidal form of the Dormitor, that of their neighbours, the Herzegovinians. These were the men, united with the free mountaineers of Montenegro, who so lately astonished the world by their extraordinary bravery —a mere handful of resolute men, battling for their freedom against the disciplined troops, the successive armies and resources of an empire.

There cannot be a doubt, and I think most of my military readers will agree with me in

the opinion, that had the Servians of the free principality on the Danube taken possession of this mountain the Kapaonik, so admirably adapted for carrying on a guerilla war, which could have been easily done, joining, as it does, their own territory, or very nearly so, and not far distant from that of their brethren of Montenegro, it is impossible to say what might not have been the result of the late war between the Turks and Montenegrins. Perhaps the loss to the Sultan of the whole of this part of his dominions. Still, what they had then the forbearance to leave undone will probably be taken advantage of on some future occasion; for however just and conscientious a ruler the Sultan may be, he unhappily labours, so far as his Christian subjects are concerned, under the disadvantage of professing a creed so totally at variance with theirs, as to forbid the hope of his ever being able to win their attachment as loyal subjects. They may continue to pull together a few years longer; but I feel assured, from what I have seen and heard, during my repeated visits to this part of the Turkish Empire, that nothing can save these provinces from becoming, at no distant day, independent of Turkish rule.

In concluding these volumes, which I am obliged to do somewhat abruptly, owing to the want of time and space, I have only to say that I hope in a few months to give the reader a more detailed

description of the present state of Eastern Europe, a country which is certain to become, sooner or later, the theatre of the most important events, and of which my ride from Belgrade to Montenegro is merely a sketch.

THE END.

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